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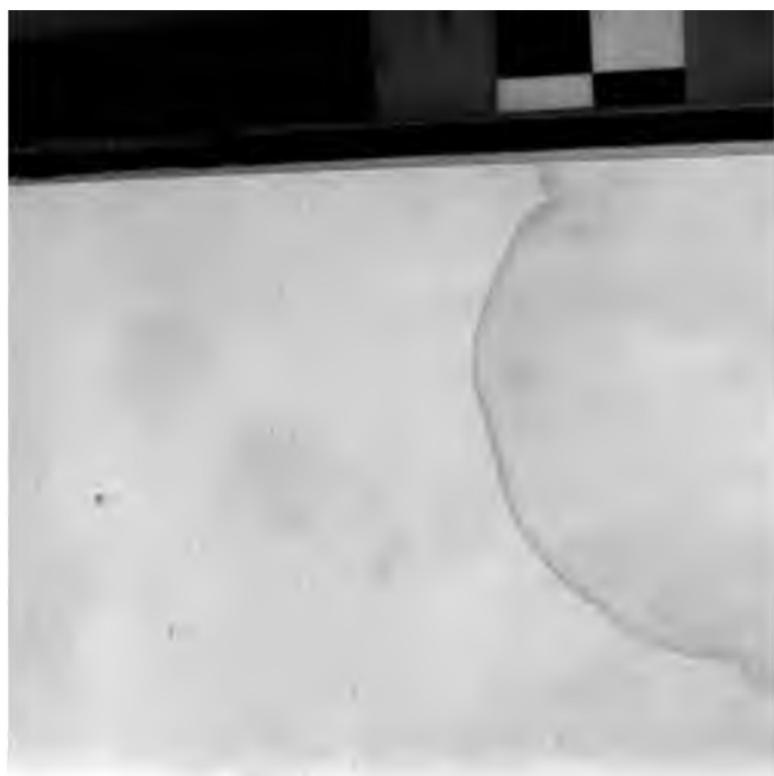
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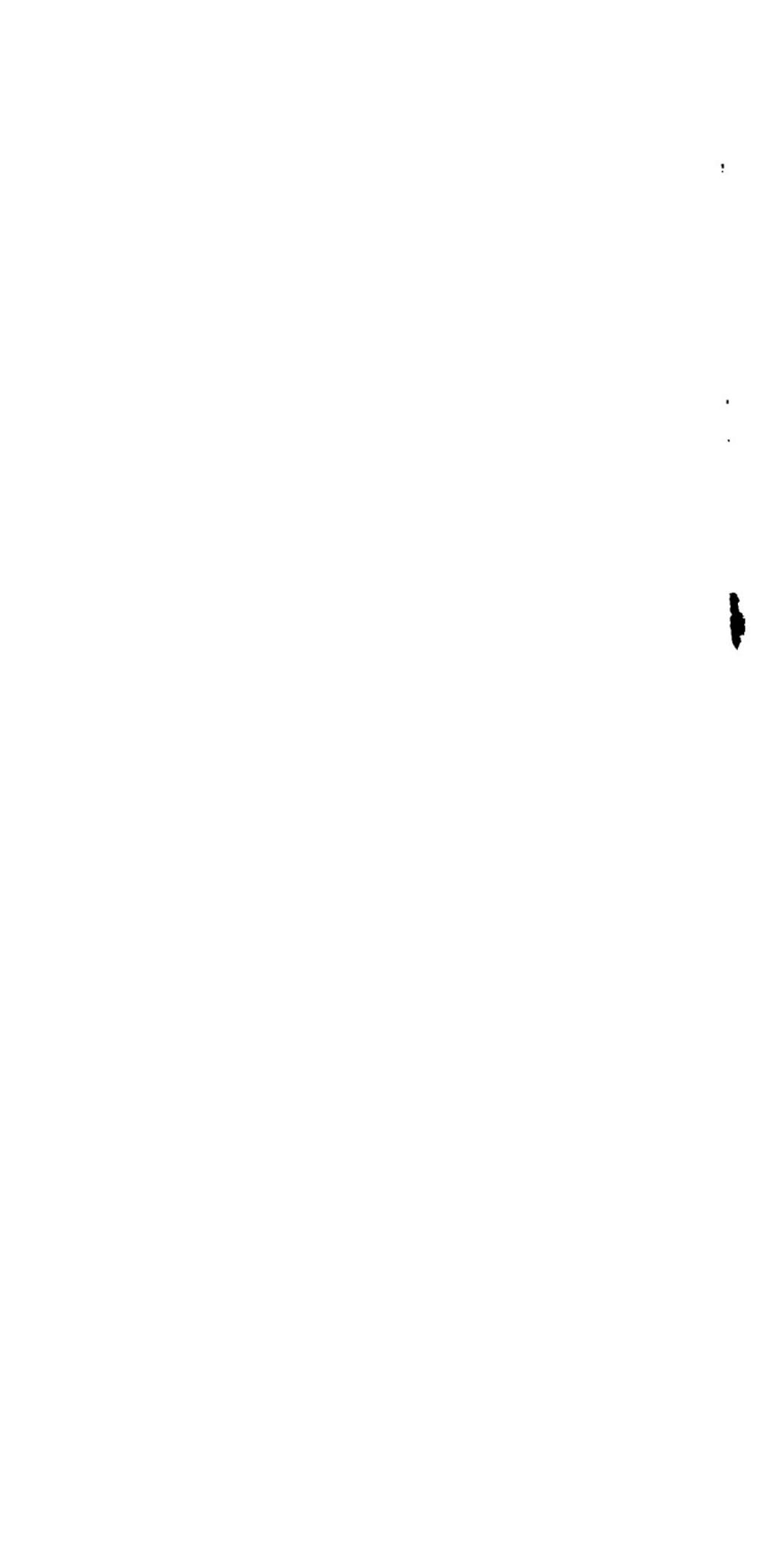




IDA NORMAN.

VOLUME I.







11

“I am going to make the people know I themselves
are not like them.” —Exodus 32:11

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Dedicated
BY
THE AUTHOR TO HER PUPILS,
WHEREVER THEY MAY BE,
AND
IN WHATEVER CONDITION OF LIFE;
IN THE HOPE OF A
HAPPY MEETING HEREAFTER.





,



1854

Ida Norman;

or,

TRIALS AND THEIR USES.

BY MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS,

PRINCIPAL OF PATAPSCO INSTITUTE, OF MARYLAND.

AUTHOR OF "LINCOLN'S BOTANY," "PHELPS' SERIES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,"
"CHEMISTRY," ETC.; "FRIENDLY FRIEND," ETC.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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P R E F A C E.

A novel by one who professes to educate the young on the principles of reason and piety, may occasion some surprise. But the "Great Teacher" taught by parables, thereby sanctioning the use of fiction as an auxiliary of truth.

The first volume of this work was commenced in the autumn of 1846, and read in parts, weekly, to the author's pupils, with the design of imparting moral instruction under a form more interesting to the young than that of didactic essays. The lively interest manifested by the auditors during the progress of the work, was doubtless, in a degree, the result of their partial affection for the author. Similar feelings prompted the request, in compliance with which Ida Norman is now offered to the public, where a more severe scrutiny may await her than she met in the Halls of Patapsco.

The second volume is now added in order to complete the story of "Trials and their Uses."

Whatever may be thought of the interest of the work, the author is happy in the belief that it will be, at least, a safe companion for the young, encouraging no morbid sensibilities or sickly fancies, and perverting no principles of morality ; but that its tendency, so far as it may have any influence, will be found beneficial to individual virtue and happiness, and the true interests of society.

PATAREC. INSTITUTE, July 15, 1854.

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IDA NORMAN.

CHAPTER I.

A DOMESTIC SCENE—A POLITICIAN'S PRIVATE LEVEE.

THE shutters were closed, and the rich damask curtains in ample folds, draped the windows of the splendid saloon of a marble mansion, situated in the most fashionable part of the city of New York. A lady of delicate appearance, and somewhat over-dressed for home toilet, reclined on a couch of crimson velvet, while near her, leaning on a table of Italian marble, sat a gentleman of stern and dignified appearance. At a piano, on the opposite side of the apartment, a young girl was turning over the leaves of a music book, occasionally trying some notes of a piece, or carelessly humming the air of a song.

"I wish, dear Ida," said a youth, who entered the saloon by an open door in a distant part of the room, and advanced toward the piano, "you would either sing or let it alone, it is so annoying to hear a person humming in that way."

"Indeed, Mr. Louis," said the girl, "I do not thank you

for dictating to me;—if papa and mamma are satisfied with me, it is no concern of mine what you think."

"Come here, my children," said the lady, as if aroused from a reverie, "I would speak with you." They advanced, and obeying a sign from their mother, seated themselves on a low divan by her side.

She took a hand of each, and, for some moments, seemed struggling with emotions too powerful for expression. At length she said, "Louis and Ida, how often have I spoken to you of the pain it gives me to hear your unkind remarks to each other—how often have I warned you that the time might come when you would be left alone in the world, with few to care for you or sympathize in your sorrows; and now that we are so soon to be separated—our family circle broken up for years, perhaps for ever, can you permit, for a moment, any feelings, but those of love and tenderness towards each other, to influence you?" Louis seized his mother's hand, pressed it to his lips, then throwing his arms around his sister's neck, both sobbed, and comforted the mother's heart by their unfeigned demonstrations of regret for the past, and good resolutions for the future. The stern father, whose thoughts had been wandering amid the mazes of political intrigues, was touched by the tender scene, and laying upon the table the scroll of papers which he had held idly in his hand, approached the interesting group.

"Here," said he, extending his arms, and drawing the three within his embrace, "are my treasures—all that this world can give me I thus clasp." There was a pause; it was one of those moments in which the heart triumphs,—such as in this life "are few and far between," and such as, unhappily for this family, were seldom witnessed within its circle.

A loud ringing at the street door broke the spell, and reminded the father that this was the hour in which he was to receive a committee, appointed to confer with him on political affairs of importance. A cloud overspread his features; he arose, and hastily leaving the room repaired to his private reception room, to meet his expected visitors.

Mrs. Norman sighed as her husband closed the door, and for some time appeared absorbed in thought, from which she was aroused by her son. "Mother," said Louis, "it seems to me wrong for my father to accept this foreign appointment, to go abroad to a distant country, giving up our home and its comforts, and leaving his children among strangers. But I would not mind for myself. I am a boy, and can take care of myself any where; but for you and Ida I am anxious; especially for you, my dear mother, who are so delicate, and so little able to endure the fatigues of traveling, and the privations you must suffer. How hard it will be, when you are feeble and sick, to have none of the attentions you are accustomed to at home." Mrs. Norman took the hand of her son in hers, and looked tenderly upon him; his words were but the echo of her own sad thoughts, and her full heart found relief in tears. "I feel, indeed, the force of your remarks, Louis," said she, "but I should be unworthy to be the wife of a distinguished statesman, were I to object to his serving his country in the way most befitting his talents. I have, indeed, been ambitious of this honor; but now that the trial is near, I shrink from the sacrifices to be made, and would gladly change place with the most humble of our citizen's wives who can quietly remain in the bosom of her family, urged from it by no call of duty. But if I stay with my children I must be separated from my husband, if I go with him, I must

leave you; either alternative is painful;—besides, I am not fitted by education or physical strength, for courts and the fatigues of state ceremonies. I can speak no foreign language; I was never fond of books, and now am too far advanced in life to begin to study. Alas! why have I so eagerly desired honors which demand the sacrifice of all domestic enjoyments?" Ida pressed her mother's hand, deeply affected by this unaccustomed self-abasement of one usually reserved, and often haughty in manner.

"Mamma," said she, affecting cheerfulness, "why trouble yourself about that which we cannot now help; you will see so many pretty things abroad, and the time will soon pass away, and then we shall be all together again. You could soon learn French; suppose you begin with a verb to-morrow, and let me be your teacher;—when you are away, you will write to us very often; and when you come back, we shall all be so happy, and Louis and I will never quarrel any more; will we Louis?" Louis kissed his sister's cheek and smiled, though the tear drop glistened in his eye.

Mrs. Norman then desired her children to retire, telling them she felt the need of rest; she had much to do on the morrow, particularly in directing such preparation of clothing for them as was necessary, in view of their being placed at school for several years. The idea of going to school among strangers was not pleasant to Ida; but she would not, at that time, add to the distress of her mother by any expression of her feelings. Louis was a manly boy, he felt himself called on to show his resolution, and this inspired him with courage. We are sorry to say, that Mrs. Norman, on this interesting occasion, sent her children to their nightly repose without an evening hymn or prayer, and that she had not even taught

them to worship their Creator in secret. The Normans were a prayerless family, devoted to the world, its pomps and vanities. Political ambition was the ruling passion of Mr. Norman, while his less gifted wife sought for distinction in the charmed circle of fashion. He had been a devoted partisan in politics, and a new career of distinction now opened before him. Possibly he had his reasons for wishing to leave his country, and fortune had favored his views, in giving him a foreign appointment. Endowed with talents of a high order, and gifted with the power of eloquence, he had exercised those talents, and wielded this power for the advancement of his own private interests, rather than for the good of his country. Naturally noble and ingenuous, he had gradually sunk the patriot in the baser aspirations of the partisan and politician, until, losing his own self-respect, he had ceased to have confidence in others. In the bitterness of his own spirit, while he acknowledged to himself that he deceived others, he felt that he was but the tool of those who had been even more successful than himself in the game of political intrigue.

The secret political meeting in Mr. Norman's private apartment was protracted to a late hour. Mrs. Norman's nerves were too excitable to allow her to sleep, for though ignorant of what was going on, she was troubled and alarmed;—some new movement of the political wheel might possibly throw her husband back into a private station; and with an inconsistency common to human nature, she now feared, as the greatest of evils, the loss of that official appointment which she had just regarded as involving so much distress, and as unfavorable to the true interests and happiness of her family.

Mr. Norman, long after midnight, laid an aching head upon his pillow:—his political friends had presented for his consider-

ation sundry bonds which he had given to supply the means of promoting the success of the party; and some had hinted their suspicions that his accounts with the National Government in late moneyed transactions, were by no means favorable for his endorsers. Mr. Norman had his reasons for determining to make the most of present advantages, and to hasten preparations for his departure from the country.

CHAPTER II.

SELECTION OF SCHOOLS.

MR. NORMAN had too much to do with State affairs, and with the Cabinet at Washington, to think much about the selection of schools for his son and daughter, which concern he left chiefly to his wife, who, feeling that she was incompetent to judge on this subject, allowed herself to be governed by chance. Ida, she said, must certainly go to the most fashionable school; and she was about to decide in favor of one of spacious pretensions, when she received a visit from her former school companion and friend, Mrs. Selby, a lady no less distinguished for good sense than for elegant manners. This lady, feeling a deep interest in Ida Norman, who had occasionally been a companion of her daughter, was very desirous that she should be placed in a situation favorable to the improvement of her character, as well as her progress in knowledge and accomplishments.

"In leaving your country, Mrs. Norman, what do you intend to do with your daughter? You will not, I presume," said Mrs. Selby, "take her with you?"

Mrs. Norman informed her friend that she should place Ida at school, and that feeling at this time, as a great defect in her own education, the want of a knowledge of the French language, she had determined to select for her daughter a French school.

"But, my dear madam," said Mrs. Selby, "have you reflected that in giving your daughter an almost entire French

education, you make her superficial as an English scholar. You do not, I hope, expect to become French in your feelings and tastes, or wish to bring up your children to forget their native language. You know Mrs. Vaughn has so educated her children, which as she speaks French is not so bad for herself, but her good mother is greatly embarrassed, for she can converse with her grandchildren no more than if they were Chinese;—and what renders the case more distressing, is the fact that Mrs. Vaughn is an only child, and her children are peculiarly dear to their aged grandmother. But it was her mania to bring up her daughter to be a French lady, and she now sees the ridiculous and sad effects. Mrs. Vaughn dislikes American society, our language, government and manners. Any *moustached* foreigner, with the slightest introduction, or no introduction at all, is well received at her soirees, where it is considered vulgar to speak our native language; while Americans, except such few as occupy very distinguished positions, or *can speak French*, are made to feel that they are out of place. This is certainly ridiculous. The French, themselves, despise the folly which leads parents to sacrifice so much to the attainment of a foreign language. You, indeed, my dear Mrs. Norman, are to appear at a foreign court as the wife of an American minister, but such a destiny is not for all; while every American woman in the higher circles is expected to possess a knowledge of English Grammar and English literature, and to be familiar with many branches of study which can be pursued to greatest advantage through the medium of her native language. To adopt a foreign tongue, as a medium to obtain knowledge, is like darkening vision by opaque glasses when we have perfect eye-sight."

"Indeed Mrs. Selby, I confess your arguments have weight,

besides it might not seem patriotic in us to give our children an exclusively French education. Mr. Norman's public station renders it very important that we should make ourselves popular, at least with our own party."

Mrs. Selby had not thought of bringing forward an argument like this to a mother deliberating upon the course of education for her child; but she forbore the expression of any surprise, though doubting whether she ought not to have shewn her disapprobation of such a sentiment; but she knew how difficult it is to change the course of thought when fixed by habit.

Mrs. Selby left with Mrs. Norman a prospectus of Mrs. Newton's school at Science Hall, promising to call in a few days and converse with her again on the subject. It was decided that Louis should be sent to an institution for boys, distinguished for discipline and high grade of scholarship; but the motive which influenced Mrs. Norman in the decision, was, that Monsieur Delaplaine's school was fashionable, and Mr. Norman was satisfied because it was patronized by some of his political friends.

All was now bustle and confusion at the dwelling of Mr. Norman; furniture was being packed away, and preparations in progress for a sea voyage, and a long residence abroad. The weak nerves of Mrs. Norman received many shocks from the breaking of mirrors and chandeliers, and disappointments from mechanics, dress-makers, and seamstresses. She often called on Ida to try to do something about putting up her own books and clothing; but Ida had no idea of industry, she had been brought up to consider it as a vulgar quality, necessary only for such as work for a living. So amidst all the confusion around her, she continued to spend her time in looking

listlessly out of the window, seeing the new bonnets and dresses which appeared in the streets, lounging on a sofa with a story-book in her hand, or idly thrumming over her music. She was sorry when she saw her mother unhappy and dispirited; her heart reproached her, and each day she made great professions of what she was going to do on the morrow.

CHAPTER III.

TABLE TALK.

The morning sun was bright and shone forth beautifully upon Broadway, revealing a great moving panorama—the busy and idle, the anxious and thoughtless, the gay and miserable, thronging a thoroughfare which may be considered as the grand artery of the London of America.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman, at the fashionable hour of eleven o'clock, were still seated at their breakfast table. "And so, my dear," said the gentleman, "you have concluded to place Ida with Mrs. Newton at Science Hall; you have made a good choice, I am delighted with the judgment you have displayed."

"I claim no merit, as Mrs. Selby dissuaded me from sending her to Madame de la Trappe, and recommended this school to me. But what do you know about Mrs. Newton's school, Mr. Norman?"

"Nothing of her school, Eliza, but much of her; you know she was Amelia Walsingham," said Mr. Norman, slightly coloring as he spoke.

"Is it possible," replied Mrs. Norman, "that she now keeps a school? I had lost sight of her for years—I recollect you was a law student in her father's office, and I once heard that you were an admirer of hers; but I hope while you took lessons in law from the father, you did not receive those of a more interesting nature from the daughter; I trust there was nothing in the report, for I would not place Ida with a

neglected flame of her father, lest she might be punished for his indifference."

" Make yourself easy on that point, Eliza, Mrs. Newton is too noble in disposition to act an unworthy part by our child, even were your suggestions founded in reality; but I never neglected *her*, had I committed no other fault than that, my life might have been a very different one. I might have been less distinguished, but more happy; the affections of the heart developed in their full growth and activity, might have taken something from my intellectual energies;—but we mark not out our own destiny in life, we carve not our own fortunes;

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

" You talk in enigmas, Mr. Norman, I do not understand you."

" It is, perhaps, well, Eliza, that you should not understand fully what in my weakness I have uttered; but I will frankly own that there was a time when Amelia Walsingham was dear to me, and all my future plans in life referred to her;—it was for her sake, that I studied and toiled to gain that knowledge in my profession, which was to give me fame and a high standing among men. But the illusion vanished; my air-built castle disappeared and left me to brave the storms of life, with a heart crushed and blighted with disappointment."

" And yet you would wish this woman to educate your child; she who deceived you, who trampled upon your affections; my daughter shall never be entrusted to her; I have too much pride for that, if I had not to marry one, who when even a suitor for my hand, scarcely professed to love me."

" My dear Eliza, you wrong Mrs. Newton, you ~~would~~ wrong your child by this spirit. She never deceived me; ~~she~~ was truth and candor itself—but I,—yes, I must confess my guilt; I deceived her in respect to my religious principles; she was a Christian, I an unbeliever; she believed in self-denial, I in self-gratification; she would be virtuous for the love of virtue, I for the esteem of men;—I concealed from her my real sentiments; I went with her to the house of worship, and gave a decent attention;—but my homage was not to the most High, it was to the idol I had enshrined within my heart. She was deceived, for I appeared, when with her, under false colors. I believed, that under her influence, I should ever be kept from disgraceful acts; but alas, I was made to feel, in all its bitterness, the weakness of human nature unsupported by religious principle! I committed an act which seemed to me, at the time, excusable, and which I thought would never be exposed. I wanted money, my father refused to supply me, and with a forged draft, I obtained money from his banker. My father would have screened me, but Judge Walsingham discovered the fraud and reported it to Amelia; I received from her a note with these words, which are burned, as with a hot iron, upon the tablets of my memory. "I pity you, but the man who can do a dishonest act, can never be the husband of Amelia Walsingham. We part for ever."

" How ridiculous!" said Mrs. Norman, "had you not a right to your father's money? you were his only son, and ~~would~~ inherit all he should leave; you were only anticipating a little."

" So I reasoned, but not so judged Miss Walsingham, and from that day we have never met. I was too proud to sue for forgiveness, and I knew too well her firmness in all that con-

cerned moral actions, to hope for success should I attempt to reinstate myself in her favor."

"Well, and so she married an obscure parson, with no estate but his gown and surplice; while James Livingston Norman, became the husband of Eliza Tudor, who brought him an immense fortune, and for his sake, rejected the most brilliant offers;" (and Mrs. Norman assumed a lofty air,) "I believe Miss Walsingham was poor."

Mr. Norman, abstracted, seemed unconscious of the remark, and his wife continued, "I shall not send Ida to Mrs. Newton's school; our conversation this morning has changed my purpose."

Mr. Norman started from his reverie, "and what, madam, has this do with the welfare of our child? I have told you that Mrs. Newton was scrupulous and severe in her ideas of virtue: should not this inspire you with confidence in her? If she ever had a tender regard for the father, she may feel the greater interest in the child;—and God only knows," continued he with deep earnestness, "what events may take place before our return to America, or whether we may ever return: Ida may be left to the cold charities of the world, and who among those who now selfishly pay court to the father, would care for and protect the orphan?"

"But our children, Mr. Norman, are born to fortune; they will be dependent on no one, and last of all, I trust my proud Ida will never need the kindness or sympathy of Mrs. Newton."

"I hope she will never want for anything," replied Mr. Norman somewhat impatiently, "but I wish you to make arrangements to place her with Mrs. Newton, whose school I did not think of, till you suggested it, but which I decidedly approve."

Mr. Norman's decided opinion, his lady well knew was not to be disputed, and she changed the subject, hoping to gain, by her acquiescence in her husband's wishes, certain indulgence that he might otherwise have been unwilling to grant.

"Since it is decided that Ida shall go to Mrs. Newton's school, we must prepare her to make a suitable appearance among the very genteel associates she will there meet with. I intend going out to shop this morning, and shall want money."

"The wardrobe of a school girl cannot cost much," said Mr. Norman, "what sum shall you need?"

"Oh, as to that; you must consider that the child is to be left for years, and that when we return she will be quite a young lady. She will need a watch, bracelets, and other expensive articles, as well as a variety of dresses, silk, cashmere, merino and cambric;—and I am going to that artist near the Park who paints so beautifully, to have the children sit for their portraits; he only charges two thousand dollars for a family piece, and I shall want you, my dear, to find time to sit to him. I have promised to give him a sitting to-morrow."

"How much money will serve you for the shopping to-day? If you get that extravagant picture painted, I trust the artist will wait for his pay until it is finished."

"I think a thousand or two dollars to-day, will do, but if you have more to spare, I dare say I can find ways enough to spend it."

"Send to my room in half an hour, and you shall have checks for a thousand dollars, it is absolutely all I have at command to-day. I shall receive to-morrow, a treasury draft from government, for my outfit as a foreign minister."

"Why do you speak of that," said Mrs. Norman, "when

you have hundreds of thousands in bank stock; and real estate in the city, the income from which might make a prince rich?"

Mr. Norman did not answer, and the lady, after a minute's pause, arose and pulled the bell-cord; a servant appeared. "Tell Thomas to have the coach at the door in an hour's time, and ask Mrs. Andrews to come here with Miss Ida."

Mr. Norman rose from the breakfast table, and left the room. Mrs. Norman played with her spoon, looked thoughtful, and at length grew impatient. She rang the bell again, and the same servant entered. "Please, madam, Mrs. Andrews says, Miss Ida won't get up, 'cause she says, it is too early."

"Tell Mrs. Andrews to say to Miss Ida, that if she wishes to go shopping with me, she must be ready before one o'clock; and tell Master Louis, make haste and come to his breakfast."

"Here I am, mother," said Louis, entering the room, his face glowing with exercise; "I have been out in the garden looking at the buds on the lilac shrubs, they are just beginning to open, and the crocuses and snow-drops are in blossom; here are some I plucked to show you; and the spring birds have come back; I left a robin singing sweetly on a branch of one of the old elms in the avenue. But, mother, how can you let Ida remain in bed so long. I just heard Kitty tell Susan, that Mrs. Andrews says she has been trying for two hours to make her get up. Well, it will be a good thing for her to be at a school, where she will be obliged to get up by sun-rise. Frank Selby says, Julia always rises before six o'clock when at home, because she is accustomed to do so at school. For my part, I wish to be under strict rules; I know it is best for me, and I choose to go where I shall be made to do my duty."

"That is a very good idea, Louis," said his mother, "I hope you will always try to do right, and become as distinguished in the world as your father."

"Mother," said Louis, "what is this distinction in the world worth? it does not make father happy; it seems to me I never saw him so uneasy and perplexed as since he has become a great man; and he has never a moment to spend with us. I am thinking it would be better to be less distinguished, and more happy."

Miss Ida now made her appearance, rubbing her eyes; the servants in attendance brought in the hot breakfast; and the two children sat at the table and took their coffee out of porcelain cups of the richest patterns, while the massive silver urn and other articles of the most expensive kind, bespoke the luxury and taste which prevailed in this elegant establishment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER SHOPPING.

MRS. NORMAN's splendid equipage, with suitable appointment of liveried servants was at the door precisely at the time ordered; and that lady, adorned in the height of extravagance and fashion, accompanied by her young daughter scarcely less dressed, took her seat in the luxurious carriage. As the elegant mother and the exquisite young lady entered shop after shop, they created no small sensation. Every clerk was at their service, and most obsequious bows followed and preceded their movements. Splendid silks, rich laces and expensive embroidered handkerchiefs were bought for Ida to take to school; crape and cashmere shawls of great value were purchased for her use. Whatever was rich and pretty she wanted, and whatever she wanted her mother bought for her. Gloves in great quantities and ornamented in Parisian style were purchased, and linen of the finest kind, with rich lace to trim the ruffles. The watch and chain, with other articles of jewelry, assisted much to lighten the purse of Mrs. Norman. An expensive writing-desk of rose wood, ornamented with embossed gold, was seen at a variety store. Ida wished for it, and her mother thought it cheap at seventy-five dollars.

"We will now," said Mrs. Norman, as they were getting into their carriage, "go to Mrs. Landon's and leave the house to be made."

"That sweet Mrs. Landon, mamma, who knit my ~~play~~ tippet and polka, and has sewed so much for you? Oh, I

remember her, and her lovely daughter about my own age; and Willie Landon, I wonder if he has grown much since I saw him. How long have you known Mrs. Landon, mamma?"

"She was," said Mrs. Norman, "a school companion of mine, and in youth we were somewhat intimate; but our conditions in life have since been so very different, that we have never met, except as I have occasionally gone to her for needle-work, which she is glad to do to support her family. She is one of the neatest seamstresses in the city. When we were at school together, she was always industrious." Mrs. Norman might have added, "and she often helped me out with my lessons when I could not get them." But this would have been humiliating.

"Why have you never assisted Mrs. Landon in some way, mamma? I think it would have been kind in you to have done so, and it seems as if we might be so happy to do a great deal of good, when we have plenty of money."

"Why, so I have assisted Mrs. Landon, in giving her work to do; she is too proud to receive charity."

"Yes, mamma, but then there are delicate ways of helping people who are needy, you might have asked papa to get a situation in the navy or in some of the public offices for Willie, it has made me feel sorry to see him look so sad. He seems such a noble boy, as if he was made for something great; and then, you might have done something towards educating Laura, who I am sure, looks much more as if born to be a lady than I do."

"It is not for you, Ida, to tell your mother what she ought to have done. You know very well your father often finds fault with me. I expend for the family, though I study so much to be ; and what would he say were I to

attempt to take care of the families of others, or to trouble him about them; and where am I to get money to expend in charity, when I am often troubled to pay my just debts?"

Ida, a little puzzled by her mother's reasoning, and perceiving her somewhat offended, made no answer. The carriage stopped at the door of Mrs. Landon's lowly dwelling, and Ida and her mother were soon seated in the neat but humble parlor."

"I wish," said Mrs. Norman, "to have these pieces of linen, and this fine cambric, for night gowns, made for my daughter, as soon as possible. Mrs. Landon, you will observe the exquisite fineness of this linen; this linen cambric for the frills is the very finest the city affords; and here is a large quantity of splendid valenciennes lace-edging. How soon, Mrs. Landon, can you do this work? My daughter is going away to school, as soon as she can be prepared, and we wish to see her settled before we go abroad. The frigate which is ordered by government to carry out my husband will be in the harbor soon, and of course there can be no delay; it is therefore important that I get every thing in readiness for our departure, as soon as possible."

"I should be very glad, Mrs. Norman," said the person addressed, in a sweet voice, and dignified manner, "to do this work, but I cannot possibly engage to finish so great a number of articles, even within several weeks, or perhaps months. I have no one to assist me at present."

"Where is your daughter, Mrs. Landon? I thought she worked with you; it is very hard she should leave you, just as she is old enough to be of some use to you." Mrs. Landon blushed deeply, and her eyes glistening with tears, meekly answered -

"My daughter, madam, is a most dutiful and affectionate child; she would, if possible, shield her mother from all the trials and sorrows of life. You ask me where she is: my early friend, Mrs. Newton, who has truly proved herself the friend of the widow and the fatherless, has invited Laura to become a member of her family."

"Mrs. Newton, indeed!—I hope Laura has not gone to be a chamber-maid in her family. I think you might do better for her than that; she would, I dare say, soon learn the dress-making, or millinery business." Again the color came to the cheeks of Mrs. Landon, and she drew herself up somewhat proudly. "Mrs. Norman, you wrong Mrs. Newton as much as you wound me, by your suggestion; Mrs. Newton has taken my daughter as a pupil, to enjoy all the advantages of her school; and if successful in making such improvement as we hope, she may one day become a teacher."

"How glad I am, dear Mrs. Landon," said Ida, with emotion, "to hear that Laura has gone to Mrs. Newton's. I always loved her, and we shall, I know, be very good friends, for I am going to that very school."

Mrs. Norman attempted to frown, but Ida did not, or would not understand her mother's looks. "Pray," said Mrs. Norman, "how can Mrs. Newton afford to educate your daughter at her own expense—I suppose she is not herself rich."

"She is rich in faith and good works," said Mrs. Landon. "In giving to the poor, she considers that she is lending to the Lord."

"But, does she really give your daughter her education?" said Mrs. Norman, her curiosity getting the better of her politeness.

"We receive it, for the present, as a gift," said Mrs. Lan-

don, meekly, "though, I hope Laura will, hereafter, in some degree, repay her benefactress the pecuniary obligation; the debt of gratitude, she can never cancel, nor would she, I hope, ever wish to do it; for when the heart is right, the feeling of gratitude is sweet."

Mrs. Norman, who, with many weaknesses and littlenesses, was still capable of fine feelings, and had, herself, a wish to do good, only she could never see the way, began to comprehend that there was something in this transaction which reflected honor on all parties—Mrs. Landon, in accepting with trust and confidence, as Mrs. Newton in bestowing the favor, and she almost wished herself in Mrs. Newton's place, that she might enjoy the pleasure of feeling herself benevolent. She thought of Mrs. Landon's son, pensive and drooping as she had seen him, and very kindly inquired after him.

"Willie, too, has been provided for, through the influence of Mrs. Newton, and now enjoys the advantages of a business education he has so much desired."

"I love Mrs. Newton," said Ida, "for being kind to Willie. Do you remember, Mrs. Landon, once, when I was here I took such a fancy to his little kitten, and put it in his cap to make him laugh, and how pleased I was that he made me a present of it when I came away? Do you think, Mrs. Landon, Willie would know me now?"

Mrs. Landon smiling, said, "I am sure he would not forget such an introduction to an acquaintance, especially, as I think, Kitty scratched his hand when he attempted to take her out of his cap."

"Mrs. Norman resumed the subject of her visit—"I am sorry, Mrs. Landon, you cannot do this work as soon as I want it—I had really set my heart upon your making up

these articles; you do every thing so neatly, and the materials are so nice. I am unwilling to trust them to any one else."

"I will try," said Mrs. Landon, "to make up such a quantity as your daughter will need to take to school with her. Too much clothing would only be in the way; and if I may presume to suggest, I would advise to make the articles plain, as the ruffles will be an embarrassment to the laundresses, by adding to their work. I have heard Mrs. Newton remark, that she prefers her pupils should have their clothing so made as not to require extra labor in doing up, as in a large family, this is a matter of some consequence."

"Very strange indeed," said Mrs. Norman, "that Mrs. Newton should attempt to dictate in such matters. I should suppose a lady would be above looking into the affairs of the laundry, or kitchen."

Mrs. Landon made no reply, and Mrs. Norman rose to go, when the former with some embarrassment took from her writing-desk a paper, saying as she presented it, "excuse me Madam for reminding you that this small bill for sewing still remains unpaid. I sent it, as you directed, to your husband; he referred the messenger to you, but you were out at the time."

Mrs. Norman slightly coloring, carelessly said, "Indeed this bill ought to have been paid long ago; but I have not absolutely one dollar left, and for some of my purchases this morning, I was obliged to ask credit; but before we leave the country, you shall certainly be paid, not only this bill, but for the work you are going to do."

"I wished," said Mrs. Landon, "to purchase for my daughter some calico dresses and other necessary clothing, having sent her to school with a very scanty wardrobe."

Ida Norman had listened with uneasiness to the dialogue; taking her mother aside, she said, "mamma it is not right that Mrs. Landon should not be paid; can we not exchange some of the things we have bought this morning for what she wants to buy? There is that piece of linen cambric and valencien lace which we do not want, I dare say the merchant would be willing to take it back, and let Mrs. Landon have the value in such goods as she wants. How much is her bill mamma?"

"Fifty dollars," said Mrs. Norman in a whisper, "a monstrous sum for needle work!"

"Oh! but mamma, just think of all those rich embroidered handkerchiefs and beautifully trimmed night-dresses she has wrought, and made for you. Will you not consent to let her have the piece of cambric and the lace? let me see, this cambric, cost as much as thirty dollars, and the lace was about twenty; then here is one piece of linen which we do not want; let us return these, and, besides paying this bill, there will be something in advance for the work Mrs. Landon is now going to do for us."

Mrs. Norman convinced that her daughter's plan was reasonable, and relieved by it from an unpleasant situation, with some embarrassment explained to Mrs. Landon what Ida had said. That lady looked at the child with surprise and approbation, and very readily assented to a proposal which would enable her so amply to provide for her daughter. The question was, how the affair should be managed with the person of whom the goods were purchased. Mrs. Norman protested against going to him, herself, on such an errand, as it would be very undignified for a lady in her station to be seen exchanging goods in that way, especially for common and cheap articles.

"It would be proper," said Mrs. Landon, "that you should leave with me a written request, addressed to the shop-keeper, that the goods may be received in exchange."

"I know nothing," replied Mrs. Norman, "of business transactions, but if you will write an order of this kind, I will sign it, though I confess it is rather mortifying to be obliged to resort to such a mean traffic to pay a debt; it is, at least, so for me, who brought my husband a fortune."

Mrs. Landon on learning the name of the merchant, wrote as follows:—

"MESSRS. NEVINS & CO.,

"You would oblige me by receiving some of the articles which I bought of you this morning, and giving to the bearer, the amount thereof in such goods as she may want."

To this, Mrs. Norman affixed her signature, as follows:—

"Hon. MRS. JAMES LIVINGSTON NORMAN."

A close observer might have seen a transient smile pass over the fine features of Mrs. Landon, as she received the order from Mrs. Norman. "Good morning, madam," said the latter with hauteur; "come Ida, we shall be late home, and your father is expecting a French nobleman to dine." Ida kissed Mrs. Landon affectionately, "Tell Willie," said she, "he must forgive me for putting the kitten in his cap. I was then but a little girl, I have learned better manners since. I am glad Laura is at Mrs. Newton's, I dare say we shall be good friends."

Mrs. Norman improved the drive home, in lecturing Ida on the choice of her associates.

"I would not," said she, "hurt the feelings of Mrs. Landon, who was, I know, born and brought up a lady, being descended from one of the oldest Dutch families in New York;

but at present, she is so situated in life, that I should be unwilling for you to associate with her children as your equals. I think you talked quite too much about her son Willie, and the childlike affair of the kitten; and it was very silly in you to speak about her daughter and you being friends at school. I trust Mrs. Newton, knowing your father's rank in life, and your future expectations, will educate you accordingly, and prevent all companionship with those who are to move in a different sphere of life. Laura Landon is to be educated for a teacher; you to shine on the grand theatre of life; you must keep in mind this distinction, the consciousness of it will alone impart to you that high aristocratic bearing, which will in all places distinguish you from the plebeian world around."

The Hon. Mrs. Eliza Tudor Norman, wife of the Hon. James Livingston Norman, was now set down at her own door, and hastened to her chamber to take some repose, preparatory to a grand dinner toilette, as the Count De Grenouille connected with the diplomatic corps, was to be with them to dine, precisely at seven o'clock that evening.

CHAPTER V.

IDA NORMAN'S ARRIVAL AT SCIENCE HALL.

The Norman family arose earlier than was their custom, on the day appointed for taking Ida to the place destined for her home during some years. Mr. Norman's splendid barouche and four, with coachman and footman in elegant silver and blue livery, appeared in due season at the door; and trunks, traveling bags and hand boxes, were properly adjusted.

Mr. Norman, though much engrossed by the many cares that pressed upon him on the eve of his departure for a foreign country, graciously said to his lady, that he would devote that day to his family, desiring, himself, to converse with Mrs. Newton respecting the course of education to be pursued with his daughter. Mrs. Norman was less flattered than she otherwise might have been, with this condescension on the part of the minister plenipotentiary, from a suspicion that it might be owing to his desire of again meeting with the lady whom he had so extravagantly lauded. But she was herself, too much of a diplomatist to express by any look or word, a suspicion which she felt to be humiliating to herself.

Ida arose that morning with a full consciousness that it ushered in a day of deep interest to herself; but she did not kneel down in her chamber to pray to her Heavenly Father to protect her, and to lead her through the various scenes of this life to a better world. She had no religious impressions—why should she have had? No father's counsel had directed her in the ways of holiness; no mother's voice, in soft and holy

accents, had taught her to ask pardon for sins, and strength to overcome what was evil in her nature. She had, indeed, been taught to use a form of words, to say her prayers; but not to pray.

Ida's thoughts on leaving home were far less of trials and duties, than of the sensation which would be caused at the school by her arrival—the sight of her father's noble appearance and the knowledge of his high station—her mother's beauty and elegant costume, and her own outfit, so *recherché* and expensive. Then she thought of poor Laura Landon, and how kind and condescending she would be to her. She wondered if she should find at the school any girls who would really be of equal rank with herself—any whom she would like; and especially what Mrs. Newton would think of such a new scholar, and would say to her. Julia Selby had told her the rules were strict, and that Mrs. Newton had no particular favorites; but Ida was not much troubled about all this. Her case certainly was an exception to all common ones; for her mother had promised to speak with Mrs. Newton, and tell her that Ida must be a parlor boarder, and was not to be restricted by rules. Having hitherto managed her mother by her half coaxing, half imperious manner, Ida felt no little confidence in her own address in bending others to her will, and similar triumphs loomed up in the perspective of her school days.

We have not yet described Ida Norman, and as we are about to introduce her to her school companions, we may as well take the occasion to describe her to our readers. Let them fancy a girl thirteen years old, but mature enough to pass for fifteen, with a beautiful bust and shoulders, and her head finely placed upon her neck. She had been well drilled in attitudes and carriage, and had from infancy been taught to

hold her person erect, her head up, and to stand, sit, and walk gracefully. She had fine teeth, which she had regard enough for her looks to keep clean and white. She had not remarkably fine hair, but was accustomed to brush it much, so that it had become fine and glossy. That she was very proud, was rather the fault of her education, if the want of system, management, and good instruction can be called education, than a naturally haughty disposition. Her passions were strong—often violent; she had seldom known restraint, or suffered disappointment, and, of course, was self-willed and exacting. She had acquired no habits of industry or application; and though she was endowed with talents, and had had the most expensive masters, little progress had yet been made in the cultivation of her mind, or in those elegant accomplishments which her mother deemed of the first importance. Her dark eyes were expressive and beautiful, when lighted up by amiable feelings, but capable of speaking a very disagreeable language. The beauty of Ida Norman depended much on the peculiar expression of her features; and when happy, the glow of animation which was diffused over her countenance, rendered her very attractive. Animated with the thoughts of the new scenes before her, she took her seat with her parents in the carriage which was to convey her to Science Hall. Louis, the only brother of Ida, and a year or two older, was also of the party; he resembled his sister in many respects; but having been less indulged and less flattered, he expected less from others, and could the more readily control himself.

The road to Science Hall led through a finely cultivated region dotted with elegant country seats, extending along the banks of the East River, or arm of the sea which connects Long Island Sound with the Hudson River, and forms the

eastern boundary of Manhattan Island, on which is situated the city of New York and the beautiful villages and villas in its suburbs.

As the carriage drove up the thickly shaded avenue of noble elms which led to the ancient, time-honored building occupied by Mrs. Newton, the conversation between the party, which had hitherto been animated, suddenly ceased. Each seemed busied with his, or her, own thoughts. Mr. Norman's fancy, perchance pictured scenes of other days; and he might have been curious to know whether his presence now, would have power to excite any emotion in the breast of Amelia Walsingham:—he had become a great man—distinguished and honored among the great men of the nation—would she not regret that she had been so fastidious in her ideas of right, as to reject his love; would she not feel that this was now his hour of triumph? His wife was beautiful, elegant and *distinguē*, and he regarded her at this moment with pride, if not with affection.

Mrs. Norman had a desire to humiliate Mrs. Newton by a display of their state and magnificence; and yet, she wished to conciliate her friendship for the sake of the child she was about to commit to her care. Ida was impatient to arrive at the school, to see, and be seen.

"How lovely this place is," she exclaimed, "it will be delightful to walk here upon the sea beach, to pick up the shells, and breathe the fresh air from the ocean. And yet this ocean will be a barrier between me and you, my dear parents, for years to come." Ida dropped a tear as she spoke, and all seemed, for the moment, sad; Louis was first to break the silence.

"Do you think, Ida," said he, "I shall be permitted to visit you sometimes? my school is so near that I can walk the

distance, and it will be pleasant for me to come here on holidays."

"Of course, you will come when you please; and of course, I shall see you whenever you do come." "Not so fast, my daughter," said Mr. Norman, "Louis and you are both to be under rules, and must expect to be obedient to those who have the care of you."

"No, indeed, papa, I am not to be under rules, for mamma has promised me to tell Mrs. Newton that I am to be a parlor boarder."

Mrs. Norman colored, for she was sensible how weak and foolish had been this promise, made to reconcile her daughter to the idea of going to school.

"Is it possible, Eliza, that you have encouraged the child with such an idea?" said the father, "it is most absurd, and depend upon it, Mrs. Newton would decline receiving her on any such terms."

The good feeling of the party was disturbed by the introduction of this topic. Louis, who had much tact and a ready wit, wishing to divert the subject, exclaimed, "Look, Ida, there is a group of girls at the foot of yonder ledge of rocks, with their hands full of flowers; they are now coming to the road, and we shall soon pass them. If the first face you look at is a pleasant one, we will consider that as a good omen for you."

Ida turned her head in the direction indicated by her brother. The girls had advanced by a cross-road, and were entering the grand avenue in front of the house. One who was a little in advance, looked up just as Ida's face was turned towards her. Their eyes met; the young stranger slightly blushed, and modestly bowed. Louis saw the blush and the

bow, and whispered, "There, sister, what could you ask more, she is lovely as a rose-bud, and modest as a violet."

"See, mamma," said Ida, "surely that is Laura Landon, though she looks fresher and prettier than when she was confined to sewing."

Mrs. Norman, not well pleased with this first demonstration of the plebeian society with which her daughter was to mingle, coolly said, "I think Mrs. Landon would have done much better to have kept her daughter at home, to assist her, and then she could have accommodated her customers by being more prompt in finishing work than she will now be likely to be."

"But, mamma, you know Mrs. Landon told us Mrs. Newton offered her assistance in educating Laura for a teacher."

"Noble woman," said Mr. Norman, as if soliloquising, "she was ever studying to do good."

Mrs. Norman bit her lips in silence. The party of girls, who, with some of their teachers, had been on a botanical excursion, all gained the avenue before the carriage came up, and, quickening their pace, passed through a side door into the building.

Great was the curiosity excited among the school girls by such an arrival; the lady so fashionably attired, the gentleman of so noble and dignified an aspect; and the boy, or rather the young gentleman, as the observers called him, was not unnoticed. Louis, though but fifteen, was tall and manly, with fine features, and an eye at once penetrating and expressive of genius and sensibility. But what excited most the surprise of the girls, was the fact that these strangers knew Laura Landon, which they had perceived by Ida's bow and look of recognition.

"Do tell us, Laura," said half-a-dozen voices as soon as

they had entered the hall, "who they are, and how they happen to know you?"

"They are," said Laura, "the family of Mr. Norman, the gentleman who has recently been appointed minister to the court of —."

"And are they acquaintances of yours?" said Sally Pry, with some emphasis.

Laura knowing that to speak the truth, would draw upon her contemptuous treatment from a portion of her companions, did not hesitate, but with a firm voice, said, "Mrs. Norman and my mother, were intimate in their early years, but their situations have since been ~~very~~ different, and my mother now sees no news for Mrs. Norman; I have only seen her and her daughter, when they have come to us with work." At this frank avowal, Sally Pry and some others exchanged glances, and a suppressed titter was heard among them, as Laura hastened to her room.

"Indeed, Sally Pry," said Julia Selby, "you ought to be ashamed of your inquisitiveness;—what concern of yours is it, how Laura Landon happens to be acquainted with these strangers? You have hurt her feelings very much; you all know girls, how modest and unpretending Laura is; how could you join in laughing, when she said so ingeniously, her mother sewed for this lady." "I did not mean any harm," replied Maria Crump, "I couldn't help laughing." "I think," said Julia, "any one who has a good heart, can help laughing, when she knows that by so doing she shall render another unhappy. I suppose, Maria, you could not help laughing at prayers this morning; but do you suppose that such an excuse will serve you before God, whom you offend by such levity?"

"I do not acknowledge your right, Miss, to question me," said Miss Crump; and taking Sally Pry by the arm, they

walked together to their own room, for they were intimate friends and room-mates.

Julia Selby did not tell the girls, what she knew to be a fact, that her mother's influence had induced Mrs. Norman to bring her daughter to Science Hall; nor even hint that she was acquainted with the Normans. She went to her room, and having carefully disposed of the flowers she had gathered to analyse at their next botanical lesson, she arranged her toilette, expecting to be called to the parlor to see the visitors.

CHAPTER VI.

SCIENCE HALL AND ITS MISTRESS — THE FASHIONABLE LADY'S DEPARTMENT AND VIEWS OF EDUCATION — THE POLITICIAN EVINCES FEELING AND GOOD SENSE.

SCIENCE HALL was situated near the East River, on a promontory overlooking a portion of Long Island Sound, and at no great distance from those remarkable rapids and eddies called by the Dutch, "Horn-gate," signifying whirlpool, but perverted by the English into "Hell-gate," which perversion gave rise to the kindred term, the "Devils'-pot," "Frying-pan," etc., applied to various portions of a narrow and crooked channel of the East River, formed by projecting and hidden rocks, and where the oceanic currents act with a force that increases with the diminished width of the stream. This strait, now commonly called Hurl-gate, is the outlet of the waters of Long Island Sound, connected by the East River with the Hudson. On the west lay New York with its forests of masts, spires and cupolas. Though the city was within sight, its noise and confusion fell not upon the ear in this delightful retreat, but in the place thereof were heard the surges of the ocean as it washed the rocky beach of an estuary of Long Island Sound, a kind of inland sea, with tides ebbing and flowing in sympathy with the parent ocean.

The building occupied by Mrs. Newton was an old-fashioned stone edifice, erected in the days preceding the American revolution, by an Englishman of noble birth, who warmly attached himself to the cause of the parent country, at the period when

America was struggling, in unequal contest, for independence. Sir John Stewart had indulged his fine taste in the style and finish of his baronial mansion. A palace in extent and the number of its apartments, it was surrounded by extensive pleasure grounds diversified with grottoes, artificial lakes, and rustic temples. Bathing houses were erected upon the beach, and a fairy barge, the Cleopatra, attended the commands of the noble Lady Stewart. But Sir John's fortune, like that of the other enemies of the Revolution, Tories, as they were in those days called, was confiscated, and his family fled to England. The baronial mansion was afterward purchased by Judge Wokingham, and at his death became the property of his only daughter, Mrs. Newton.

Although this lady did not possess the means to support the ancient grandeur of the place, her fine taste and good management had effected much, with far less expense than might have been supposed. There was about the residence an air of neatness and comfort, as well as elegance, which shewed the well ordered mind of the occupant.

The Norman family, on their arrival, were ushered into a receiving room, furnished with classical taste, but without extravagance or pretension. Mrs. Newton did not detain her visitors to make her toilette after their arrival, for she believed that a lady should, on rising, dress herself in a style proper to receive visitors, let them chance to call at any hour. She was, moreover, about that time expecting the Normans, as the arrangements for Ida's being placed with her had been previously made. It is not to be supposed that this lady did not experience some emotion at the thought of an interview with a man whom she had once regarded with tenderness; whom she had loved, until she found him unworthy of her confidence.

She knew he now stood high in the public estimation; that he had attained political distinction; that he was regarded as a great man, and that flattery and honors were profusely showered upon him.

Mrs. Newton's life had been one of sorrow and bitter disappointment, but yet she had never been an unhappy woman. Grief is not necessarily unhappiness when it springs from afflictions sent by the chastening hand of a kind Providence. Mrs. Newton felt, as her beloved children, one after another, were consigned to the grave, that she had loved them too well; and when, at last, the husband to whom she had been most devotedly attached, was taken from her, she realised that it was, "Good for her that she was afflicted," and that "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." She did not, like too many of her sex when assailed by misfortune, resign herself to despair, folding her hands and throwing upon friends the burden of fruitless attempts at consolation. After the first shock was over, she looked around to see what duty now remained to her in life—she saw herself, a widow, and childless. In possession of an estate sufficient for all her moderate wishes, she might, as many of her sex under similar circumstances would have done, sought amid the brilliant scenes of fashionable society to drown the sad voice of memory in the loud tones of mirth, or the enchanting notes of pleasure's syren song. She was still youthful in appearance, her black and glossy hair scarcely betrayed a touch of time; her eyes though oft "dimmed by sorrow's tear," were still beautifully expressive of a noble and pure soul; her complexion though the roses had somewhat faded, was still fair and youthful, and her step was light and elastic.

Mrs. Newton was a Christian, and believed that this life is but

the entrance to one that will be eternal, and that in this probationary state we should desire to be useful rather than happy.

Stewart Hall, had been for many years before his death, the family residence of Judge Walsingham; but the family circle gradually lessened until all but one were gone; and she, the widowed, childless daughter, walked alone through the deserted apartments; the memories of the loved and lost rising before her in mournful review—there were the portraits of her husband and children looking down upon her with smiles of love and happiness, as in times past when life was warm, and each day opened on new pleasures expanding under the genial rays of affection. Her mother in the stiff cap, and spreading ruff of a former age, and her venerable father in his curled and powdered wig, were there as the inimitable West had painted them, looking so like life that the heart was pained by the mockery of deception. Here was the old arm-chair of her father by his writing-table; and there, on the work-stand, her mother's bible with her high backed chair, placed as in former days, near the seat of her father. The ample and well-selected library was undisturbed; dusty cob-webs and damp mould spoke of desertion and solitude. The dining hall, where merry voices had once resounded, was silent, and echo alone responded to the sigh of the lone mourner. "This," said she to herself, "will never do I should soon, in these sad contemplations, lose myself, my talents and my energies, and become an unprofitable servant in the vineyard of my master. Have I nothing to do in life? Are there none in the world to love? A thought strikes me—I see these halls filled with happy and loving young girls, they gather around me and listen to my counsels. I no longer regard life as useless; in my garden of immortal plants, I find occupation for all my faculties, and objects enough to

warm and quicken my emotions. The picture thus suddenly daguerreotyped on her heart remained permanent, and she sought to render it a living tableau.

Mrs. Selby, the intimate and confidential friend of Mrs. Newton, who had looked with anxiety to the course she might take in her state of desolation and bereavement, was delighted both on her own account and that of her friend, when the latter communicated her plan. She knew Mrs. Newton possessed peculiar qualities to act as the guide of youth, and readily imagined how delightfully this employment would occupy her mind, and call forth its dormant energies.

"This is an excellent idea, my dear Amelia," said Mrs. Selby, "of all others in the world, I would prefer that my own dear child should be under your guidance; indeed, you are the only person to whom I could, without anxiety, entrust the forming of her mind and character."

Mrs. Newton pressed in silence the hand of her friend; she regarded this successful beginning as a favorable indication that her plan was approved by her Heavenly Father. Conscious of her own dignity of character, and the high estimation in which she was held in society, she could entertain no doubt of ultimate success.

It was announced in the public prints, that at Stewart Hall, the late residence of Judge Walsingham, hereafter to be called Science Hall, his daughter, Mrs. Newton, would receive a limited number of pupils. Great was the surprise expressed by many, that so elegant and accomplished a lady as Mrs. Newton should descend to be a teacher. One lady, whose husband had grown rich by speculation, said, in reference to the event, "she thought, for her part, school keeping was the last resort," the daughter of a wealthy grocer, said, "she should think Mrs.

Newton would prefer to take in plain sewing for her living," a former school companion, exclaimed, "Who would have thought the lofty Amelia Walsingham would ever have come down to be a school teacher!" and many remarked, "What a fool she was not to have married the elegant Mr. Norman, and then, instead of being obliged to open a school, she might now be going to — as the wife of the American minister." Mrs. Newton occasionally met with a friend kind enough to repeat some of these remarks; but, to a mind like hers, they were harmless. She cared little for such opinions, having, long since, learned that, "The friendship of the world is enmity with God."

It was not without some little emotion that Mrs. Newton entered her parlor after receiving the card of Mr. and Mrs. Norman, though she had perfect command of herself; Mr. Norman was to her now, but the father of one who was to be her pupil, and even the transient flush over her features soon passed away, and she was, as usual, calm and self-possessed. Mr. Norman, with the elegance and grace of a finished man of the world, stepped forward to meet Mrs. Newton on her entrance. He was somewhat embarrassed by the composed manner in which she received him, and mortified to perceive that his assumed composure and common-place compliments neither surprised nor flattered her. She politely offered her hand, neither seeming to receive, nor reject the compliments he paid to her fine appearance, but rather, as if regarding them as too common-place to require notice.

Introduction, in due form, took place between the ladies. Mrs. Newton remembered well, as a school girl, the beautiful and proud Eliza Tudor, shallow in intellect, and vain of her wealth, beauty and high family connections.

Mrs. Norman did not condescend to rise, but bowed coldly,

and with assumed dignity passed the customary greetings. Ida, who was standing near her mother, could not, young as she was, but observe the contrast between true, and affected dignity. Mrs. Newton's air was frank, noble and commanding, yet sweet and winning; her mother's manner, forbidding and supercilious, inspiring dislike rather than respect. Ida had much native penetration; she felt that she could love Mrs. Newton, and scarcely waited for her father to say, "this is our daughter," before she had seized Mrs. Newton's hand and pressed it to her lips. The action drew tears to the eyes of Mrs. Newton, reminding her, by a rapid association of ideas, of her own daughter, who would have been about Ida's age. Though Mr. Norman's flattery, and the coldness of his wife had failed to move Mrs. Newton, the simple act of the child, for a moment affected her, and she met Ida's look of confidence with an expression so full of soul, so deep and touching, so maternal, and so anxious, that never, in after life, did Ida forget that moment, and that look. Louis Norman went through his introduction to Mrs. Newton in a manly and graceful manner, and impressed that lady, favorably as to his character, though she soon perceived in him, as in his sister, the want of a judicious and careful education.

When Mr. Norman opened the subject which had brought them to pay this visit, Mrs. Newton proposed sending for Julia Selby to accompany Master Norman and Miss Ida to the garden, and the grotto on the beach. "I shall be glad," said Mrs. Norman, "to have Ida become intimate with Julia Selby, her mother was from one of our eldest and best families, and is, decidedly, distinguished in society."

"I do not think," replied Mrs. Newton, "that Mrs. Selby is ambitious of such a distinction, if, by society, you mean the

fashionable circle. She has fine taste, and every thing she does is graceful, therefore she is imitated in dress and manners; but in goodness of heart, and benevolence, I fear she has few imitators."

"Mamma," said Ida, "Louis says, please ask Mrs. Newton to let Laura Landon go with us to the garden." The frown which Mrs. Norman gave her daughter was perceived by Mrs. Newton, and spoke volumes in respect to the feelings and character of the mother.

Julia Selby soon made her appearance; she did not stand irresolutely at the door, as if afraid to enter; nor stop in the passage near the door, to reconnoitre, and see how she could best get in, leaving persons within the room to perceive her shadow or catch a glimpse of her dress; but Miss Selby entered the room without embarrassment, courtesying first to Mrs. Newton, as if awaiting her explanation as to the purpose for which she had been called. "My dear," said the former, "Mrs. Norman has brought her daughter to remain with us, and I have sent to ask you to walk about the grounds with her and her brother, while I am engaged in consulting with her parents respecting her education."

Mrs. Norman very graciously kissed Miss Julia, telling her, she hoped she would be a good friend to Ida, when her parents were far distant. Mrs. Norman spoke with feeling, for she was an affectionate mother, and felt deeply, where her children were concerned. Julia embraced Ida with warmth, and shook hands cordially and frankly with Louis, and the three left the room together; they were soon, with the light-heartedness of youth, gathering sea-shells, plucking flowers, and chasing butterflies; how soon do other objects than these, but in reality, as unimportant, engross the maturer mind!

After the young persons had left the room, Mrs. Newton remarked, "I thought it better our conversation should be private, it is possible our views on the subject of education may not harmonize, in which case, it would not be well your daughter should witness any divided councils in respect to her."

"We expect, my dear madam," said Mr. Norman, "to place our child with you, to be directed in her education, and to be governed and controlled as you may think best."

"We expect her to be educated by Mrs. Newton, whose qualifications as a teacher are certainly undoubted," said Mrs. Norman, with a haughty, patronizing air, "but as to her being governed and controlled, I do not think it will be at all necessary. She is now old enough to direct herself, and I should wish her to be entered as a parlor boarder; we do not, of course, regard expense, and I am not willing she should be put on a level with other pupils."

"I do not," said Mrs. Newton, "receive parlor boarders, as the term is usually understood; I make no distinctions among my pupils, and, I am quite certain that in your daughter's case, strict discipline, at first, will be required. I should not be willing to take charge of the education of any young person without considering myself wholly unrestricted, as to the discipline which I might think necessary."

"Certainly," said Mr. Norman, "you are right my dear madam, and I am quite surprised and mortified that Mrs. Norman should have suggested a wish that our daughter might be exempted from necessary discipline."

Mrs. Norman bit her lips and looked her displeasure, but soon found utterance. "I am told, Mrs. Newton, that you have in your school a custom of exacting from the pupils some services which I consider as wholly beneath young ladies of

high standing; but I presume it is only in the case of certain girls, such as Laura Landon, who have been brought up to labor, that you expect a pupil to have any care of her own apartment. With my daughter's expectations, we could never consent to submit to any thing so low and vulgar." "Then, indeed madam," said Mrs. Newton, "I must decline receiving her;—I have before said we know of no distinctions among our pupils, except, I may add, such as are founded on talents and moral worth."

The tone in which the two last words were uttered, thrilled the heart of Mr. Norman, he knew well Mrs. Newton's high standard of morality;—had he not cause to know? But his daughter's welfare was now the question, and he sternly said, "I leave to you, Mrs. Norman, the choice of your own dress, equipage, amusement and society, but I am decided on the subject of Ida's remaining with Mrs. Newton, and subject to such regulations as she may prescribe. The future is all uncertain:—we may, perhaps, never return to America; Ida may be left an orphan without fortune; and I know that in this noble, generous woman she will find a mother and a friend; aye, more and better than either father or mother have been to her; a guardian who will teach her that she has a soul, who will awaken the dormant powers of her mind; and give her a new being, or rather, bring out, and render active, her moral powers and intellectual energies which have hitherto slumbered. Yes, Amelia, for in this perhaps our last interview on earth, permit me once more to address you by that name, God, in his providence, calls you to the care of my child. I have, at times, forebodings that I may never return to my own country; my private affairs are in an unsettled state, and in what condition they may be found, should I die abroad, I know not. My son, too,—will you, for

his father's sake sometimes inquire after his welfare, and give him your counsel? I know I ask much of you, but I know your noble nature. This painful duty discharged, of commanding my children to your care and kindness, I shall hasten preparations for our departure with a lighter heart." The voice of Mr. Norman was tremulous, he was deeply agitated, and, for the moment, the politician was lost in the father, and the feelings of better and happier days again animated him.

Mrs. Norman seemed at first petrified with the scene; but determined to consider wealth and grandeur as imperishable, and blind to every indication of a reverse of fortune, she expressed her surprise and mortification that Mr. Norman should, for a moment, suppose her children would ever be left to need pecuniary assistance, that he should forget their real condition, in his strange apprehensions. Mrs. Newton was deeply affected by Mr. Norman's appeal, and with her usual warmth of sympathy, hesitated not to assure him that she would consider herself the guardian of his children, and for the sake of former friendship for their father, watch over them, and be near them in times of adversity, should such come to them.

Mr. Norman, deeply affected, hurried their departure. He grasped the hand of his friend in silent anguish at parting, and said in a low tone, "May the children prove more worthy your regard than did the father!" The assumed dignity and importance of the great man had all vanished: the past had come up in its degradation and bitterness; and sorrow, perchance disgrace, crowded the perspective of the distant future.

CHAPTER VII.

IDA NORMAN'S FIRST TRIAL.

IDA NORMAN was called in from the garden to take leave of her parents. She at first bore the separation heroically. She had a pride in appearing calm on the occasion, because she was looked at and observed; she wished to inspire admiration in those who beheld her, and especially to give Mrs. Newton an impression of her strength of character. Her mother whispered at parting, " You have plenty of money, and can hire the servants to do for you what the rules may require that is disagreeable. If you are not happy here, you shall not stay; there are other schools enough besides this, and I wish you to feel perfectly independent of any one here."

As the sound of the carriage wheels died away in the distance, Ida began to feel her resolution give way. The excitement of novelty was gone, and new, and different feelings took possession of her mind. She remained standing in the portion from which she had watched the departure of her parents and brother, and leaning against a pillar, began to weep. Mrs. Newton, addressing her in the kindest manner, attempted to take her hand, but Ida drew herself proudly back with a gesture of mingled contempt and *hauteur*, sobbing violently, and becoming more and more excited by the reaction of her own bad temper. Mrs. Newton, after vainly seeking to soothe and quiet this storm of passion, adopted a different course; and in a decided tone said, " I cannot permit you, Ida, to allow yourself the indulgence of such excitement, and in this public place;

you will please go with me to my private parlor." Ida, who took no notice of this speech but by sobbing the louder, cried out, "I want to go home, I can't stay here, I won't stay." Mrs. Newton rang the door-bell—"Ask Miss Wentworth and Miss Milburn, to have the goodness to come here," said she to the servant who obeyed the summons. In a few minutes, two ladies appeared; Miss Wentworth, the elder, had an air of dignity and command, accompanied with a sweet and amiable expression. Miss Milburn, a young lady of winning manners, though seeming too gentle to command, had yet a decided expression, almost at variance with her youthful and timid aspect.

"I have sent for you, ladies," said Mrs. Newton, "desiring your assistance in conducting Miss Ida Norman to her chamber, where she may for the present remain, and have an opportunity to reflect on the impropriety of her present conduct. I hope she will not render it necessary for me to keep her, for any length of time, in disgrace and confinement."

Miss Wentworth advanced to Ida, and said, "You may go with me, Miss, if you please."

"But I don't please," screamed Ida, "I am not pleased with any thing here, and I do not intend to stay;—my mamma said I need not stay, if I did not wish to do so."

"We must, at once, terminate this disgraceful scene," said Mrs. Newton, "and unless you, Miss Ida, choose to go in a proper manner with these two ladies, who will treat you kindly if you deserve it, I shall directly order servants to convey you forcibly to your apartment."

Ida saw that she was not dealing with her weak-minded mother, but that Mrs. Newton was to be obeyed, changed her manner, and with a face flushed, and eyes inflamed, though moistened by no tears, she assumed an air of calmness and of-

fended dignity. Courtesying to the two ladies whom Mrs. Newton had called, she said, "I suppose you are teachers, and consider it an honor to be named as the jailers of a poor defenseless girl; but I am ready to go to my dungeon;" and she walked towards the door with a martyr-like air, which would have been ludicrous if the scene had not been too painful distressing to admit of a lighter feeling.

"Since I make no resistance, I suppose one jailer will suffice," said Ida, "and if I may choose, I would prefer the company of that person," pointing to Miss Milburn, "she looks as if she might have some compassion for the oppressed." "Then let Miss Milburn shall go alone with you, if you desire it," said Mrs. Newton; and the two entered the hall together and ascended the stairs leading to the apartment prepared for Ida.

"A sad example of an ungoverned child," observed Mrs. Newton to Miss Wentworth.

"Do you not despair, my dear madam," replied the latter, "of being able to do any thing with one so headstrong & unmanageable; would it not be best to send immediately for the parents to take her away? She seems utterly insane."

"Yes," said Mrs. Newton, "she is, for the moment, beyond control, she is scarcely accountable for what she says and does under the influence of such passions as now have dominion over her; but, my dear Miss Wentworth, does the physician advise the sick patient, and say there is no use in trying remedies?" "No, indeed." The educator is, in some respects, a physician, & the maladies he's to cure are those of the mind, & not those of the body. There would be little merit in such a physician as pupils who are already unable to add or subtract. If the swindler physician can't cure desperate cases. We can't find him success with very imprudent patients; &

Amanda Sanderson, now one of our best girls, you cannot have forgotten how she appeared when she first came here."

"No, indeed," said Miss Wentworth, "I remember well that I considered her case as incurable; and it was, in some respects, worse than this of Ida Norman, for she seemed to be destitute of sensibility or conscience."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Newton, "he has created none of our species without conscience; it exists in the hearts of all, except those who, by a long course of sin, have extinguished the inward light. But for the young, who are, as it were, yet fresh from the hand of their Creator, there is always hope. True, their passions may be violent, their reason feeble, and they may seem deaf to the voice of conscience; but let us wait until the storm passes, and we shall often see the dawn of virtuous resolve breaking in upon their minds, and by timely aiding them in the work of reformation, we may be instrumental in the hands of God in effecting a great change. So far from despairing of Ida Norman, I am quite certain she will one day become an amiable and good woman."

"The prospect is dark now," said Miss Wentworth shaking her head.

"Yes, I grant it," replied Mrs. Newton; "but not more so than I had expected from the manner in which she has been brought up, and from what I know of the characters of her parents;—and yet," she added, with a sigh, so low as scarcely to be audible, "her father possessed many noble traits of character, with an intellect capable of grasping almost any finite subject; but alas! his moral perceptions were defective, and thus the dignity of his lofty mind was obscured; his talents have been perverted and though naturally ingenuous, he has

allowed himself to follow the wiles of a crooked and worldly policy."

Mrs. Newton paused a moment, as if affected by some painful recollection, and then said, " You will, I know, my dear Miss Wentworth, give me all possible aid in the care of this poor child, I have a deep interest in her improvement. Though under the influence of temper, she is insolent and overbearing, we shall, I think, in her better moods, find her grateful and affectionate; but we must wait patiently for the fruits—we have now to sow good seed. Anna Milburn will yield nothing to insolence, but she will soon gain an influence over this perverse girl. When this burst of passion shall have subsided, you will please direct that her dinner be sent to her; if she refuse to eat she should not be urged—to let her alone, will be the greatest kindness at present."

CHAPTER VIII.**A CONVERSATION.**

THE bell soon called the members of the large family to the dining hall. Much disappointment was felt by the pupils when they saw Julia Selby enter without the new scholar; and when Mrs. Newton came, too, unaccompanied by her, the last hope of having their curiosity gratified was given up. Sally Pry was uneasy and whispered to Maria Crump, "This is very queer. What do you suppose is the reason the new scholar is not at table?" "How do I know?" was the polite answer, "I am sure I do not care for her; if she did come in a grand carriage with four horses, she is no better than I am."

Julia Selby, suspecting that something was wrong, was uneasy; and said to Laura Landon as they left the dining hall together, "I am quite distressed that Ida Norman did not come down to dinner, I hope she will not begin to give Mrs. Newton trouble; she is very violent in her passions. I believe, my dear, you know Ida."

"Very slightly, Miss Selby, I have only seen her when she came with her mother to bring sewing to us," said Laura modestly, "but she always seemed amiable, and I loved her, though a stranger."

"Come this way, Laura," said Julia Selby, "let us take a short walk before the school bell rings; I have something to say to you."

The two school girls took their bonnets and walked to a

grove, where, surrounded with beautiful flowers and shrubbery, was a pleasant summer-house overlooking the sea.

"Now, Laura," said Julia, as they seated themselves in the pleasant vine-covered arbor, "I am going to speak to you as a friend. You know, from the first of your coming here, I have always loved you."

Laura's eyes filled with tears, as she said, "Indeed you have ever been kind to me, as a sister could have been; do you think my dear Miss Selby, I am ungrateful."

"Dear Laura, call me Julia, and do not talk of gratitude. You make me happy when I am with you, and why should you be grateful to me, when I am the obliged one?"

"Oh, but there is such a difference in our conditions in life, that I ought to be grateful for your friendship; you can make your choice of friends, it is not so with me."

"That is the very thing I want to talk to you about," said Julia, "there is no necessity of your speaking of your condition in life, or of your mother's sewing for Mrs. Norman—you know, that with me you can speak of any thing you like; I love you for your sweet disposition, your purity of mind, and because you are by nature a lady; but many do not consider these things, and presume to treat you rudely on account of your humble circumstances; I cannot bear to see this."

Laura pressed Julia's hand, and for a moment remained silent. "Do not, my kind friend," said she, wiping away the tears which filled her eyes, "suffer your own bright and happy spirits to be, for a moment, clouded by sorrow for the trials which have fallen to my lot. For your sake, I will not unnecessarily speak of the humble circumstances of my family, and my own state of dependence on the kindness of good Mrs. Newton; but I have been taught by my dear mother to consider dignity of mind and

character as not depending on external circumstances; and she enjoined it upon me so much, when I was about to leave her, to avoid using the least disguise respecting her employment, or my own situation here, that I have, perhaps, gone further than was really necessary in answering questions, even when I saw they were not put in a friendly spirit."

"Yes, dear Laura, I cannot endure that you should reply at all, to such girls as Sally Pry and Maria Crump, when they ask you impertinent questions."

"Do you not think," said Laura modestly, "that such a course is more likely to put an end to impertinence, than if I showed myself offended, or too proud to tell the truth? You know that when occasion requires, I can take my own part and repel impertinence; but I am willing all should know that Mrs. Newton is my friend; I am proud that she has deemed me worthy of her patronage, and my greatest fear is that I may not be sufficiently grateful for all her kindness."

"Again," said Julia, "you are too humble;—you know Laura, that you deserve Mrs. Newton's friendship, that she values your example in the school, and treats you with as much consideration as any pupil here. Why should you speak of yourself as a dependent?

"Gratitude is a sweet feeling," said Laura, "I would not part with it.—I love to think of the kindness which has taken me from a situation where my mind was shut out from the light of knowledge; where incessant toil to earn a small pittance for the supply of daily wants was the only prospect before me, while at the same time I was conscious of possessing faculties of mind which, if cultivated, would present fields of thought, and worlds of intellectual riches, then hidden by ignorance from my view. Mrs. Newton, my mother's early friend, has lifted the veil from

my mental vision, she has placed me in this blessed world of intellectual enjoyment. I would not forget the past; the remembrance of it should serve to render me more happy, more thankful to God, who in his good providence has raised me to a higher region of light and life."

"Laura Landon, you are a strange girl," said Julia, "you always show yourself my superior at last, though you begin by seeming to yield to my reasons; I see that your feelings are more noble than mine;—while I would do homage to a mean prejudice, by trying to keep the truth behind the curtain, as if afraid it should be brought to light, you heroically resolve to let it stand on its own merits. Well, you are right, Laura, and I will sustain you, though it does vex me to see those disagreeable girls take airs over you, who are, in reality, so much their superior. Yes, Laura, and my superior too, for though I have always enjoyed every advantage of education, have been blessed with an excellent mother to guide and direct me, and have been longer with Mrs. Newton, my second mother, than you have, yet I am often put to the blush by your superior understanding and higher moral purpose."

"Indeed, Miss Selby you should not thus praise me," said Laura, blushing; "yet it is true that I have enjoyed one advantage which you have not, that of poverty."

"And pray," said Julia Selby with a smile, "what advantage can there be in poverty?"

"Not one advantage, but many, if endured with a proper spirit," said Laura. "Poverty shows the world divested of the false lustre with which affluence surrounds it. While it promotes meekness and humility, it inspires one with self-respect. As we see ourselves with nothing to recommend us but our own merit, we learn to place a higher value upon virtue, depending

on that alone for respect; and we become accustomed to respect others in proportion as they are virtuous. Thus it is, that I see less cause to blush for poverty than you do, and would despise myself for any attempt to appear richer or less humble than I am. But I would wish to save my friends from mortification on my account."

"No matter, Laura," said Julia, "you are right, I see, and I will endeavor to imitate your heroism. But to change the subject, I am quite troubled about Ida Norman's not being at dinner; and Mrs. Newton has not sent for me to see her, since her parents left, as I thought she would do, I know Ida has strong passions, but am sure she will learn here to subdue them. Did you observe her brother? he is a great favorite of my youngest brother, Frank, who shows better sense in his partiality for Louis Norman than in any thing else. What do you think of Louis?"

"I have scarcely thought of him at all," was the reply, "but now you ask me, I think a sister might be proud of such a brother."

"Oh, the discreet Laura Landon!" exclaimed Julia, "always furnished with the exact answer that should be given. But the bell rings for school, let us hasten to taken our places." The two girls went quickly to the house, and were soon enganged in their respective duties. But Ida Norman, where was she, and in what state of mind? This subject we shall reserve for our next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INWARD CONFLICT.—VICTORY.

In a small apartment, neat, but plainly furnished, stood Ida Norman leaning against the window casement, anon gazing upon the blue expanse of Long Island Sound, sometimes watching the tiny bark, as it glided over the waters and became a mere speck in the distance, and again turning her eyes with vain regrets towards the distant city, which, as a map, lay spread out before her. The last rays of the setting sun still lingering o'er land and water, were reflected from a thousand objects, which were thus endowed with transient brilliancy, but like the things of earth gilded by a glowing imagination, to be left in gloom and darkness when no longer receiving the beauty and glory which for the moment seem inherent in the objects themselves.

The storm of passion in Ida's soul had passed away; reason and reflection had shown her the folly of her conduct, and she felt ashamed of the temper she had exhibited. Tears, bitter tears of repentance, fell from her eyes. She began to feel conscious that hitherto she had been indulged greatly to the injury of her disposition and character; and that she must control her passions if she would gain affection and esteem. A gentle tap at the door announced M^r's Milburn, who came, accompanied by a servant with a tea-tray, which was placed upon a small table. Miss Milburn kindly said, "Miss Ida, you will now, I hope, be disposed to take some refreshment; you have had a

day of great fatigue and excitement, and will be sick unless you eat something."

Though inwardly humble and repentant, the proud girl was not willing to appear so,—but haughtily said, "Who in this house will care if I am sick?—I have no wish to eat. You can order the servant to take the tray out of the room."

"Very well, Miss, as you please," said Miss Milburn, calling Nelly, the chamber-maid, to return and take away the things she had brought. "I had hoped," continued Miss Milburn, "that you had by this time seen your error, and resolved on a different course of conduct. Mrs. Newton would freely forgive you what is past, and the pupils of the school are anxious to see you among them; they are to dance this evening, and hoped you would like to join them."

"I do not ask Mrs. Newton to forgive me," said Ida, "and I do not wish to become acquainted with any of the girls here; I am not satisfied, and I want to go home."

"Miss Ida," said Miss Milburn, with a dignity and severity of manner which strongly contrasted with her youthful and gentle appearance, "I shall now leave you alone, for the night. Your trunks are here, and you can doubtless find in them a night-dress, and a simple calico or gingham dress for to-morrow."

"I shall not, Miss Teacher, (I do not know your name,) wear calico or gingham," said Ida, "all my dresses are silk and muslin, made fashionably, and with full flounces."

"Then Mrs. Newton will order for you such dresses as she wishes her pupils to wear," calmly replied Miss Milburn. "But I shall see you in the morning, when I hope to find you in a better state of feeling—I would recommend to you, Miss, since solitude has yet had no effect upon your mind, to improve this calm twilight, and the sober evening hour in searching your own

heart, and exposing to yourself the wicked and rebellious thoughts which you there harbor. As you are doubtless accustomed to read your bible before you go to bed, I would advise you to consult the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel. Our Saviour there blesses the meek and poor in spirit. If you would receive his blessing, you must possess the qualities which he pronounces blessed."

"Read my Bible, indeed," said Ida, "I did not suppose this was a Sunday School; I have brought no Bible; I scarcely think mamma has a Bible in the house." "And you have come from home with silks and muslins, but without a Bible!" exclaimed Miss Milburn,—adding in a low tone, "Poor child! what better could be expected of her?" Miss Milburn left the room, but soon returned with a small pocket Bible. "I leave you," said she, "with this companion; you will find some places marked, I hope you will not fail to read them, and to ask forgiveness of your Father in heaven for your bad temper, and that He will give you strength to subdue your proud spirit;—I must now bid you good night."

As she passed to the door, Ida started, and advanced towards her; she would fain have fallen on Miss Milburn's neck and acknowledged her sense of her own misconduct, but pride restrained her—she, however, said, in a tone somewhat subdued, "Will you let Laura Landon come and stay with me to-night?" "I dare say Mrs. Newton will be quite willing, but I will speak to her about it," replied Miss Milburn, and left the room. Soon a knock at the door was followed by a gentle voice;—"May I come in?" said Laura Landon;—Ida sprang forward, and throwing her arms around her neck burst into tears.

Mrs. Newton pleased with Ida's request for the compa-

ship of Laura Landon, had not hesitated to indulge her; she believed the good sense and piety of Laura, combined with her gentle and amiable manners, would help to soften the feelings of the haughty and obstinate Ida. The event proved that she judged rightly.

The child of poverty and affliction, purified by trials, elevated in her objects and desires, was lovely in her meekness, and noble in her devotion to duty. In her sweet countenance shone forth the serene beauty of a meek and quiet spirit, and the loveliness of virtue. By her side sat the pampered child of fortune, whose life had been one of ease and indulgence; her eyes were red and inflamed, her cheeks swollen and almost livid from the influence of strong passions, and her whole frame trembling and agitated. Such was the tableau presented in that apartment. Which of the two, would my young readers wish to resemble, the meek and humble Laura, or the imperious and ungovernable Ida? Would you not say, "Let my condition in life be such as would most tend to render me good, rather than one which would foster my bad passions?"

Ida sobbed, for some time, without speaking. Laura held her hand and remained silent, thinking it most judicious to wait until the agitation of feeling was over, and let Ida take her own way. Gradually she became calm, as she looked at Laura and saw the tear of sympathy glistening in her eye, and observed the gentle expression of her countenance. "Indeed," said Ida, "I do feel ashamed of myself to have made such an appearance here, on my very first day;—but, somehow, it seemed as if I could not stay among all strangers, and I am not accustomed to restrain my feelings; I did not suppose," continued she, "that Mrs. Newton would have dared to treat me in this way. When at home, if I quarreled with my governess, mamma

always took my part, and changed the governess whenever she offended me. I think Mrs. Newton is a very cold, unfeeling woman, though at first I imagined I should like her, for she seemed affectionate; but as soon as I was left alone, she began to tyranize over me. Just to think of it, on my very first day in school, I have been shut up, treated like a criminal, and disgraced in the eyes of all the girls; for I dare say every one knows it. I know my mother will never submit to this, and she will take me away from this place, as soon as she hears how I have been treated."

"Why do you wish to be taken away?" said Laura; "do you not think it would be best for you to be where you will be taught self-government?"

"I am not accustomed to think in this way," said Ida; "it will be very hard for me to learn self-government. I am sure my mother has not thought it necessary I should be governed; and what she has not attempted, I do not think others have any right to do," and again Ida began to sob. Laura remained silent.

Twilight passed away, and the dark shades of evening enshrouded the earth; the waves, as they dashed onward and broke upon the beach, seemed to Laura emblematical of the strife of human passions, and of the folly of combatting with circumstances which cannot be changed, or which it would be unwise to change if this were possible;—"But it would be as useless to reason with the poor girl," thought she, "as to attempt to reason with these turbulent waves. He who calmeth the strife of waters, can alone speak peace to this troubled spirit;"--and to Him, in the depth of her heart, did she commend the unhappy girl.

Laura moved quietly about the chamber, an inging things

for the night. "Shall I assist you, my dear, to undress," said she to Ida, in a soothing tone; "you will be quite ill to-morrow unless you get some rest. Come, my dear, take off your dress, and bathe your face in this fresh, cool water; and please give me your keys, and tell me where I shall find your night-dress."

Ida handed her satchel which contained her keys, thrown loosely among candies, and a quantity of gold pieces which her mother had given her at parting; "You will find," said she, "some night-gowns near the top of that large trunk."

Laura opened the trunk, and the clothing made by her mother, exquisite in fineness and the finish of the work, met her view. For a moment she was affected, for she knew the articles, as in her visits home she had seen her mother engaged in working upon them.

Taking up an exquisitely-finished embroidered cap and night-dress, Laura pressed them to her bosom, but recollecting herself, she explained the cause of what might seem so strange an act: "My dear mother's hands made these things, and I was not near to help her;—it must be so hard for her to be obliged to do every thing alone. Excuse me, Miss Norman, but my dear mother has made such great sacrifices that I may come to know! I cannot but weep when I think of it;—the sight of these articles has brought to my mind so many thoughts of her; Oh, you do not know what it is to have a widowed mother, and so delicate, too, as mine, obliged to labor for support."

Ida looked at Laura with mingled emotions of pity and admiration. The generous sympathies of her soul were touched. "If," said she, "my mother had been a seamstress, she might have brought me up differently, and not indulged me so much, and I should, then, have behaved better to day. But Laura, I do love your mother very much; I have always thought

great deal of her, ever since mamma took me to your house to carry the worsted for my zephyr polka; and I love you too, dear Laura, and was so glad when I heard you were here. I know of course, that Mrs. Newton and the teachers will always dislike me, for I have offended them all so much; but if you will be my friend, I shall not feel quite forsaken."

" You little know Mrs. Newton," replied Laura, " if you think she will not forgive what has taken place to-day. Should she see in the morning that you are penitent, she will be very happy. I have sometimes thought she really loves those who have given her some trouble when they become good and obedient, better than if they had never done wrong. You know the Bible says, 'there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repented!'"

Ida was not pleased to hear of penitence; her heart was not wholly subdued, and the least opposition would have brought on another paroxysm of passion;—Laura Landon seemed, intuitively, to understand this, and taking up the Bible which Miss Millburn had left, she said, " And now, my dear Ida, (if you will permit me to call you so,) let us read together in this holy book, and then compose our minds to rest."

Ida's heart became softened; the tears flowed, and they were no longer tears of anger, but of penitence and humiliation. She nestled close to Laura, and resting her head on her shoulder with one arm thrown around her neck, listened for the first time with attention and feeling to the word of God. In a low and sweet voice, her young mentor read from the 69th Psalm:—" Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul; I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing. I am weary of my crying, my throat is dried; mine eyes fail while I wait for my God—God thou knowest my foolishness, and my sin is not

hid from Thee. But as for me, my prayer is unto Thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time; O God! in the multitude of thy mercies hear me!" Many other comforting texts did Laura Landon read to soothe the disturbed feelings of Ida; and then she said, "Let us kneel down, and pray that God will forgive us the sins of the past day, keep us in safety through the night, and that after the scenes of this life shall be ended, He will receive us unto himself." "Humble as a little child," Ida obeyed; and the two young girls knelt side by side. For the space of some minutes there was silence in that apartment as the presence of God was invoked, and hearts laid bare before Him.

To Ida this was a new page in life; she had supposed religion was only for the church, and for Sundays; but here it had been brought up to convince her of her own sin; it had met her in her bed-chamber, and spoken to her familiarly; she had knelt in prayer beside one scarcely older than herself;—and she, too, had tried to pray, but her heart was unused to the exercise, and her spirit though calmed and subdued had not learned to elevate itself on the wings of devotion. Yet for Ida it was much to have felt a desire to pray, and she lay down to rest composed and happy in the belief that she might be forgiven her offences.

CHAPTER X.

IDA NORMAN BEGINS A NEW DAY.—DIFFICULTIES.—HER STUDIES.
—DEPARTURE OF HER PARENTS.—EXTRAVAGANCE.

The next morning at breakfast, Sally Pry and Maria Crump were gratified by seeing the stranger enter the dining hall, though much surprised that she came in with Laura Landon. Ida by Laura's advice had arisen early and written to Mrs. Newton to ask pardon for her bad behavior, and to be restored, to her favor, expressing her wish to conform to all the rules of the school and her desire to be directed in the path of duty. Mrs. Newton freely gave her forgiveness; and seeing the excellent influence which Laura Landon had over Ida's mind, she readily granted the request of the latter that she might have Laura for her room-mate.

Shall we now suppose that Ida's trials are all over? alas, life has many a thorny path and steep acclivity; many a gloomy valley and tangled copse, where one difficulty overcomes, another appears in its place! and ever must it be so, in this imperfect state of existence, where, by trial, the soul is made fit for a state of purity and perfect happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman called once, but had scarcely more than time to bid their daughter adieu. Mr. Norman was pleased to observe in her, the evidences of a growing confidence in Mrs. Newton, to whose care he again solemnly committed her. Mrs. Norman was desirous of speaking alone with Ida, to inquire into the nature of her accommodations, and to satisfy herself that she was treated with proper consideration; but

her husband purposely hurried her away, fearing what might be the nature and tendency of any private communications with her daughter.

Mrs. Norman was surprised to find Ida so calm and so ready to acquiesce in the arrangements made for her. She had entertained a secret belief and even hope, that Ida would refuse to be left behind and they should therefore be obliged to take her abroad with them. She had felt much displeased with the deference shown by her husband to Mrs. Newton's opinions, and she would have been glad of some pretext to take Ida away. It was, therefore, with surprise, if not disappointment, that Mrs. Norman saw her daughter submitting with cheerfulness to her situation;—but her better feelings came to her aid, when she reflected that this was an evidence that Ida felt herself to be among friends, and was doing well under the discipline to which she was subjected.

After Ida's parents had taken their final leave she was put upon a systematic course of study. Finding that her English education had been superficial, Mrs. Newton classed her, at first, in the simplest elementary branches. This was very mortifying to Ida, and very nearly caused her to fall into another paroxysm of passion. The poor girl had indeed every thing to learn, and much to unlearn; and her haughty spirit was continually bringing her into difficulties. Her two friends, Laura Lawton and Julia Selby, watched over her and kept her often from going astray, or, when in trouble from her own faults, they helped her to return to the straight and narrow path of duty.

Among Ida's other faults was that of extravagance. She had no idea of the value of money, her gold coins were carelessly expended with no idea of the possibility that a time might come when she would have gold in less profusion.

CHAPTER XI.

UNEXPECTED AND GLOOMY CHANGES.

TIME passed with rapid flight, and as it moved a change came over the prospects of Louis and Ida Norman. The storm which their father had seen gathering in the distance, at length burst upon his family.

For some time after Mr. Norman's departure he wrote often to his children, and occasionally made remittances for their use;—at length, he ceased to furnish with means those who had the care of their education; and finally, to interest himself in the welfare of his children, as appeared from his failing to transmit to them any intelligence of his movements.

Rumor had whispered that his affairs were embarrassed, and the property which he had left in America had been seized by his creditors. News then came that Mrs. Norman had died broken hearted;—and it was hinted that Mr. Norman had become dissolute in his habits.

Mrs. Newton had begun, early, to give Ida lessons of care and economy; but these were, at first, despised. "What would mamma say if she were to see me dressed in such common, unfashionable garments?" would often suggest itself to her mind. "I shall have a fortune," would she think, "and why should I be restricted in my expenses?" Ida was generous; and while she had abundance, she often urged upon Laura Landon the acceptance of rich presents, which, however, Laura always declined.

Long after Mrs. Newton had ceased to receive remittances

from Mr. Norman, she continued to supply Ida from her own funds; but feeling that it would soon become necessary for her to know her real situation, she gradually prepared her mind to receive the intelligence. She spoke to her of the importance of education to females, as a profession;—of the case of Laura Landon, who was acquiring her own education, with the expectation of making it available for her future support. Ida would listen attentively, for she had learned to love Mrs. Newton, and to consider her words as words of wisdom; but she wondered why Mrs. Newton should speak to her of these things, when her prospects in life were so very different from those of Laura.

Louis had made rapid progress in his scholastic pursuits;—and, thanks to Mrs. Newton's care and advice, he had advanced equally in moral development. In his school, no attention was paid to moral culture. The boys were taught nothing of their accountability to God as immortal, this being considered no part of a fashionable education.

Ida had observed in his late visits, that Louis seemed less cheerful than usual, and spoke less of their parents. Intelligence of the death of their mother had been received in a brief and incoherent letter from Mr. Norman to his children. Though conscious of their mother's weakness of character and her devotedness to the world, Louis and Ida now thought only of her kindness and devoted love; they mingled bitter tears of grief for her, and spake freely together, of their father's short and singular epistle, and the little interest he evinced in their welfare. Ida's garb of deep mourning was but an index of the grief she felt for her mother's loss, mingled with the more bitter feeling of neglect from her surviving parent.

CHAPTER XII.

GOSSIPING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SOME months after Ida had heard of the death of her mother, as she was one day sitting in a recess behind a screen formed by a folding-door, engaged in study in a room used by the pupils as a common parlor, her attention was attracted by the sound of her name, and she heard the following dialogue:

"Why, how you do talk, Sally Pry," said Maria Crump, "how do you know Mr. Norman is discharged from office, and become a vagabond?"

"Do 'nt talk so loud, you goose!" said the amiable Sally, "and I 'll tell you all about it; as you are always good to tell me what you hear."

"Yes, indeed I am," said Maria; "I often find out things, on purpose to tell you; for it seems to do you so much good to hear news, especially if it is against folks. But pray, tell me all about this, for I am crazy to know. I always thought that prond Ida Norman would have a fall yet."

"Fall, indeed," said Sally, "I guess it is a fall."

"Well, do tell me how you heard this," said Maria, "and what else you know."

Poor Ida was ready to faint;—she thought it wrong to listen; but was so much affected by the conversation as scarcely to be able to move.

"You know, Maria," said Sally, in a whisper, yet perfectly audible to Ida, "that window-seat in the room next to Mrs Newton's, where one can sit behind the curtain without being observed;—well, this morning, I was going to Mrs. Newton to

might be founded upon an unsound basis. With such an impression, and with gloomy forebodings, as to the future, he had parted from his parents. It might have been a consciousness that his situation was not what it *seemed* to be, that rendered Louis Norman shy of his young companions, and gave him an air of reserve. He had pursued his studies with ardor, finding in them a relief from painful anticipations, and food for an active mind of high endowments and aspirations. "Let come what will," thought Louis, "I cannot be deprived of my faculties; I have health and strength, with mental energies to plan and to execute; I would rather enter upon life and its business, depending on these alone for success, than upon the patronage of the great. I have seen too much of sycophancy, paralyzing, as it does, all the better feelings of the soul. Oh, my father! dearly hast thou purchased a transient popularity and triumph by the sacrifice of independence; and, alas! I fear, of self-respect!"

Let it not be thought that Louis Norman penetrated farther into the character and situation of his father, than would be natural for a boy of his age. Children begin very early, to scrutinize the sentiments and actions of their parents;—and an intelligent lad has many opportunities of observing the associations and pursuits of a father, with whom he is in constant intercourse. He hears conversations, notes the sentiments uttered by his father, and he compares what he hears said to one person, and on one occasion, with what is said to another, or on another occasion;—and, if the sentiments of many a child respecting a parent, were to be expressed, we might hear the sentence, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting!" How few parents reflect on these mental operations of their children, or think of the light in which they themselves may be viewed by them!

CHAPTER XIV.

LOUIS NORMAN MEETS WITH WILLIAM LANDON.—THEIR CONVERSATION.

THE Saturdays and Sundays of Louis Norman were often spent at Science Hall. After his sister his most intimate and confidential friend was Mrs. Newton, in whose society far more than with persons of his own age, his feelings were drawn forth. It was here that his religious sentiments were fostered and matured; it was here, that he learned to worship God, in "Spirit and in truth."

As Louis on a leisure Saturday was taking his accustomed walk towards Science Hall, he perceived a little in advance, a youth apparently near his own age, walking rather fast and carrying a bundle in his hand. Something in his look and manner attracted the attention of Louis, who hastened his pace until he came up with the stranger.

"You look fatigued," said he, "let me carry your bundle, for the day is very warm." The stranger looked at Louis with surprise, and a deep blush suffused his countenance. "I thank you for your kind offer," said he in a deferential but manly tone; "I am more accustomed to carry burdens than you, Mr. Norman, and cannot think of accepting your kind offer."

"Then you know me," said Louis, smiling; "well, I was sure I had seen you before, but I do not know where;—do you live in the city?"

"Yes," said the stranger, "I am a clerk in Mr. Selby's store in Broadway."

"But I have never been in that store, that I recollect," said Louis.

"Perhaps not," said the stranger, hesitating, "but years ago you have called with your mother and sister at Mrs. Landon's, in —— street, where plain sewing was done for them; and I have, since, often seen you when walking with other pupils of Bourbon Hall."

"Indeed, I ought to have known you at first, for I well remember—William Landon, you are Laura's brother!" How proud must you be of such a sister!" Louis blushed at the enthusiasm of his manner, and to turn the discourse, said, "My sister, Ida, has often spoken of you; she never forgot you, after she took a fancy to a white kitten of yours, and brought it home."

"Yes, I remember," said Willie, "Miss Ida's mischief, in putting the kitten into my cap, and how she laughed at my confusion. In compliance with her request, I put kitty into the carriage for her to take home; but I fear the poor thing was soon neglected and forgotten by her young mistress."

"You are quite mistaken," said Louis, "she petted her kitten very much; and when she left home for school, begged hard to be permitted to take it with her. On being told this would not be allowed, she engaged one of our former servants, who kept house in the city, to board her, and has often enjoined upon me to go and inquire after her welfare;—she is no longer a kitten, but a grave and matronly puss."

"And you are, indeed, Laura Landon's brother?" said Louis, with earnestness;—"yes, I, now, see the resemblance, though,

at first, I could scarcely tell why I wished to speak with you; your voice, too, seemed familiar." Louis again seemed confused that he had spoken so earnestly;—but added, in a low tone, "your sister is as good as she is beautiful."

"She is good, certainly," said Willie, "but I would not think of her as beautiful; there is great danger in beauty, especially when united with poverty." As he said this, Louis perceived the shade of sadness which he had before noticed in the countenance of Willie, become deeper, and feelings of sympathy and affection for him, sprung up in his heart. He had turned away, in disgust, from companions who had sought by flattery and servility to gain his friendship; his heart now involuntarily, turned to this stranger, who sought not his friendship, but rather, with somewhat of reserve and pride, repelled his advances. There was, as Louis felt, a common tie between them. They were both children of misfortune;—for though others had regarded the condition of Louis, as enviable, he had seen that ominous clouds hung over the horizon of his earthly destiny: and, strange as it might have seemed to those who regarded him with envy, he felt the need of sympathy. Yes, the child of luxury, the only son of parents who had moved among the most distinguished in society, stood by the side of the poor, fatherless boy, whose mother gained a scanty support by daily toil;—and he felt that they were united by the common bond of misfortune—that though the trials of his companion were apparent to all who knew his condition, his own anxieties were of a private corroding nature, contrasting darkly with the brilliant circumstances with which his outer life appeared to be invested.

William Landon, on his part, had been surprised at the familiarity and kindness with which Louis had addressed him. Of course

as he had trudged through the streets of New York, carrying home the work of his mother to her employers; he had seen Louis riding with his parents, their splendid equipage the admiration of the gaping multitude; and he had thought within himself, "That boy is high up in the world's ladder, I am at the foot." For himself, he did not regard hardships; but if his dear mother and sister could but enjoy a drive in the fresh air, even in the most humble style, after their day of labor, he thought he could be happy;—and then, hopes and aspirations for the future, would spring up in his mind, and pleasant visions of successful efforts would give him new strength and courage. But the great difficulty was to find any one willing to encourage him, and teach him how to labor in some calling that might promise a future reward.

Mrs. Newton, after proposing to educate Laura Landon at her own expense, had interested herself to obtain a clerkship for William. Her good friend Mrs. Selby was consulted,—this lady mentioned the boy to her husband, and Mr. Selby at length agreed to take him into his store. Mr. Selby was a princely merchant, enlightened, liberal and kind-hearted; though reputed extremely scrupulous, and exacting. Willie was permitted by Mr. Selby, to board with his mother; an arrangement highly appreciated by Mrs. Landon, because she not only enjoyed the company of her son at evening, but was able to keep a watch over him, and his associations, at a critical period of his life. Willie highly enjoyed the luxury of being able to buy books; and to sit and read to his mother after the toils of the day.

With her son and daughter so eligibly situated, Mrs. Landon began to feel that light may follow darkness, in the moral as in the physical world. She gratefully acknowledged that

she was truly blessed in her children. "It is, indeed, good for us, that we have been afflicted," she would often say; "our trials have taught us to love one another the better, and to trust to Him, 'Who feedeth the young ravens,' for care and sustenance."

On the Saturday morning when Louis Norman had met with Willie Landon, the latter having obtained permission to be absent from the store, was on his way to Mrs. Newton's school, carrying to his sister a bundle of clothing which his mother had prepared for her. His own feelings would have led him to avoid Louis, whom he supposed to be too proud and haughty to associate with a boy who carried a bundle; but such thoughts vanished, when Louis, with a tear glistening in his eye, and a voice betraying emotion, said, as they sat beneath a shady tree, by the way-side; "William Landon, I wish for your friendship; I need a friend to whom I can express my feelings; I want a companion who will regard me for myself, and not because my father is called a great man—I want a friend, who will not flatter me, one who would help me if I should need his assistance."

Willie looked at Louis with surprise; but he saw it was no mockery. He thought of what his mother had often told him, and which his own little observation had confirmed, that there was much unhappiness among those who seemed most prosperous in life—his heart responded to Louis' appeal to him for friendship; he grasped the proffered hand, their eyes met, and they interchanged looks of love and confidence. But a moment's reflection changed the current of Willie's thoughts—"How can we be friends, sir?" said he, "there is not equality between us; and, without it, how can we feel that sympathy which is the chief element of friendship. Our conditions are

life are entirely different;—for example, what would the young gentlemen of your school, say, at this moment, were they to see you so familiar with a poor shop-boy, with a bundle under his arm?"

"But suppose," said Louis, with a bitter smile at his own metaphor, "that you carry your burden under your arm, and I carry mine on my heart—which is most to be pitied? I tell you, William Landon, I despise the mere distinctions of outward circumstances; I am determined to found my own expectations in life upon myself, without regard to others. My father was successful in politics; but what of that? The wheel is now revolving, that will soon throw him off; if this be not already done. His career of ambition rendered our family circle, gloomy, and withering to the best affections of the heart—I have often wished he had been a poor, but honest mechanic (at the word *honest*, Louis' voice trembled;—) and that my mother's great fortune had been but an humble dowry, then would she not have sacrificed her happiness on the altar of pride and fashion. You, Landon, do not know what sorrow is;—your home, though lowly, was ever the abode of confidence and love. I have now said to you what my lips have never before uttered. I would not convey to my sister, the dark thoughts that have saddened my own spirit. Ida, though much changed since she has been with Mrs. Newton, still indulges herself in the pride of high station, with no forebodings of any change of fortune; my gloomy apprehensions of family misfortunes might make her wretched without any good effect. She has had great conflicts with her proud and haughty spirit, but is determined to conquer—she loves your sister, and to her influence, advice, and assistance, she is greatly indebted. But Ida is still too proud to brook the thought of humiliation."

"And is Miss Ida then, so very proud?" said Willie, with a sorrowful expression.

"Yes, but she has a noble spirit, and is grateful for kindness. But come, William, let us go, together, to Mrs. Newton's; and, as a proof that we will help to bear each other's burdens, I will carry that bundle which I dare say contains something for your good sister."

Willie's heart was touched, his reserve vanished, and he felt that he could have embraced Louis for his frankness in thus removing all his embarrassment. But he refused, though gratefully, the proffered aid; and the two young men pursued their walk together, till they reached the residence of Mrs. Newton.

Laura Landon ran to meet her brother, as he was ascending the steps leading to the portico, and without observing his companion, who stood a little back apparently examining a beautiful magnolia, she exclaimed, "Oh, Willie, how glad I am to see you;—and you have brought my dresses all the way in that big bundle; you are a kind, good brother. But we have all had such a fright:—dear Ida Norman"—

"Hush, hush," said Willie, pointing to Louis, whom Laura had not observed.

But Louis had heard, and springing forward, he grasped the hand of Laura—"What, Miss Landon—what has happened to my sister? Do not, I beseech you, keep me in suspense."

"Oh, she is better now," said Laura, "it was only a fainting fit, caused by ——"

"Caused by what, my dear Miss Landon? is she hurt?"

"Her feelings," said Laura, "were hurt by some unkind remarks; something about her father;—not, however, intended for her ears."

Louis turned pale, and gasped for breath; "And has the blow fallen so soon!" said he, as if to himself, "and are my forebodings now to be realized! But I must know the worst. Miss Landon, will you please send a servant to ask Mrs. Newton to grant me an interview?"

Mrs. Newton received Louis in her private apartment, where they remained a long time in conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

DISCLOSURES.—DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

MRS. NEWTON met the agitated Louis, in a manner which bespoke the maternal feelings with which she regarded him. "Tell me, my dear madam," said Louis, taking her hand, "what has happened to Ida? What scandal, that has reached her ears, has broken her heart? Tell me, oh, tell me!—My father!—has any thing, certain, been heard from him? It is long since I have received any intelligence;—I know his enemies have circulated slanders." Louis gasped for breath, and a deadly faintness came over him as Mrs. Newton's look of distress too plainly confirmed his worst apprehensions.

"Be composed, my dear Louis," said Mrs. Newton, "and I shall treat you as a man, for I know your dignity of character. Rest yourself a moment, and calm your feelings, that you may be prepared to hear tidings which must distress, but should not crush you."

"My father has been superseded in his office, perhaps," said Louis; "I shall not be troubled at this, I have expected it. I only wish he had never held an office."

Mrs. Newton remained silent.

"Is my father dead?" said Louis, "I can bear to hear all, for I am now calm."

"He is not dead."

"What then; is he dishonored?"

Mrs. Newton did not answer.

Louis sprung upon his feet, and standing erect before her, he

drew himself up to his full height—"If my father is disgraced," said he, in low, deep tones, "I must know it—why torture me with this suspense, if you are my friend?"

Mrs. Newton's fortitude was overcome; she wept, but soon recovering herself, said, "It is hard for me to be compelled to tell you that which will throw a dark shade over your life, and may break your lofty spirit. You know not the power of the world's scorn, when it falls withering and blighting upon a sensitive heart."

"Let it fall," said Louis, firmly, "I shall heed it not;—the certainty of evil cannot be more bitter than the continual fear of it. Hesitate not, my dear madam, to tell me all you know respecting my father. Though my tongue cleaves to my parched mouth, and my cheek burns as I say it, I will confess to you, I have long feared my father's principles had become corrupted, that politics and intrigue had warped his moral perceptions, and that he would, one day, fall from his eminence,

'Like stars which set, to rise no more.'"

"He has fallen," said Mrs. Newton. "He is said to be a defaulter to the government, to a large amount; and I learn from his agent in New York, that his funds and property of all kinds in this country, that had not been withdrawn, have been seized by his creditors."

"Of course," said Louis, with assumed calmness, "he cannot, under these circumstances, return to his native country—I will go to him."

"What could you do, Louis, if you were with your father?"

"I could labor for his support, and comfort him in his misfortunes."

"But suppose," said Mrs. Newton, "he associates with such

companions as a virtuous youth should shun; would you care with him a vicious life? Your father, Louis, is said to be dead. His wife married to a woman whose character is reported as being at least *doubtful*."

"Then we are orphans indeed," replied Louis; "but we are nothing to be penniless; but to be disgraced, to be pitied, of all the children of one whose name is conspicuous in the annals of infamy;—this will, indeed, be a bitter lot—a wretched existence!" After a moment's pause, he resumed: "But I will by the help of God, make myself respected and useful. It has long been my wish to depend on no one,—to be honored only as I may deserve honor. But my poor sister has too much regard herself on the position of her family; she has, doubtless, exposed herself to the ill-will of others by her pride, and they will, of course, triumph in her misfortune."

Mrs. Newton informed Louis, when he became calm enough to listen, that after the first shock occasioned by his mother's conversation of two envious and gossiping girls, Lou had set herself to the blow with resignation; that though still weak and ill-tempered, she was calm and had been only looking forward.

"We will now," said she, "go to her apartment; where I will leave you together. Your mutual affection will ever be a comfort to me, to you in this year of trial. The Duke is dead, I am sorry; and the wife is not worth all the trouble she has given us; but what brought her into such a state of degradation, I will tell you. There is a secret of which you have not been told."

The door of the apartment Mrs. Newton shut in silence, more firmly than before.

CHAPTER XVI.

HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.—IDA NORMAN'S LETTER TO HER COMPANIONS.

THAT Saturday was one of no little excitement at Science Hall. The sudden fainting of Ida Norman, the day previously, had been a mystery to all the pupils, except the two who had caused the catastrophe. They knew well that Mrs. Newton must hear of it, as soon as Ida should be able to explain the circumstance; yet they had not the courage nor the proper kind of repentance to go to Mrs. Newton and confess their fault; but sullenly waited for time to prove what degree of censure should fall upon them. On the morning of this day, Mrs. Newton having assembled the teachers and pupils of the school, stated that she thought it proper to explain to them, that Ida Norman, in the wise providence of God, has been called to experience a great reverse of fortune; for which, Mrs. Newton said, she had gradually been striving to prepare Ida's mind;—that Miss Sally Pry having purposely placed herself in a position to listen to a private conversation between herself and Miss Wentworth, had heard particulars respecting Ida's father, which she was recounting to Miss Maria Crump, while Ida was sitting in a recess studying her lesson;—that, not wishing to listen, Ida desired to leave the room, but had not strength to do so. This was the last she remembered, until she found herself lying on her bed, with many standing around her.

As for the two young ladies whose conduct had been the cause of so sad an accident, Mrs. Newton said, she would leave

them to their own bitter reflections, hoping that this incident might teach them the evils of voluntarily listening to private conversation, or of so harboring malice in their hearts as to rejoice at the misfortunes of others. It was true, she said, that Ida Norman has been a proud and passionate girl; but there were great excuses to be made for her—and she, Mrs. Newton added, who knew well what unbounded indulgence Ida had experienced in her childhood, and how her pride had been fostered, had ever felt this; and she had seen amidst all her faults, a noble and generous spirit, united with genius and sensibility.

"Who among you," said Mrs. Newton, "can have less cause to expect misfortune than had Ida Norman, when she entered this school, and for some time after? Now she is left to depend on herself; and she is willing to make every effort. She wishes not only to consider herself as indebted for all future advantages of education, but is nobly determined that she will, by her exertions, repay the debt for her past expenses which her father has failed to do."

The school-girls were much astonished. Sally Pry and Mara Crump were crest-fallen, and dared not raise their eyes. Laura Landon wept for Ida's misfortunes;—she thought what had been so easy for her to attempt, would be hard for Ida; she had been familiar with poverty from her birth, but, "how," she thought, "can Ida endure its trials and humiliations!"

Julia Selby looked approvingly, when she heard of Ida's determination; but many of the school-girls scarcely knew whether to praise or blame. Miss Softer whispered, that "to come what would, she would never be a teacher, *any how*." Miss Sharp, with a significant smile, said, "I presume you would not; for, in order to teach, one must *know something*."

m, the daughter of a bankrupt, said to Miss Keen, "sure her father would never permit her to do any
er living; she should not like to lose *caste* by such
Miss Keen whispered, sarcastically, "Do you think
ur to live on the earnings of other people, than to
e's own living?"

"you are very impertinent, Fanny Keen; I am sure
erstand your insinuations."

"are none so blind as those who won't see," answered

"it too good," whispered Agnes Newcome to Emma
user, "that Ida Norman's pride is at last humbled.
Newton would send her to be a milliner's appren-
tice like to see her sitting at work, in the back-room
th twenty poor girls, like herself, about her, ashamed-
t the ladies who are bargaining with her mistress for

**es!" said Emma, "how can you indulge in such
ds poor Ida? What has she done to you, that
ph over her misfortunes?"**

**she done, Miss Van Renselaer? she has always
is if she considered herself my superior. She has
in such a lofty way, walking as if the ground was
h for her to tread upon, and as if she could not
e has looked up long enough, now she will have**

**you know that Ida was friendly to all, and
affectionate she has always been to Laura
all know is poor, so far as this world is con-**

replied Miss Newcome, "that Ida Norman

thought Willie Landon would be a rich merchant, and live in a marble house, in some grand place, and has pretended to a friendship for his sister, on his account."

" You are very ingenious in inventing selfish motives," replied Emma, " for myself, I do not like to look with such eyes on the actions of others, nor imagine the most improbable motives, rather than give persons credit for what seems good and amiable. You know Ida Norman was brought up with sentiments of family pride. There is much excuse to be made for those who, from infancy, are surrounded by their inferiors, if they do appear somewhat haughty."

" Meaning, I suppose, Miss Emma, that I am not entitled to any such excuse. I would have you know that I feel myself as good as you, or any one else in school;" and Sophronia Newcome involuntarily rattled the coin in her pocket, as if there lay her claim to being "as good as any one."

Mrs. Newton, who had for some time been apparently engaged in looking over a paper which she held in her hand, was willing to allow the girls a few minutes to give vent to their various emotions on this occasion; and she also wished an opportunity to gain composure, that she might the better command herself to fulfill a remaining duty. She now requested silence; saying "I have a communication, young ladies, from Miss Ida Norman, which I have promised her to read to you."

There was breathless attention among the listeners, as Mr. Newton read the following :

" My dear School-mates and Companions.—I rise from my bed to write to you what lies heavy at my heart, and thus unburden myself to you. It is about three years since I came to the school. Some of you now here, may remember the passion and

obstinacy which I exhibited the very first day of my arrival; and I have, since, often behaved unamiably towards many of you, and quarreled with those who would have been my friends. I have been proud, self-willed and passionate, little thinking I should ever need friends as I now do, or that my character would be my only dependence for support. I hope that, for some time past, my conduct has been better, and that I have made some friends among my school companions.

"When left by my parents among strangers, I soon began to understand that they would not love me, unless I merited their regard. And I reflected that I might be left friendless, and without wealth, with my education, perhaps, as my only resource. Such thoughts as these, with the good advice of my faithful and judicious friends, Julia Selby and Laura Landon, and the maternal counsels of dear Mrs. Newton, often led me to try to be kind and affectionate to all, and to improve my time, that I might be beloved by my companions, and respected for my own worth. But it has been difficult for me to overcome my haughty disposition; and I fear I have not succeeded very well, as I heard Sally Pry and Maria Crump say I was proud and disagreeable, and they were glad to have me humbled. I forgive Sally and Maria, for they doubtless had cause to speak of me in this way. I ask their forgiveness, and that of all my school-mates whom I may have offended at any time. I hope they will all try to help the proud Ida to be meek and gentle, and to bear with a proper spirit, the misfortunes which have fallen upon her.

"I have desired Mrs. Newton to inform you all that, as I find the words of Sally and Maria, respecting my dependent situation, to be but too true, it is my determination to improve myself as fast as possible, so that I may be qualified to repay

in some degree my dear benefactress for her kindness to me,—a kindness bestowed, even when I was wholly insensible that I was indebted to her resources for the supply of my wants, often unreasonable and extravagant, according to the habits of my early life. But I am now, truly, an orphan; in some respects more to be pitied than if I had no longer a parent in existence. Let me entreat, then, that you will all, my dear school-mates, be my friends, and encourage me in my good resolutions. Do not exult over me on account of my former pride and offences; but now, that I am humbled and distressed, pity and love me, as you would desire to be pitied and loved, should your Heavenly Father afflict you as I am afflicted; we should all remember that trouble is often sent by Him in mercy, to reclaim the erring and disobedient."

The girls were much affected at the reading of Ida's communication; above all, Sally Pry and Maria Crimp, who kept their handkerchiefs to their eyes, ~~had~~ sobbed loudest. Many who had rejoiced at Ida's misfortunes, now felt sincerely desirous of alleviating her distress. Mrs. Newton improved the occasion, by adding some remarks on the uncertainty of all earthly advantages and possessions, and the importance of forming early habits of industry, economy, and submission to disappointments. She did not suffer to pass without remark the evident satisfaction with which some of them had heard of Ida's misfortunes; and her gratification, in perceiving that after learning her deep humility and sincere regret for her past offences towards any of them, they evinced sympathy and kind feelings. She hoped Ida would soon appear among them, to resume her duties, and presumed she would be welcomed by them with sisterly affection; that her faults, for a

was not to be expected she would be able to conquer them at once, would be overlooked, and her virtues cherished. Most of the girls left the assemblage with good feelings and good intentions; some to cherish the same, while with others, in whom an evil nature had deep root, the good impressions of the hour were destined to pass away as the early morning dew before the scorching rays of the sun.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF TRIALS, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN LOUIS NORMAN AND HIS SISTER.

Long and affecting was the interview between Louis and Ida. The former had not been taken wholly by surprise, in respect to his father's affairs. He had, for some time, been aware that no remittance had been received for him by Mr. Delaplaine, the principal of Bourbon Hall; and this was one cause of the anxiety he had expressed in his conversation with William Landon. The painful suspense respecting his father, and his own real circumstances, had appeared to him more fearful than any certain misfortune; and thus he had looked upon William's condition as far preferable to his own. "I do not care for myself, dear Ida," said Louis, "for I am now a man, and capable of enduring hardships; but I fear it will be some time before I can do much for your support, which I shall henceforth consider as devolving upon myself."

"No, Louis, think not of that; it will even be longer before you can engage in any business, than before I shall be able to apply my education to useful purposes; and I may be able to assist you. Mrs. Newton has taught me that women need not be helpless burdens upon their friends, nor useless beings in society. She has been, gradually, leading me to think of doing something for myself; and I had even determined, while I yet supposed we possessed unbounded wealth, to beg of her to suffer me to remain with her as a teacher after completing my education."

"That was a noble thought, dear Ida; you have changed greatly in your views within the last few months."

"I have seen how nobly Laura Landon conducts, how highly she is esteemed, and it has been my wish to resemble her; alas, I thought not how soon my situation would be far more unfortunate than hers!"

"Laura Landon's circumstances, my dear sister, can scarcely be said to have been unfortunate; she has had a judicious mother to advise her, and every influence in her life has been favorable to her moral feelings."

"Louis," said Ida, with anxiety, "what will you do? Mr. Delaplaine does not feel for you, as Mrs. Newton does for me; he may not be willing to aid you. Must your education be interrupted?"

"My education, dear sister, must now begin,—the struggle with life, the toil, the disappointments, and the deferred hopes, these are now to be my teachers. I have, as yet, formed no plan, but something I must do, immediately. I will speak to Mr. Delaplaine at once; not another night will I remain under his roof, to add to my weight of obligation; nor will I wait to meet the sneers of those who have servilely courted my friendship."

"But, Louis, how can you leave your school to-night? alas, you have no home to go to, my poor brother! Mrs. Newton would, I know, be happy to have you in her family, for she loves you as a son." "Do not fear for me, Ida," said Louis, "William Landon, whom I met in my walk here, has promised to be my friend, I will ask him to take me to his home, to stay until Sunday is over,—then I will do something—I know not what. With prophetic vision I have often thought of such a crisis as this; and I am, therefore, the better prepared to embark

on the cold, dark current of life. God will protect us, dear sister, let us trust in Him." Ida threw her arms around her brother's neck, and sobbed; but her tears were those of resignation and tenderness. In the silence of their own hearts, both called upon their Father in heaven, and committed themselves to his guardian care and protection.

Louis looked at his watch; "I must go, Ida, for William Landon is obliged to return to the city before night, and it is necessary that I too should go!" At sight of the watch which he still held in his hand, a sudden thought was suggested to Louis. "This watch," said he, "is very valuable; why should I not sell it, and the other costly trinkets which our indulgent parents have bestowed upon me, and appropriate the avails to the payment of my debt to Mr. Delaplaine? it seems, indeed, almost like sacrifice to part with the gifts of our departed mother, and our poor lost father, in our days of prosperity; but I am in debt, and they are mine no longer!"

Ida pressed her brother's hand; she approved his resolution, but her heart bled at the necessity for such a cruel sacrifice. "I would gladly go with you, Louis, and share poverty and contempt; but my sex forbids the bold steps which you may dare to take—yet I can, at least, aid you by the offering of what I have, that might be converted into money." She went to a drawer, and taking out a casket, said, "Louis, a few days before I came to school, our dear mother purchased this watch and chain; they were, I know, very costly; and this diamond necklace and bracelets, with the aigret and pin, which our grandmother gave me; and here is—"

"Stop, stop, Ida," said Louis, "do you think I would take from you, these things? No, sister, were they yours to give, I would not be so base; but they do, in reality, belong to the

person who has supported and educated you. I know she would not accept them, but they are not the less, hers. Go to Mrs. Newton, and ask her to keep them for the present, you can have no use for them now."

Ida with a sigh, laid aside the casket. "You are right Louis, I shall do as you advise; I should have thought of this."

"You will hear from me soon," said Louis. "That you have here a home, and, in Mrs. Newton, a parent who will take care of you, shall be my solace amidst my trials. Adieu, dear sister;—seek to be resigned to your situation, and cultivate the gentle virtues of your sex. With Laura Landon for an example, and under such a guide as Mrs. Newton, aided by your own good sense, you cannot fail to become a good and useful woman. Doubt not, my sister, that the trials which now beset our pathway, will prove 'blessings in disguise.'" Another affectionate "good-bye," and the brother and sister, with sorrowful hearts separated, for a season—the future all dark before them.

Louis sought Mrs. Newton, and informed her of his determination to leave Mr. Delaplaine that day, and look for some situation in which he might support himself. She approved his intention of going to Mrs. Landon's humble lodging to stay until the Monday following, and was pleased with the commencement of an intimacy between him and William, foreseeing that much good to both, might be the result. Mrs. Newton assured Louis of her willingness to aid him, said; she had influential friends who would interest themselves for him, should he take letters of introduction to them; or she could soon obtain for him a clerkship.

He gratefully declined all offers of introduction or assistance,

remarking that he might be glad to avail himself of Mr. Newton's kind offices at a future time, but would, first, try to make his way alone; and should he fail in what he undertook, he should then discredit no one but himself. This was certainly a generous feeling, but there might have been more romance than judgment in his plan; for what could a young man expect to do in the great city, without some introduction from a respectable source?

The hours flew swiftly with William Landon and his sister, who had much to communicate of their own feelings and plans, and much to say respecting their mother, still toiling on, in her accustomed round of labor.

"I have prospects of success before me Laura," said William; "if I am faithful to my employers and continue to please them, I doubt not I shall be promoted in due time; but I am, sometimes, almost impatient for the period to arrive when I can relieve our beloved parent from all necessity for labor, by offering her a home and support,—and you, Laura, I would gladly assist if—"

"And what, Willie, could you do for me, if you possessed the wealth of the Indies?—Would you give me the means of education?—I have of these all that money could purchase. Would you raise me above the future necessity of exerting my faculties for the good of others?—I look forward to this as my greatest happiness. Thus you see, Willie, that your money would not be so great a blessing—but then, it would be pleasant for us to have a beautiful house, furnished with elegance and taste, and a carriage for dear mamma to ride in; and to have the means for her to live in the style in which she was brought up. At least, all this appears desirable; but how little do we know what is best for us in life! It seems that Mr.

Norman's family, even when their condition appeared most enviable, were not always happy; at least so I should judge, from what Ida has sometimes said of their mode of life. But Willie, how did you meet with Louis? I have long wanted you to be acquainted with him; but you have always been so shy, and avoided an introduction."

"I felt, sister, that there was a great distance between a poor clerk, and a young gentleman of Louis Norman's expectations; but things are now so changed, that I may, humble as I am, be of some use to him. But depend on it, Laura, that young man will, one day, become distinguished; he is born to lead others, and can never be kept down, in an obscure position;—but he **will rise, by the upward force of genius and merit, and not by management and intrigue.**"

Willie did not observe that Laura's color heighted to a carnation hue. Changing the subject, she spoke of Ida, of the great improvement in her character, and her many noble and generous qualities.

"I never doubted," said Willie, with enthusiasm, "that Ida Norman would become all that is lovely in woman. Such a countenance as hers could never be the index to a bad heart. Tell her, Laura, if I may dare send her a message, that I would be remembered as her *friend*, and not, merely, as the giver of the white kitten."

The two youths were seen, before the setting of the sun, wending their way to the city;—for a time each seemed occupied with his thoughts. Louis, at length, said, "I am now to make proof of your friendship, William; I wish you to take me to your mother's to-night, and let me, there, find a home until the holy Sabbath is past."

"My mother's abode is very different from any thing to

which you have been accustomed," said Willie; "but though humble, it will afford you comfortable refreshment and repose, and my mother will be most happy to welcome you to her house."

Willie had learned from his sister the sad story of Mr. Norman's fall, which he supposed to be the reason of Louis' not wishing to return to school; but it occurred to him that Louis' first business should be, to withdraw openly and honorably. "You will," said he, "of course, call at Mr. Delaplaine's, and inform him of the change you are to make." This Louis had intended to do, and he requested Landon to go with him to Bourbon Hall.

In few words, Louis explained to Mr. Delaplaine what that person already had good reasons to suspect, that he could no longer look to his father for supplies, and must now consider himself as his own guardian; he thanked Mr. Delaplaine for his kindness to him, and assured him, that he should not rest satisfied, until he had honorably discharged all pecuniary obligations for the expenses of his education. Mr. Delaplaine, who conducted the education of young men rather as a business, than with the desire of doing good, or any spirit of devotion to the interests of the young, treated Louis coldly, and said with little delicacy, "What do *you* expect to do, young man? how can *you* pay your debts?"

"I hope to be able, sir, in a few years, to tell you what I have done," said Louis, "my plans, at present, are all indefinite."

"Very well, Master Norman," said Mr. Delaplaine, "I have no objections to your going; though, you might stay, and take care of the small boys, and be useful in a good many ways, and I would not object to keeping you for this purpose. But you



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CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. LANDON'S RESIDENCE.—HER EARLY HISTORY.—LOUIS NORMAN'S VISIT AT MRS. LANDON'S.—AN EARLY DEPARTURE.

In an obscure street in New York, was the humble abode of Mrs. Landon, a low tenement standing back from the road; with a small court-yard ornamented with flowering shrubs and a few pines and firs, whose evergreen foliage was no unapt representation of the perennial hope which cheered and sustained the worthy inmate of this lowly abode.

Mrs. Landon though bred in affluence had been carefully instructed by a judicious and pious mother whose early loss she bitterly deplored. Often, in the prime of her youth and beauty did she turn aside from the fascinations of pleasure to seek the poor and afflicted, and minister consolation to the wounded heart.

By the bed-side of one of the objects of her bounty, she met with a young clergyman who had been called to perform the sad office of ministering to a sick patient. Amidst the awful solemnity of such a scene, neither Mary Tracy nor Samuel Landon thought of the presence of each other. But when the prayers of the sick were over and their mission of piety and charity duly performed, they both at the same time left the abode of suffering; as they walked together through an obscure street in the suburbs of the city, they were naturally led to speak of the scene they had witnessed. The gentleman surprised at seeing in such a place alone and unattended a young and lovely woman evidently belonging to the first class in society, ventured modestly to suggest his wish to see her home in safety.

Mary Tracy had no false pride, she did not consider the stranger impertinent in speaking to her, although no formal introduction had passed between them. His holy calling and the delicacy and refinement of his manners were assurances that he would be a safe guide through the mazes of the crowded city. Miss Tracy explained the circumstance of her being at that abode of sorrow by saying that the sick person had once been a servant in her father's family, and that having learned in a morning's walk of her being so very ill, she had turned her steps to the residence of the woman without returning home for a carriage, "as doubtless I should have done," she added. "since I find my presence here alone occasions your surprise; but I am indulged by my parents in going where I think duty calls me, and have never yet met with any rudeness in my mission of charity."

"My surprise," said the young clergyman, "might better be termed admiration, at meeting you at such a place, and on such an occasion; young ladies usually consider scenes like this as unsuited to the refinement and delicacy of their sex, and I am truly happy to find one fair being willing to become a ministering angel to the poor and afflicted."

The stranger blushed, conscious that he had spoken with warmth; he despised flattery, and did not approve of praising any one for the mere performance of duty. Surprise had betrayed him into an act for which his principles condemned him.

Mary too was for the moment embarrassed at an unexpected compliment from one who seemed so serious and sincere. With ready tact she changed the subject and spoke of the beauty of the morning; she then remarked on the venerable appearance of an ancient church, which they were, at that moment, passing. "This," said the stranger, "is the place where I officiate

My congregation is mostly composed of those who are in humble circumstances. My situation among them is not one to gratify ambition; but I trust I am about my Master's business in feeding the lambs of His flock, even in a lowly vale." Mary did not answer;—in the depths of her heart there was a chord which responded fully to the sentiments of the stranger; she could not express what she felt, and they walked on in silence. The stranger again perceived that he had been led to speak on a subject personal to himself, to one who could not be supposed to have any interest in him or his actions; and a mutual embarrassment seemed to threaten an awkward termination of their acquaintance.

"I beg you will not trouble yourself to go with me farther," said Mary. "your time is too valuable to be thrown away, and I assure you I shall reach home without even the slightest fear of annoyance." The stranger fearing he had appeared intrusive, slackened his pace about to obey the request of his interesting companion.

"By what name," said Mary with a modest blush, "shall I remember the stranger who has protected me this morning?" Presenting his address, "Rev. Samuel Landon," he said, "and, will you permit me to know, whom I have ventured so inexcusably to annoy with my private history and sentiments?"

As Mary looked at the card, she started, and turned pale;—the stranger was shocked; "Tell me, I beseech you, is there ought in that name to wound your feelings, or to cause alarm?" Tears came to Mary's relief, and she exclaimed, "Edwin Tracy was my brother. Are you not the friend who watched over him in his dying hours, when separated from his home and family? Was not his last sigh breathed in your arms?"

"Is it possible," said the young clergyman, "that you are

that Mary Tracy, the sister of my dear and much lamented friend, whose acquaintance I have so long desired, yet feared to make?"

"You must come home with me, Mr. Landon," said Mary. "it will be a melancholy pleasure to my parents to see you, and hear from your lips the sad story of my brother's last sufferings."

Edwin Tracy and Samuel Landon were class-mates at Harvard College. Severe application to study, a neglect of his physical nature while cultivating the intellectual, threw young Tracy into a hectic fever. The disease was so insidious in its advances, so concealed from others by the fortitude of the martyr-student, that until he was dying, none, but his intimate friends, knew he was in danger. Landon had often warned him, often urged him to abandon his studies and attend to the care of his health; he had often kindly threatened to inform his family of the symptoms of the disease which his constitution exhibited, but Edwin insensible to his own danger, had begged that his friends might not be alarmed.

Tracy had often spoken to Landon of his sister Mary, and dwelt upon the beauties of her character. He had read to his friend, Mary's letters filled with warm and gushing tenderness and expressive of the purest morality combined with devout piety. He had often expressed the wish that his dearest friend and his lovely sister might be made acquainted; he had planned that on the following vacation Landon should go home with him, and had written to his sister a glowing description of his gifted class-mate, informing her of his contemplated visit to their father's residence.

But in quick succession came a letter from Landon, himself, to Mr. Tracy, informing him of the dangerous illness of his son. Before the father with all possible haste could reach the

bed-side of the *martyr-student* he was at rest. A second letter from Landon, written before the arrival of the sorrowing father, informed the family of their loss, and that he had never left the bed-side of the departed during his sickness. He assured them of the triumphant faith which had sustained Edwin in the last great conflict; and gave them cheering hope that death to him, was gain. His dying messages to his parents and sister were faithfully reported; among others was this, "Tell Mary, that you, my friend, have promised me, to see her, and talk with her of the last hours of her brother."

This solemn promise to his dying friend had not been forgotten by Landon;—but many circumstances had hitherto prevented its fulfillment. On leaving college he had entered on his course of theological studies in New England. He was poor and not able to afford an expensive journey; but the fulfillment of his promise to Mary was among the hopes which illumined his path-way in the progress of his preparation for the ministry.

Recently instituted rector of a church in New York, he had not yet sought the desired opportunity of forming an acquaintance with the family of his lamented college-friend. Mr. Tracy he heard spoken of, as proud and haughty; he lived in splendor, and his house was thronged by the crowds who worship wealth and grandeur. "His daughter surrounded by all the refinements of luxury and the elegances of life, has doubtless," thought Landon, "forgotten the existence of her brother's humble friend."

The two young persons had met in a manner wholly unexpected, and interesting to both. Congenial in their tastes and sentiments, an attachment was formed which resulted in their union for life.

Mr. Tracy at first, opposed a connexion for his daughter which so little gratified his ambitious views. He had reasons, confined to his own breast, for wishing her to marry a man of fortune. During a period of speculation, he had risked and lost immense sums; his own circumstances had of late changed; and he feared a bankruptcy would be his fate, as it had been that of many others, who, like him, had been regarded as possessing unbounded wealth. Secret anxieties and corroding fears undermined the health of Mr. Tracy; he died, and to the surprise of all, his estate was found to be insolvent.

The portionless Mary Tracy, dearer to the heart of her betrothed, from her sorrows, was urged by him to an immediate marriage;—and, with a dark, and uncertain future before them, this sensitive and interesting pair entered into the most solemn relation, “for better for worse, for richer for poorer.” But in this case, as is often seen in life, the weaker party proved the stronger. Landon seeing his fragile and delicate wife deprived of those refinements and luxuries to which she was accustomed became depressed in spirit. His poetic temperament was little fitted for a world of stern realities; —the ideal region in which he had lived, had been peopled by generous and noble souls; and from his castles in the air had been excluded all that was coarse and unrefined. He now saw his beloved Mary obliged to labor beyond her strength, sharing with him a miserable stipend grudgingly paid by the trading, worldly community to whom he devoted the wealth of his mind, the warmth and fervor of his soul. Too refined and spiritual for this life and its material interests, Samuel Landon passed away, mature in virtue and having faithfully accomplished his mission on earth. On his monument was inscribed the following epitaph;

“What, though short his date ?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,
That life is long which answers life’s great end ;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.”

Let the daughters of affluence, nurtured in ease and surrounded with all that can minister to human enjoyment, sometimes pause to think of the “changes and chances” of life ! Mary Tracy Landon was now a widow; and, from being a benefactress to the destitute, her condition was changed to that of a dependent on the charity of others.

For a brief space of time the young and interesting widow of their clergyman, was an object of thought to some of his flock, and her wants were cared for. But Mrs. Landon well knew that on herself, alone, rested the support of her fatherless children. Her dying husband with his last breath, had commended her and them, to Him, who has given His pledge, to be “the Father of the fatherless, and the widow’s God,” and she confided, fully, in the protection of that Almighty benefactor and friend. Her’s was not, however, a trust which led to the belief that she had nothing to do but wait for the manifestations of God’s goodness. She believed she should be assisted in the attempt to perform her duties, and wasted not the energies of her mind in useless repinings, nor in comparing the dark and stern realities of the meridian of life with the brilliant promises of its morning.

Mrs. Landon had inherited in her mother’s right a small annuity. This she sold, and with the avails bought the humble tenement which has been described as her home. She selected it because though mean in appearance contrasted with the stately palaces in its vicinity, it was still *exclusive*. It excluded somewhat of the din and dust of the more crowded thorough-



fares of the city; and, standing back from the road, it excluded, in a great degree, the observation of the passers by; and what, to Mrs. Landon, was of the greatest importance, it excluded from companionship with her children, such as she might wish them to avoid. Once settled in her little obscure mansion with her two children by her side, Mrs. Landon began to reflect upon the means by which she might support her family. Her youngest child having soon followed its father to the grave, she had now but her eldest son and an only daughter.

With her early friend, Amelia Walsingham, she had in all her changes of circumstances maintained a confidential intercourse. The very contrasts in their characters, seemed by a law of mental affinity to draw them more closely together. Instead of giving herself up to unavailing sorrow we have seen that Amelia Walsingham, (then Mrs. Newton,) engaged in responsible duties, which obliged her to keep up an intercourse with the world, and to exhibit masculine resolution at variance with the delicate susceptibility of her nature. But Mrs. Newton was impelled by the energies of her mind to be active, and her principles demanded the sacrifice of her feelings. Confidions of possessing rare powers of mind she dared not thanklessly bury her talents, nor shrink from the duties such gifts imposed upon her.

Mary Tracy was timid in her disposition, and reserved toward all, except such as she admitted to the sanctuary of her heart-rich affections. To Mrs. Newton's suggestion that her accomplished education would enable her to succeed as an instructor of the young, Mrs. Landon replied, that, though she might possess the ability to teach, her natural reserve of character was an insurmountable objection to her appearing in any position which would render her conspicuous.

"Any thing," said she to Mrs. Newton, "that I can do by myself, I am willing to attempt. I can draw and paint; embroider, or do plain seying. I could pursue such employments, at home, with my children by me, and none about us to interfere with our mutual confidence, or disturb our domestic arrangements. To you, Amelia, a more distinguished course is opened. You have the energy, and the strength of character to pursue your higher destiny. I can admire, but not follow you; nor do I envy, (were it possible for me to envy you,) your elevation. The storms that may beat upon you in your higher position, will not descend to my lowly abode; the stings of injustice and ingratitude which may pierce you, exposed from so many points, I shall by my obscurity be preserved."

Mrs. Newton feeling but too deeply the truth of these remarks, the more readily acquiesced in the humble views of Mrs. Landon respecting herself.

Years had passed on. Mrs. Landon in her cottage had in various ways labored successfully. The exquisite manner in which her ornamental needle-work was performed, secured for it a ready sale among the upholsterers, who were glad to buy her elegant designs for the covering of chairs and ottomans. Her embroidered handkerchiefs were purchased by Broadway merchants, and sold as the latest Parisian importations.

Mrs. Selby was among the very few of Mrs. Landon's former acquaintances, who were conscious, that the elegant, beautiful, and once admired Mary Tracy was a poor widow, living in obscurity, and dependent on the labor of her hands for the support of her family. Mrs. Selby, notwithstanding she had always enjoyed prosperity herself, had a sympathising heart, and was an active and judicious friend. To her efforts Mrs. Landon, without knowing it, had been indebted for many kind offices.

It was Mrs. Selby who had informed Mrs. Norman where their early friend Mary Tracy lived, and who had induced that lady to employ her in doing fine needle-work, hoping she would also use some means for giving her essential aid.

But very different was the deportment of Mrs. Norman towards one with whom she had in former days been proud to associate, from that of the noble-minded Mrs. Newton, and the sensible Mrs. Selby.

There are some who seem not to be able to enjoy fortune, or elevated station, but in the humiliation of those less favored Of all Mrs. Landon's trials from the world, few had been more bitter to her, than the patronizing air of Mrs. Norman. On her first visit she did, indeed, recognize in Mrs. Landon an acquaintance. "Who," she exclaimed, "that had seen you mistress of your father's elegant establishment, would have thought that you would ever have been so reduced as to be obliged to live in a house like this;—you had an elegant harp and piano—what has become of them?"

Mrs. Landon colored, but answered with as much firmness as she could command, "Excuse me, Mrs. Norman, for not attempting explanations, which, though useless to you, would be very painful to myself." "You are quite excusable," said Mrs. Norman; "of course it does not concern me, only I am very sorry to see one who has been in the very first society now reduced to a level with the lowest classes."

"Is your call, madam, one of business?" said Mrs. Landoe, with calm dignity, "my time is of consequence; I am ready to receive your orders."

Mrs. Norman was abashed; conscious that Mrs. Landon, as she had been disposed to class her in society, was her superior in all, except in outward circumstances. With some confusion

she handed her a package of the finest linen cambric, desiring her to embroider six pocket-handkerchiefs like the one she had done for Mrs. Selby.

"If I do them, my price will be twenty dollars each," said Mrs. Landon; "the work is very elaborate, and has proved injurious to my eyes. I have feared I should not be able to do any more of this kind of work."

"I do not mind the price," replied Mrs. Norman. "I suppose you can do them for me, as well as for Mrs. Selby; I can afford to pay as much as she can. She recommended me to come here, and I presumed you would be very thankful to get employment."

Willie and Laura were, at this period, old enough to understand something of their mother's trials; the one sitting with his book, and the other at her work, had heard this conversation. They had been surprised at the ostentatious, patronizing air of Mrs. Norman towards their mother, who was usually approached with much respect even by strangers, who, if possessed of any penetration or knowledge of the world, never failed to be struck with the refinement and dignity of her manners.

As soon as Mrs. Norman had left the house Willie exclaimed, "Mother, I think she is an impudent woman; why did you not tell her to take away her hankerchiefs?" Laura was at her mother's side, and looking wistfully at her, saw the big tears trembling in her eyes. Mrs. Landon seldom gave way to her emotions, but her wounded heart now found vent in a flood of tears. Seating herself, and taking a hand of each of her children, she sought to calm their feelings, and in so doing, became herself composed.

Years had elapsed since that period, and Mrs. Landon in her lowly dwelling was still the same industrious, patient, and

resigned christian. It had been a great trial to part with her daughter; but she highly appreciated the advantages of education offered her by Mrs. Newton, and cheerfully bore the loss of her society and assistance. William was, now, receiving a small salary as clerk, besides the payment for his board; and was thus able to do something towards lessening the burdens of his mother.

Mrs. Landon, on the evening that her son went to Bourbon Hall with Louis Norman, had for some time been anxiously expecting his return. The tea-table was set, and the kettle hissing by the fire, when Serena, the humble friend, companion, and servant of Mrs. Landon, who for the last two hours had been looking out of the window once in five minutes, exclaimed, "I see Willie coming; there is some one with him—a very fine looking youth of about his own age."

Mrs. Landon had scarcely time for a remark before she heard the outer door open into the little front entry, and her son with Louis Norman appeared in her small but neat parlor. It had been some years since Mrs. Landon had seen Louis, and at first she did not recognize him.

"Mother," said William, with a slight embarrassment, "this is Norman, he has come to stay with us over Sunday."

Mrs. Landon's countenance expressed, for the moment, some surprise, but touched with the air of sadness that was perceptible in the countenance of the young man, she extended her hand to him, and with much tenderness said, "It will give me much pleasure, Master Norman, to entertain you, if you can get up with our humble accommodations."

Louis pressed her hand in silence; but, at length, summoning resolution, he briefly related that his mother was dead, his father a bankrupt and dishonored, and himself and sister left friendless

upon the world. "Not friendless while I live, Louis," said William; "mother, you will, I know, be his and Ida's mother; and she is now as a sister to Laura."

Mrs. Landon, much moved by the simple, but affecting story of Louis, assured him of the deep interest she should feel in him and his sister. "But our sympathy, Louis, can be of little use to you. Are there not, among the powerful and distinguished friends of your family, some to whom you can look for assistance in helping you forward in life?"

"I shall ask for none," said Louis, "I will be no cringing sycophant in the halls of the rich or powerful. My father's former friends will now be his bitterest enemies; for he had few, but political friends, and as he has no longer influence to aid his party, they will wish to hear of him no more. No, my father's name and distinction will but render the disgrace of his family the more conspicuous and fatal."

Serena, who had busied herself in completing the arrangements for the simple meal, summoned the family to the table. Mrs. Landon beckoned to her to take her usual place, for she regarded Serena as her friend and assistant. When they were all seated, Mrs. Landon looked at William, as if to signify that they should follow their usual custom; and in a solemn tone, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," implored a blessing on the repast. Notwithstanding the weight which pressed on the heart of Louis, he felt himself becoming calm and resigned under the influence of this beautiful domestic scene. The perfect confidence which seemed to exist between Mrs. Landon and her son, the air of contentment which reigned throughout the little household, with the comfort, neatness, and even taste, which were exhibited in the arrangement of the simple furniture; all was refreshing to his spirit. He thought

of the splendid dining rooms, saloons and boudoirs of his early home; of the gloomy ambition of his father; the listlessness and indifference of his mother, with her occasional bitter complainings of the little attention paid her by his father—and he said to himself, "what is life without love, and with it what condition may not be borne?"

Mrs. Landon became more and more interested in Louis as she watched the varying shades of his countenance, and with ready tact, perceived that he felt himself at home with them. She did not, for one moment, reflect on the needless pain which Mrs. Norman had formerly caused her by her unfeeling remarks and condescending airs; she regarded her son with the tenderness that she would have wished should be felt for her own Willie, were he in affliction and want.

The rest and quiet of the Sabbath proved as balm to the wounded heart of Louis. He attended the worship of the sanctuary with Mrs. Landon, and heard a discourse that deeply affected him, from the words, "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and have overcome the wicked one." It seemed to Louis as if the speaker addressed him personally, so suited were his words to strengthen and comfort the bruised heart, and to make a spiritual improvement of the trials and sufferings of this life.

Mrs. Landon had forbore to ask Louis respecting his plan, intending after the Sabbath was over to introduce the subject, and make such suggestions as in her judgment she might think would be useful to him. But she was surprised, on going to the parlor the next morning, to learn that Louis had gone, leaving with William his apology for so abrupt a departure. He had left the house just as the faint rays of the sun were tinting the eastern horizon. Good Serena was sweeping the

passage, as Louis entered it to pass out at the street door. He paused to bid her good morning, for her kind manner had touched his heart.

"You will be back to breakfast, Mr. Norman?" said Serena.

"No," said Louis, with a sigh, "you must not expect me; I am going out into the world to seek my fortune. Good-bye, Serena; do not forget me, and speak kindly of me to Miss Laura."

Thus did Louis go forth into the streets of the city, impatient to dispose of the valuables on the sale of which he depended for means to pay debts which he now regarded as his own.

CHAPTER XIX.

EARLY DAY IN NEW YORK.—LOUIS' FIRST ADVENTURE.

On reaching Broadway, Louis found his impatience had led him there too early for business. He wished to find a jeweler's shop, but none was yet opened. The carts of the milk vendors were seen passing in the streets; the little chimney-sweeps were trilling forth their peculiar notes; here and there an industrious servant was washing the marble steps of a princely dwelling, or an idle one holding on by the street door and gossiping with a neighbor's servant loitering on an errand. Market-wagons rattled through the streets; and hacks towering with traveling-trunks and carpet-bags, and filled with gentlemen in surtoats, and ladies with traveling dresses and green veils, were moving in various directions, to the depots of steamboats and railroad cars.

Louis looked to see if one face betokened sadness like his own, but all appeared to him happy. "The poor chimney-sweep," thought he, "has some home to go to, when his daily toil is over. I am a wanderer and an adventurer, embarked on an unknown sea, not knowing the course before me, or the rock upon which I may be driven." Tears filled the eyes of Louis, and his courage had well nigh failed; but he thought of the responsibility which now rested on him, as the guardian of his sister; the supporting arm of faith was held out to sustain him, and with renewed hope he said to himself, "My Father's at the helm."

As the morning advanced, seamstresses, clerks, and men of

business began to appear, omnibusses rattled through the streets; and New York, as a giant refreshed with sleep, was awake and in motion.

Louis soon saw a jeweler's shop, with shutters open; he entered, and perceiving a young man standing by the counter rubbing his eyes, he inquired, "Is the master of the shop within?" for as he wished to make sale of his watch and the other articles of value in his possession, he supposed a clerk might not be the proper person to address.

"How do you know, mister, but what I am the boss?" replied the hopeful youth; "I guess you hain't seen through a mill-stone yet, for all your fine broadcloth."

"A bad beginning," thought poor Louis, as, in anguish of heart and without answering, he turned away. He walked on, and entered another shop. A man with sandy-red hair and whiskers stood waiting for customers, prepared to pounce upon his victim, somewhat as grimalkin may be seen watching for a mouse. Louis did not like the aspect of the man, but was anxious to accomplish his business; and he asked, somewhat hesitatingly, if he wished to buy a gold watch with chain, and valuable diamond ring and pin.

Looking inquisitively and suspiciously at Louis, the jeweler said, "Let me look at 'em, I can tell better whether I'll buy after I've seen 'em." Louis handed the box containing the articles, and the man grasping them closely, said, "I'll see what you have got here; no doubt, though, they are either false trinkets, or stolen goods."

A feeling of resentment rose in the breast of Louis, suffocating and oppressive. As the jeweler was opening the box, he continued, "You are rather a young rogue, but I'll examine your trumpery, and see if 'tis good for any thing." As the rich

diamonds, with the heavy chased watch and chain of solid gold, met the eye of the man, he grasped them still closer, exclaiming, "I said if they were not false, you must have stolen them; I pronounce them to be genuine, and this proves you are a thief. You expect me to buy these things, do you? You need be thankful if I do not seize you, and send for an officer of the police to put you in prison."

Louis was thunder-struck; the possibility of such an accusation had never occurred to him—his property in the hands of a villain, and himself liable to be taken up as a thief! The dangers of his situation flashed upon his mind; but conscious innocence gave him courage, and prudence suggested the necessity of suppressing his indignation.

"If you do not wish to buy these articles, sir," said Louis with dignity, "you will at least return them to me; they are all I am worth in the world, and I wanted to sell them to pay a debt."

"Now, young man," said the shopkeeper, "you need not attempt to come over me in this way; I have seen rogues before you. Folks don't give boys such jewelry as this; you may as well be honest with me, and own where you got these things; and, between ourselves, if you will just be candid and confess, I'll try to keep you away from the police, (which will be no very easy matter, for they are cunning enough, I tell you,) and we'll go snacks."

The baseness of the man struck Louis with horror. He saw that it was useless to urge him to restore his property, for he clutched the box closer and closer, and his eyes became more and more glowing, and serpent-like. A sudden thought occurred to Louis—"And so you will give me part of the money, and screen me from punishment, if I confess where I got these

things; it is rather hard, but I will go and see what somebody else says about it, and let you know."

"Who do you mean by somebody else, you young rogue? and so you've got an accomplice, have you? You must be well trained in your business, to get at such treasures. Well, every body has talents for something; if I had not taken to an honest calling, I think I should have made a pretty cunning rogue myself."

The man chuckling at what he meant for wit, and believing he was in a fair way of coming in for a large share of the plunder, again contemplated with eager eyes the tempting contents of the box; on looking up, Louis had disappeared.

CHAPTER XX.

EPISODE OF MRS. GOODWIN AND HER SON TOM.

As Louis silently fled from the shop of the wicked jeweler, he had the precaution to make a memorandum of the number, with the name on the sign. So sudden had been this new misfortune, that until he had walked some little distance, instinctively desiring to escape from the presence of a villain, he had formed no plan whatever for attempting to recover his property. The thought of Mrs. Newton's interest in him, and of the kindness of the Landons presented itself; but he rejected the idea of troubling them, in an affair where they could give him no assistance.

The effect of this new misfortune was not to sink Louis into a state of despondency; but, on the contrary, he seemed animated with new resolution; his object now was no longer one from which his heart revolted, the disposing of what was dear to him from a thousand associations; but to recover those valued gifts from the grasp of a knave, and to bring him to justice. and now, that he was called upon to act a manly part, his spirit grew strong within him. He was certain there was a way in which he could recover his property, though too little versed in legal operations to understand, exactly, how to proceed. His teachers and school-companions could prove the articles to be his, as the possession of such valuables by a school boy, had been a fact of some notoriety in his little circle.

But though his redress must be sought for in the law, Louis had no money to see a lawyer; he had given his last dollar to



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the coffee. I should be dreadful sorry if Tom Goodwin, (Tom's my son, and I guess he is about your age,) should want for sunthen to eat and drink, and nobody warn't willen to give none to him, 'kase he did'n't have no money to pay for't."

"What does your Tom do for a living, kind woman?" said Louis, "for I suppose he has to labor."

"To be sure Master he does; for you see, as how, Tom's the oldest of ten children, for I am a widder, and his daddy's ben dead a good many years, and Tom's ben all my dependance."

"But," said Louis, "what could Tom do when he was a little boy, for you say he is only about my age now, to earn money to help you to support the other children?"

"Why, you see, Tom got into the newspaper-line, and as he was a good behaved boy and all'us mannerly, folks would sometimes buy to encourage him; or them that had plenty o' money, would give him a sixpence, or a shillin for a penny paper, and tell him he might keep the change himself for his good manners. And the newspaper folks when they see'd that Tom all'us paid for his papers, trusted him more, and giu him a chance; and you can't think how comfortable it was to his poor widdered mother, to have her little boy, bring home, at night, a heap of pennies, and sometimes a hull dollar, clear of all expense. Besides sellin papers, which he done mostly in the mornins and evenins when the boats was startin off, he use'ter run of arrants, and made a good deal in that way, as jinerus folks would give him a few pennies for callin' a carriage, or carr'in a bundle."

"But now, my good woman," said Louis, "Tom is older, what does he do? does he still sell papers?"

Mrs. Goodwin's face brightened, "I'd be sorry to have you ax Tom that, for though he ain't ashamed of his former callin, he don't say much about it. Tom is now, the iditur of one of

the very papers he used to sell, and gits a good salary; but he works jist as hard as ever; he's up airy and late, and watches the forin vessels for news as close as he use' ter watch the startin off of the steamboats and cars; and they do say, Tom is sunthin of a politishun, and like enuff suntime or 'nother he will git into office."

"I would advise Tom," said Louis, "to keep out of politics, and beware of a taste for office; he had better have kept to selling newspapers, for that is an honest calling, than be an office-seeker." Louis rose to go, and taking the woman's hard hand gratefully pressed it, thanking her for her kindness, not with words merely, but with eyes moistened with tears of gratitude. "I hope," said he, "for his mother's sake that Tom will be a good and prosperous man; and in return for your kindness to a straunger in want, I will ask you to tell your son, that you fed, this morning, the hungry son of a man who has held the first offices in the country; and who, but for politics, and success in his schemes of political distinction, might have been the protector of his children, who are now, with habits wholly unfitted to do any thing for themselves, thrown upon the world with a dishonored name!"

Louis staid not to hear Mrs. Goodwin's exclamation of "the dreadful suz! you don't say so! I hope Tom won't git to be a great man, if that's the way with 'um, to bring up their children to be gentle folks, and then let them go about hungry like wagabounds, not knowing nothing how to work, nor airn their own living. Well he's a ra'al nice young man, and its a desprut pity his suffrins is so great on his daddy's account."

CHAPTER XXI.

AN HONEST LAWYER.—LOUIS FINDS A FRIEND.

THE bitter reflections called up in the mind of Louis, by the train of thought into which he had unconsciously been led by Mrs. Goodwin's simple account of her son Tom, for the moment depressed his spirit;—but strengthened by his simple breakfast, and cheered by the beams of the morning sun, hope again found him ready to welcome her suggestions, and he nerved himself to go onward in the business before him. He saw a necessity for prompt measures in order to get his property out of the hands of the evil-minded and wicked jeweler, who, he perceived, rested his hopes of receiving at least a large share, upon the belief that the articles were stolen, and that being a thief, Louis would not dare to take any measures for their recovery. The idea that even a dishonest man should, for a moment, look upon him as a thief, humbled the pride of Louis. He had been brought up to think that, among the higher classes, there was a certain *sir distingue* which would inspire respect, under any circumstances. The events of the morning had proved that he was as liable to suspicion, under suspicious circumstances, as would have been Mrs. Goodwin's son Tom. He perceived that his superfine coat, rich vest, and cap and boots of the most fashionable patterns, had proved a disadvantage to him in his first setting out in life.

The idea of applying with empty pockets to a lawyer for redress was painful, but yet this seemed the only thing Louis could do; and he almost unconsciously directed his steps into

a street where several eminent lawyers resided. The name, "Ashburn," caught his eye as he was walking past a stately mansion; and he experienced a momentary joy at the sight of that name.

Mr. Ashburn, of all his father's former, professed friends, was the one whom Louis recollects with most satisfaction. He remembered his apparent attachment to his father, and that, after his parents had left the country, Mr. Ashburn had sometimes called to see him at Bourbon Hall, and invited him to visit at his house.

Though Louis had been resolved to look to no one for aid or patronage, his circumstances were now pressing and admitted of no alternative; "I may meet with coldness or be suspected," thought he, "but it is possible the recollection of my father in his better days, may induce a friendly interest for his son. There are a thousand chances against me; but if Mr. Ashburn is really a good man, happens to be disengaged, and does not consider me an impostor, he may listen to my story; and if he is in a pleasant humor, he may be willing to take some trouble on my account. I can but try my chance."

Louis ascended the marble steps which led to the office of Counselor Ashburn, and with trembling hand pulled the bell. The servant who came to the door, to the inquiry for Mr. Ashburn, replied, "His honor does not receive company so early, he has not yet taken his breakfast."

"True," thought Louis, "I might have known it; strange that I should have forgotten the late hours of those who live in fashionable style."

"I wish to see Mr. Ashburn as soon as possible," said Louis to the servant, "and would like to wait in his office until he can give me an interview."

The servant hesitated for a moment, as if scrutinizing the applicant, in order to make up his mind whether it would be safe to admit him into the interior of the mansion, and then said, " You can come in, I believe some of the clerks are in the office." Louis followed, and was ushered into a spacious apartment whose walls were lined with cases filled with books in every variety of binding, from the plain calf of "Digests," "Reports," "Pleadings," &c., to the more elegant morocco-bound volumes of Foreign and English Literature. Statues of distinguished jurists were placed in niches in the wall, and a few portraits of celebrated men, painted by artists of note, found their appropriate places.

Seated at different writing desks were two young men, so much engaged in their employment of copying from huge rolls of parchment, that they did not notice the entrance of a stranger, until the servant, pointing to a seat, said to Louis, " Please wait here until Mr. Ashburn is ready to come to the office." The clerks looking up, beheld a tall and finely formed young man, apparently about eighteen, of an elegant and prepossessing appearance, but whose countenance evinced anxiety and distress; and his dress was not so carefully adjusted as if he had called for a morning's visit of ceremony. Such a sight was not new in a lawyer's office; they resumed their employment, and soon seemed to have forgotten that a third person was in the room.

Louis felt himself ill at ease;—every moment his resolution grew fainter and fainter. He, who had so independently declared, that never would he hang upon the favor of the great, was now, in the very outset, waiting an humble suppliant, to ask a favor of one to whom he would doubtless appear a stranger. Every tick of the clock, every rustling of the parchment, went to his heart and increased his trepidation;—he could no longer

sit, he rose and walked to a window which looked out upon Broadway, now glittering with splendid equipages, and beginning to be gay with crowds of well-dressed ladies, pursuing their round of shopping, previous to the hour of fashionable visiting. In vain did Louis strive to beguile his sad thoughts by looking out upon the busy, bustling scene. He felt a feverish anxiety to be about his own business, instead of thus wasting time, every moment of which was giving the jeweler the better opportunity to conceal his property beyond the reach of discovery.

A dialogue between the clerks, now drew the attention of Louis.

"When are those copies wanted, McDonald?"

"At twelve o'clock this morning, we must have them completed. Mr. Ashburn gave positive orders to that effect. That is a splendid estate, Crawford, which the auctioneer knocked off yesterday to Mr. Vanderkemp. The old mansion house of the Tudors, with several other houses adjoining."

"For whose benefit is the property sold?" said Crawford.

"For the creditors of our late minister to the court of—, Livingston Norman, who has been declared a bankrupt; and is ~~and~~, moreover, to be a defaulter to Government to a large amount, leaving his endorsers to take care of themselves."

A deadly paleness overspread the features of Louis, who involuntarily turned his face towards the speakers, uttering a groan which, though half suppressed, was distinctly heard. The young men started;—one of them inquired, "Are you not well, sir? you appear to be faint."

"It is but a slight indisposition," said Louis, articulating with difficulty, "I rose very early this morning, having some

important business—I am anxious to see Mr. Ashburn, do you think he will be in, soon?"

"I presume he would have come before, had he been told you were waiting; that lazy fellow must have neglected to speak to him—sit down, sir, I will go and call him," and McDonald left the room.

In a few minutes Mr. Ashburn entered. "You have business with me, I understand, young gentleman," said he, in a kind voice, that inspired Louis with the courage to say, "I would speak with you in private, sir."

Mr. Ashburn led the way into his private counsel-room, where the two were soon seated. Louis, on looking around the room, beheld, opposite to him, a portrait of his father;—a strange feeling came over him as he contemplated that high intellectual brow, those piercing eyes, and that mouth expressive of energy and determination, all were so like reality, that, for the moment, he lost all consciousness of his present circumstances.

"You seem unhappy, young man," said Mr. Ashburn, "what can I do for you? I hope you have not been guilty of crime, that you ~~are~~ thus distressed; innocence should have no fear. If you are guilty, I would not, if I could, ~~screen~~ you from the penalties of the law. Yet you are young, and may have been led into temptation. Your countenance seems familiar, but I do not recollect where I have seen you."

Louis attempted to speak, but his tongue refused to move, a sense of suffocation oppressed him; gladly would he have escaped into the streets, any where, from his painful situation. Must he appear as his father's accuser? Must he confess that his father had abandoned his children, and that this abandonment had thrown him into his present distress? Must he give

the last blow to his father's reputation, with one, who, it would seem, still remembered him with kindness, since he permitted his portrait to hang in an apartment apparently reserved for his private use.

"Young man," said Mr. Ashburn, observing the embarrassment of Louis, "tell me frankly your situation, and if your case is not desperate, I will try to do something for you. What is your name, and where do you live?"

Louis looked full in the face of Mr. Ashburn, and in a husky, but distinct voice, answered, "My name, sir, is Louis Livingston Norman, and to-day I am living in the streets."

"Is this possible! can it be so!" exclaimed Mr. Ashburn, scarcely less moved than Louis himself; "are you Livingston Norman's son? Yes, I understand now, why I thought I had seen you. You were once a pet of mine, and I then foretold that you would, one day, become a great man. But, my dear fellow, what troubles you? Your poor father, I know—" here Mr. Ashburn paused, and his manly countenance showed the pain he felt, from the thoughts which he would not, from regard to the feelings of Louis, express. Louis who had proudly sustained himself under suspicion, was overcome by such unexpected tenderness, and sobbed aloud.

Long and interesting was the conversation which Mr. Ashburn held with Louis, after the latter had recovered himself sufficiently to explain the condition in which he now found himself placed.

"And what do you wish to do, my brave fellow," said the kind lawyer, "if you could have your choice?"

"I would do any thing," said Louis, "that is not dishonorable to support myself and aid my sister, even to selling newspapers, a trade which Tom Goodwin (whose simple story I have

this morning listened to with interest,) followed successfully, until it led him to something higher."

"No, my dear fellow," said Mr. Ashburn, smiling, "you must not set up an opposition line to the poor newspaper boys; let them have their humble gains; for yourself, a higher destiny is doubtless in store, and my predictions may yet be fulfilled. What has been the course of your education, Louis? You have, I suppose studied the classics, and the higher branches of mathematics."

"I think," replied Louis, "I have not neglected my advantages. At Mr. Delaplaine's school much attention is given to modern languages, and the belles-lettres; and I am sufficiently advanced in the classics, and mathematics, to enter the senior class in any American college.

"Very well, my son, go on with your education; I will supply you with the means."

"Excuse me, sir," said Louis, "for declining your kindness, for which I feel the deepest gratitude, but I cannot consent to incur such an obligation, as I am already indebted in a large amount to Mr. Delaplaine for my education; no remittances having been received by him from my father during the last year."

"There must be some mistake in this," said Mr. Ashburn. "I know very little of that Mr. Delaplaine, but some facts respecting him have come to my knowledge, which have given me an unfavorable opinion of his principles. I have certainly received letters from your father within a year, and I am almost sure that he mentions having remitted to some one, a bill of exchange for the use of his children. We will look into this at a future time, after some provision has been made for your present necessities—but what are your wishes as to the future?"

"It was my intention to seek for some employment," said Louis, "that would enable me, as soon as possible, to pay my debts, and support my sister and myself. But first, I designed to dispose of my watch and some other articles, for the benefit of Mr. Delaplaine, whom I am anxious to pay as soon as possible; but in my first business operation I have been unfortunate, for my property is now in the hands of a dishonest jeweler in the city." Louis then related to Mr. Ashburn the manner in which the box of valuables had been seized, and that in looking to find a lawyer to advise him what course to take, he had been led to apply to himself.

"I remembered you, sir," said he, "as a former friend of my father, but much feared his misfortunes, and my own circumstances, might render me an unwelcome client."

"Ah! my son," said the good man grasping Louis by the hand, "the world is bad enough, I grant, but you are too young to be thus distrustful. Come, we have no time to lose; I will go with you and see the man who has dared, thus wickedly, to oppress one who seemed unprotected."

Mr. Ashburn seized his hat, and the clerks who had been much surprised at his long interview with the young stranger, looked with still more surprise, when they saw him leave the house in his company.

As they walked rapidly down Broadway, Mr. Ashburn obtained from Louis an account of the whole transaction.

"Here is the shop," said Louis, "I took the number and the name, 'Perseverance Fox.' "

"Well, my young friend, in spite of his ominous name, we will make a short business with him."

As Mr. Ashburn and Louis entered the shop, a crowd of customers were standing around; ladies were looking at rings

and breastpins, or inquiring the prices of fancy articles, and two or three gentlemen were examining watches.

The jeweler was standing with his back to the door, and did not observe the entrance of Mr. Ashburn and Louis. "This watch," said he, showing the article to a customer, "is one of great value; there cannot be found its equal in the United States; it is worth two hundred dollars, but belongs to an unfortunate gentleman who is anxious to sell it, and I will let it go for a hundred and fifty dollars, which is a great bargain;—and here, ladies, is a diamond pin which belongs to the same unfortunate person, who is obliged to go for his health to the south of Europe, and is very anxious to dispose of these things, to raise money for the voyage. He was once a great nabob in the East Indies, but is now reduced;—the poor old gentleman, his story was really affecting! I shall not make one cent by the bargain, for I am doing it all out of charity and kindness. This diamond pin ought to bring five hundred dollars, it was never bought for a cent less;—the old gentleman says the diamonds were dug from the mines of Golconda, while he was there,—but to hasten the sale for the poor old gentleman, so that he can have the means of following the doctor's advice, I will put the pin at two hundred and fifty dollars; and here is a diamond ring to match."

Louis having made signs to Mr. Ashburn that those articles were his, that gentleman stepping forward, said sternly, "How dare you, villain, attempt, in open day, the crime you have been guilty of. Here is the owner of the watch and the diamonds; not an old man wishing to go abroad for his health; but a youth whom you supposed to be without friends;—possibly your wicked imagination may have deceived you into a belief that he was a thief, and would be willing to share his plunder.

with you, as you proposed, for the sake of your saving him from justice. Louis, is this the man who took the property from you, and can you swear to the articles?"

"He is the man, sir, and I can swear to the articles," was the firm and decided answer.

The customers looked on in astonishment. Fox saw that he was caught in a trap of his own setting. He knew well who Mr. Ashburn was, and perceived that Louis was no thief of a young clerk as he had suspected, who, through fear of being exposed, would suffer any degree of imposition.

"All a joke, sir," said Fox, with ready cunning, "a mere joke."

"It may be a very expensive joke, to you, Mr. Fox, unless you instantly settle with my young friend, here, by restoring his property, and paying satisfactory damages;—otherwise, you shall be made to feel the full rigor of the law."

"I am willing he should take his property, since it is his, but I thought, perhaps," —

"No matter what you thought," said Mr. Ashburn in a voice that made the culprit tremble, "you have seized upon property which did not belong to you, and are liable in law for trespass, or rather for robbery; and I shall, at once, have you indicted, unless you comply with my terms."

The ladies looked at Fox very indignantly;—his red hair seemed redder, and his red whiskers looked more ferocious;—some said, "What a shame to steal from such a beautiful young man!" and others declared they thought him a villain when they entered his shop. Fox with great trepidation, gathered together the articles which belonged to Louis, and putting them into the casket, handed them to the owner, in a cringing and supplicating manner.

"There they are," said he, "every one of them—and I have cleaned them for you too."

"Now, my young friend," said Mr. Ashburn, "what shall this man pay you for his robbery, and the distress and annoyance he has caused you?"

"I do not wish, sir," said Louis, "to take any thing from him, his own accusing conscience will be punishment sufficient."

"Mr. Fox, you may well thank this young gentleman for his forbearance—you might have been thrown into the State's Prison for your offence; and I fear we are doing wrong to let such an audacious attempt at villainy, pass unpunished."

Fox's customers had all vanished, and Mr. Ashburn and Louis left him to ruminate on the profitless speculation of the morning.

"Mr. Ashburn," said Louis, with some anxiety, "I have now, through your kindness, recovered my property; and as I am quite satisfied with my attempt to act without the guidance of experience, I would ask you to direct me to some bookseller, that I can dispose of these articles for the purpose I at first intended."

"Never mind about that, now, my young friend," said Mr. Ashburn, "come home with me to dinner—I have much to say to you; I shall examine your father's last letter to me, which I am quite certain made mention of a remittance sent for you and your sister. It may be that Mr. Delaplaine has not accounted for all the money he has received, believing that your father will never return. But, my dear Louis, I have not believed half the scandal which has been circulated by your father's enemies respecting him; he has been improvident and imprudent, but who, in this world, is faultless? I hope yet

to see him among us, able to defend his reputation and put his enemies to shame."

Louis blessed in his heart that charity which induced Mr. Ashburn to palliate his father's conduct, and speak encouragingly; but he feared to indulge in hopes which might be followed by disappointment, and resolved to persevere in his plans of beginning to earn his own living, depending on the bounty of no one, not even of Mr. Ashburn who seemed so kindly disposed towards him.

CHAPTER XXII.

DISHONESTY EXPOSED.—LOUIS FINDS A HOME.

AGAIN did the two clerks look up from their writing with surprise, as Mr. Ashburn passed through the office into his private room accompanied by the young stranger, who now walked with a firm and manly step, and with the air of one who sees light beaming upon his pathway.

Mr. Ashburn took from a private drawer, a package of letters in the superscription of which, Louis recognised the well known, peculiar writing of his father. As Mr. Ashburn vainly examined several letters, his compressed lips and knit brow expressed the disappointment he felt, at not finding what he was in search of.

"I have it," he at length exclaimed, "here it is, the last letter I ever received from your father. Let us see the date—it was written just about a year ago. Here is the paragraph about the draft."

"By this ship, I transmit to Mr. Delaplaine, who has charge of my son's education, a bill of exchange on London, for one thousand pounds sterling, with directions to hand half the avails of the draft to Mrs. Newton, for the use of my daughter. I mention this to you, believing you will take some interest in my children, should I never return to the United States; my affairs there, are in a state of great embarrassment, my political enemies are disposed to injure me in every possible way, and I confess that I am disgusted with my native country. There is

something fascinating to me in foreign manners, and I have ~~had~~ associations here, which bind me to this land of poetry and romance. You, Ashburn, are one of the very few whom I have loved, and in whom I have, in some measure, confided; will you ask me to return, disgraced, calumniated,—fallen from the elevation to which I had been raised in public favor. You have often cautioned me against political ambition,—it was my guiding star, it carried me to the height of popularity, and has suddenly left me in darkness. I resign myself to destiny; disappointed in youth in my dearest wishes; and now left in my more advanced years, stripped of the honors with which I sought to console myself for disappointed affection."

Louis forgot the draft in listening to this avowal of his ~~other's~~ sufferings;—in seeing thus deeper into his heart than he had ever before done, a new love for him mingled with pity, rising up in his soul, with an ardent desire to devote himself to his happiness.

This train of thought was interrupted by Mr. Ashburn, who ~~inquired~~. "How unpardonable has been my neglect! I should ~~have~~ inquired of that Mr. Delaplaine about the draft, and ~~there~~ an interest in you and your sister; but my professional ~~occupations~~ have been so engrossing, as to leave me scarcely ~~time~~ of my own actions. Louis, I want another clerk; since ~~refuse~~ my aid in helping you on with your collegiate ~~life~~; will you come into my office as an assistant?"

A ~~spark~~ of pleasure lighted up the countenance of Louis, who ~~said~~. "Oh, sir, if I could but be useful to you, this would ~~be~~ a most desirable situation. I have long wished ~~to~~ the profession of my father. But I know that clerks ~~in~~ offices usually support themselves, at least for some ~~time~~ I have no means to do this."

"You will be entitled to a salary; I shall keep you ~~very busy~~, and make you earn what I shall give you;—never fear, ~~my noble~~ fellow, but I shall take care of my own interest. ~~I like the~~ spirit that would not permit you to depend on others, but would induce you to labor for what you have; you ~~will make~~ a great man, Louis, I am sure of it;—my prophecy ~~will yet be~~ fulfilled."

"I hope not," said Louis, with an instinctive shudder, "I have a horror of *great* men;—mere political men, I ~~want~~; I should be glad to be morally or intellectually great, ~~but, the~~ desire of popularity, I hope never to feel; I have seen the unhappy effects too much in my own family."

"I grant that a thirst for popularity is ~~very uncomfortable~~. (I have felt enough of it myself to know,") said Mr. Ashburn, "but, if a man is conscious of possessing abilities which might enable him to be useful to his country, it is right that he ~~should~~ desire office; and I should be sorry to think there ~~are~~ among us, many honest politicians. But we are talking ~~when~~ we should be acting—I will summon Delaplaine to ~~my off-~~ and call on him to account for the use he has ~~made of the~~ draft for one thousand pounds."

Mr. Ashburn despatched a note to Mr. Delaplaine, requesting him to come to him prepared to settle Mr. Norman's account; and that individual soon made his appearance, apparently much disconcerted at this unexpected summons. He however, presented his account against Mr. Norman ~~showing~~ a large balance in his own favor.

Mr. Ashburn, looking at him with an expression by ~~no means~~ flattering, informed Mr. Delaplaine that there was ~~evidence~~ in respect to a draft for one thousand pounds, remitted by Mr. Norman the year before, for which no credit appeared in his

account. The embarrassment of the pretended scion of royalty was extreme. The principal of Bourbon Hall, a gentleman of finished manners, and an accomplished scholar, was, however, quick to see his position; and with the utmost politeness, professed much regret that he should have forgotten to enter that payment;—he was really very glad to find that young Mr. Norman would be so much better off than he had feared. He would that moment give his check for the balance, and settle the business at once.

The cloud on Mr. Ashburn's brow was chilling. Louis was astonished at the affair, scarcely knowing what to think; for though he had never entertained a high opinion of Mr. Delaplaine, nor felt bound to him by any tie of sympathy or affection, he had not, for a moment, doubted his honesty in regard to the common affairs of business.

Mr. Delaplaine having given his check, and received a receipt for the same, addressing Mr. Ashburn in the blandest manner, said, "I hope, sir, as our business is now adjusted, you are entirely satisfied respecting the draft; I remember now, that it was received at a time when I was deeply occupied; I trust there is nothing remarkable, or peculiar, in the fact of its having been overlooked. I am sure, Mr. Norman, you, who have lived with me, and know the importance of my usual avocations, can well understand how so small a matter,—small I mean, comparatively speaking, should have escaped my memory?"

"Indeed, sir," said Louis, in an extenuating tone, "since I find myself clear of debt, I am too happy, to feel disposed to think evil of any one. For your attention to me and the advantages you have afforded me, I owe you my gratitude; and Mrs. Delaplaine has been kinder to me than I, probably, have deserved. I shall call and pay my respects to her, and see my

school companions, as soon as I get settled, and can hold up my head like a man."

Shame and remorse were evidently awakened in the mind of Delaplaine by this noble ingenuousness and delicacy of conduct towards himself, in one whom he had so ill-treated; he was conscious that his own coldness had deeply wounded the feelings of Louis; for, after having conceived the plan of defrauding one whom he thought unprotected, (believing that Mr. Norman would never return to call him to account for the draft,) he viewed Louis with a dislike he took little pains to conceal. In fact, he had wished to shake him off; and he had seen him leave his house, on the Saturday evening previous, in a state bordering on desperation, without making the least effort to detain him.

And yet, this man had gained the confidence of the public and parents entrusted their sons to his care. He first became popular through the patronage of some influential persons, who regarded his nobility, (and this might not have stood the test of scrutiny,) his polished manners, and, above all, his Parisian accent, as entitling him to the highest rank in his profession, of an educator of young gentlemen. The school of Mr. Delaplaine commanded the patronage of the rich and exclusive, so that he became able to confine himself, wholly, to the sons of that class, and, at length, rendered it a kind of Almack's, admission into it being considered a patent of high aristocracy. We have before said that Mr. Delaplaine was a man of learning, and here, at least, there was no imposition. His pupils did improve greatly in the French and other modern languages, and they became graceful in manners; they learned to use silver forks, and to eat an egg genteelly, to dress and behave as gentlemen, and to hold themselves above such as had not been initiated into the refinements of polished society, nor the conventionalities of *esquête*.

But the heart, the moral principles, the religious sentiment, all which truly forms the man, which should receive the first and last attention of the educator, these were of no account in the system of Mr. Delaplaine. Moulded on his plan, a pupil might, in a mere worldly sense, be an accomplished gentleman; but, if he proved a patriot, a useful citizen, a philanthropist, or a Christian, it would be owing to extraneous circumstances, and in spite of the unfavorable influence of the fashionable system of education.

Louis Norman had been placed by his father under the special guardianship of Mrs. Newton, and she had faithfully performed towards him a mother's duty, by carefully directing the development of his emotions and moral powers. His Sundays having been usually passed at Mrs. Newton's, an opportunity had thus been given her for salutary influence in respect to his religious habits and feelings. Thus had Louis Norman's inner man been probed and quickened, and made to assume that command over the outer and material, which was intended by the Creator when he formed man with a double nature.

But, to return to the finished and polite Mr. Delaplaine; he saw well, that, however, Louis Norman in the kindness of his heart, and with the ingenuousness of youth might be willing to palliate his guilt, he was understood by Mr. Ashburn, and he trembled lest his towering edifice of popularity might be overthrown, by an exposure of his conduct to Louis.

Concealing his uneasiness as well as he could, Mr. Delaplaine talked with Louis, familiarly, and was even facetious, showing in his smiles at his own witticisms, his perfect teeth, (they were his by purchase,) and appearing quite hilarious in the excitement of his feelings.

Thoroughly disgusted with this hypocrisy, Mr. Ashburn

became very uneasy, making sundry movements in his chair, coughing, and walking to the window; at length he took out his watch with an air which the very accomplished gentleman dared not misunderstand, who looking at his own watch was surprised to find it so late; he had an important engagement, was sorry to be obliged to go, hoped Mr. Norman would still feel himself at home at Bourbon Hall, where he would ever be received as a welcome guest.

Mr. Delaplaine having bowed himself out of the apartment, Mr. Ashburn exclaimed, "And such a scoundrel is allowed to educate youth; but he shall be unmasked, I owe it to society to make his character known—a wolf set to guard lambs! Ah, Louis, you treated him too well; but 'the merciful man is blessed.' Well, my son, we have done a good morning's work: scathed two villains, and made an honest man richer than he supposed himself to be. Instead of the destitute and forlorn fellow you considered yourself this morning, here you are, with watch and diamonds, and a check for a thousand dollars. What do you intend doing with all this money? I fear you will consider yourself too rich to accept of a humble clerkship in my office,—you might spend a fashionable season at Saratoga, Niagara, etc., with such a sum,"—and Mr. Ashburn waited with some degree of anxiety for an answer.

So rapidly had events succeeded each other within the last few hours, that Louis could scarcely realize his altered condition, or believe in his own identity, but Mr. Ashburn's question recalled him to himself, and to the thought of Ida; and he became impatient to hasten to her to communicate the pleasing intelligence that their father had been far less culpable than they had supposed, in respect to neglecting to make provision for them; he began to feel that they might again be re-

united, "at least," though he, "if my most strenuous efforts can be of any avail in rebuilding the broken fortunes of our family, they shall ~~not~~ be wanting; for, to this object will I devote and consecrate myself, with such energies and abilities as I possess." These thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of Louis, but starting from his reverie, he exclaimed, "Excuse me, sir, you asked a question which awakened a crowd of thoughts,—pardon my seeming inattention, and perhaps apparent irresolution as to the appropriation of this sum, by your kind agency put into my possession. But it is not mine; it was intended in part for my sister's use. It will afford her and myself the greatest satisfaction to transfer it to the excellent Mrs. Newton, who has, I fear, been led by her generous disposition, to go beyond her means, in what she has done for my sister, on whom she has long bestowed care and support without expecting compensation; and to me, too, she has been a mother; for to her, I owe my true and best education, that of the principles and the heart."

"Mrs. Newton," said Mr. Ashburn, "is one of those few noble beings who reconcile us to human nature; who are, truly, 'The salt of the earth.' Your father did well in leaving his daughter in a school where she might be taught something besides mere dress, fashion and French. But now, my young friend, as we have planned a good disposition of the check, we will talk of your immediate affairs. Since you do not purpose to spend that money in a pleasure excursion, I suppose you intend to be my clerk, and go to work. I shall allow you the first year or two, a moderate salary for ~~your~~ support, after which we will see what can be done for you. We have lost our children," here Mr. Ashburn wiped away a tear, "you must live with us, and I doubt not you will be a favorite."

Louis was affected deeply by such kindness, but with more sincerity than politeness, he replied, "I had rather not accept any favors, sir, but such as I shall merit."

"Yes, I see you are very independent—but you are right, my good fellow; make yourself necessary to people, and they become dependent on you; this is the true source of power. But come with me to Mrs. Ashburn's parlor," and leading the way through a private entrance, Mr. Ashburn ushered Louis into an elegant boudoir, where was seated a lady of middle age, whose sweet, though somewhat sad expression of countenance bespoke a kind and sympathetic heart. The voice of Mrs. Ashburn fell on the soul of Louis like plaintive music, it was so gentle and touching. As Mr. Ashburn briefly related to her the trials of Louis, and the events of the morning, she listened with deep attention and varying emotions. The crafty dishonesty of Fox, the benevolence and simplicity of Mrs. Goodwin, and the injustice of Delaplaine all called forth answering sympathies, as she imagined herself in the different situations of Louis. The story being ended, she extended her hand to Louis; and with much tenderness said, "You want parents, and we want a son. With us you will be happy, for we shall love you, and you will love us in return."

Thoughts of his departed mother rushed upon the mind of Louis; he thought of the night, when, after some little dispute between Ida and himself, she called them to her and spoke of their coming separation; how his father came and embraced them; and the effect which this scene had upon the feelings of himself and his sister. Though sensible of his mother's failings, he knew she loved her children with a mother's love, and that their happiness had been the darling object of her life. Mrs. Ashburn's words seemed to him dictated by a mother's kindness,

and they awakened within his heart an answering emotion of filial affection.

"If," said Louis, taking Mrs. Ashburn's proffered hand, "I can but prove myself worthy of such a reception, I shall be but too happy."

Dinner was announced, and Louis, seated at the sumptuous table of Mr. Ashburn, thought of the breakfast of that very morning eaten from a barrel in Mrs. Goodwin's little shop. His Father in heaven had conducted him to friends and made his cup to run over with blessings, and his heart swelled with gratitude and thankfulness. * Mrs. Ashburn perceiving that in the fullness of his feelings, Louis had little disposition to partake of the delicacies before him, with ready tact forebore to press him to eat.

After dinner, Louis was conducted by a servant to his apartment, where he found his trunks and some other articles belonging to him, which Mr. Ashburn had directed to be brought from Mr. Delaplaine's establishment; and the latter gentleman had scrupulously sent all, even to the smallest trifle, for he wished to be thought *honest*.

"And can I," reflected Louis, "be useful to Mr. Ashburn, so that I may not eat the bread of dependence? for without this, I could not be contented, even here. And then, again, how shall I be able to do what I wish for Ida, that she may have a home? And oh! that I could hope, one day, to be able to pay my father's debts, so that he might be permitted to come to his native land, and spend the evening of life with his children! I cannot, I will not believe that my father has become the bad man his enemies represent; he may have erred, he doubtless has,—but, may his son never be so base as to abandon him."

In the solitude of his chamber, Louis knelt, and returned thanks for deliverance from the wicked, and for all the blessings so unexpectedly showered upon him;—he prayed for his father, that he might be led to forsake all evil ways, and become an humble penitent, caring not for the applause of men, but the approbation of God. This act of devotion and filial piety performed, Louis felt his heart lightened of a burden, and with renewed courage, he was ready to begin his duties.



natural for you to do right. I do not believe you ever knew how to be bad."

"Ah! my dear child," said Ida, while the tear trembled in her eye, "you little know how very bad I once was, and how much I have tried to overcome my haughty spirit, and to do my duty; and even now, dear little Rosa, I am far from being such an example as I ought to be."

Little Rosa nestled closer to Ida, and looked surprised at the falling tears. "I am glad to hear," said she, "that you were ever a bad girl, for it gives me courage to hope that I may grow to be a good young lady too. But were you punished a great deal when you were little? and what did they do to you? did they shut you up, or make you go to bed and lie all day, and live on bread and water, or learn a great many extra lessons, or hymns, or chapters from the Bible?"

"I received little correction for my faults, either at home or at school, but my Father in Heaven punished me."

Rosa looked surprised. "What did He do to you, Miss Ida?"

"He humbled my pride, Rosa; He made me feel that in this world, I had no home and no parents, and that I must look to Him alone for care and protection."

"And did you love God the better because he punished you, my dear Miss Ida? I love best those who are kind to me."

"But, my child, did you never think that kindness is often shown, in making you suffer?"

"How can that be?"

"You remember, Rosa, when you were so ill last summer, that the doctor gave you bitter medicine which made you well; was he not kinder in doing this, than if he had given you sugar plums, which would have been pleasant to taste, but would

have increased your disease? So our Father in Heaven sends bitter trials to those he loves, that he may cure them of mental diseases."

"But could not God make us good, without the bitter medicines, if he wished?"

"God leaves us to our own choice as to our conduct; if he acted for us, or made us act, we should not be as now, free agents; we should be like machines,—but we have souls, and our actions must be governed by our own wishes, or we should deserve no reward, we should merit no punishment, there would be no such thing as good or evil. We do not think the fragrant flower, the luscious fruit, or the beautiful landscape, deserving our love and esteem, on account of its perfection, which is merely physical;—but moral goodness commands our regard, because we know it proceeds from choice, or principle. Should I care for the love of my little Rosa, if I did not think it came from her own heart; that she loves me voluntarily, and not because she is acted upon like a machine, and made to be affectionate?"

"Rosa, Rosa Lansing, come here," cried a little girl from an adjoining room, "Abigail Pry says she wants to tell you a secret that she has just heard from Dolly Crump."

"Shall I go, Miss Ida?" said little Rosa, "I believe you do not think those girls are good companions for me;—I have heard their sisters were unkind to you, and very troublesome in school; and some of the elder girls say they are just like their sisters."

"They are not always good children—but you had better go, as they ask to see you; yet I should not wish you to be made a confidant of their secrets;—and never promise not to reveal what they tell you, for it might be something which it would

not be right for you to conceal. When I was of your age it is true I suffered much from the teasing, ill-natured dispositions of the sisters of these children, but it was all for my good that I met with trials. You may go now, Rosa, Miss Landon and myself have an engagement this evening. Remember that you cannot be good, without you *try* to be so, and that our own characters are much as we make them."

"Good bye, dear Miss Ida," said Rosa, "I had rather hear you talk, than to play with any of the little girls; I am always best when I am with you."

"Good bye, my sweet little friend, may you never need severe trials to make you what you should be."

Ida looked after the little girl as she playfully ran along the passage, and the sad feeling arose that her youthful buoyancy must be so soon checked by the stern realities of life. She did not like for her the companionship of the two girls who had succeeded their sisters, Sally and Maria as pupils in the school, and who like them were addicted to tattling and mischief.

In a few minutes, Rosa came running till she was out of breath, and interrupted Ida's meditations by exclaiming, "Oh, Miss Ida, Abigail Pry says that Doll [redacted] has just received a letter from her sister Maria; and she has written to her, that your brother, Mr. Louis Norman, is engaged to the rich Miss Selby—that this is the talk of the whole city; and also thinks Miss Laura Landon will feel very unhappy, when she knows about it."

"Hush, Rosa, dear, do not repeat such nonsense; I am astonished that Miss Crump should be writing in this way to her sister, a little school girl."

"I am sure, Miss Ida, we all think Miss Laura Landon and

your brother were made for each other; and should not think he would choose Miss Julia Selby, just because she is rich."

" You, little girls should not be thinking about such things, Rosa. My brother has been long attached to Miss Landon and Miss Selby, as friends, and for my sake. Do not, my child, listen to those who would fill your little head with idle stories about that of which they can know nothing."

Ida then went to seek Laura Landon, who, like herself, was still an inmate of Mrs. Newton's family, and a teacher in the school. She knocked gently at Laura's door; no one spake, she attempted to open it, but found it locked. In a moment, however, Laura opened the door, she had evidently been weeping, though she attempted to conceal this from Ida's observation by averting her face, as if busied with some arrangements about the room. "Laura, dear Laura," said Ida, "what has happened? you cannot deceive me, you have been weeping; are we not friends, and should I not share your sorrows, if you have any? Has any thing happened to Willie? It is but a few days since we heard that he and Frank Selby were well, and hastening their preparations to return home."

" You saw my brother's letter from Italy, Ida. I have had no later intelligence."

" But I thought you were putting a letter in your pocket as I entered;—pardon me, my dear Laura, you know I ever conceal any thing from you; and should we not still confide in one another, as we have ever done?"

Laura embraced Ida affectionately,—" Do not speak thus," said she, " there may, sometimes, be feelings in our hearts which we would hide even from ourselves; and such only would I keep from your knowledge, my best and dearest friend. But Ida

why are you not dressing for Julia's birth-night party? Mrs. Newton always likes to go early, and you have so far to go."

" You have not yet commenced your own toilette, Laura."

" Will you not excuse me to-night, dear Ida? I have some things to do at home, and if you go with Mrs. Newton, the Hall will be well represented there. I am sure no one will observe my absence."

" That is the most unkind speech, dear Laura, I ever heard you make. What can have given you such sad and distrustful feelings? You know that Julia would be much hurt, should you not go."

" No, Ida, I do not know that;—Julia Selby, the reigning belle of New York, cannot think of us, as we think of her; it is impossible she should not be affected by the homage she receives. She is beautiful, accomplished, amiable, and rich,—no shade of sorrow has ever yet darkened her heart. May she never need trials to refine or elevate her character! For this world, Julia is perfect; but she has never yet felt that this world is not her home. If my prayer for her might be granted, she would ever be preserved from sorrow, and her spirit perfected without being obliged to pass through the fiery furnace of affliction. Julia was ever kind to the poor obscure, Laura Landon, and Heaven forbid she should not rejoice in her felicity! But, Ida, I would that I might be excused from going out to-night. Yet I fear it would grieve Mrs. Newton should I decline going; and you, dear Ida, wish me to go; so I will make the effort, though, indeed, my head aches sadly."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF JULIA SELBY.—STATE OF AFFAIRS
BETWEEN LOUIS NORMAN AND LAURA LANDON.

JULIA SELBY had made a brilliant entrée into society, and was then, "the bright, particular star" among the throngs who crowded the gay saloons of New York. She had never, herself, known that she was fond of admiration until the danger came. Naturally generous and noble in her disposition, she had, in her school days, ever been ready to take the part of the injured, and had held herself above the petty jealousies which would often break out among her school-companions. Her correct deportment, her generous friendship for those whom it was in her power to serve, and her command over her own passions, gained for Julia Selby the praise of all whose praise she valued.

But though by human eye, the fault was unseen, though by herself it was unsuspected; in the sight of Him who searcheth the heart, she was guilty of a sin that dimmed the lustre of her virtues, and took from them their chief merit;—an inordinate love of praise, worldly ambition, and the desire for admiration, were the ruling passions of her soul. At school, she had been greatly influenced by the power which Mrs. Newton wielded over her mind. To render herself such as *she* could love and esteem, to come up to *her* standard of perfection, was then her aim. She imbibed her tastes and modes of thinking to a certain degree, and often said, "when I leave school, I will

consult Mrs. Newton about my course in life; I will still be under her guidance."

Mrs. Newton loved her gifted and obedient pupil with a mother's tenderness, but she never felt that she was possessed of the master-key of her mind. She sought to lead her to religion as the source of all true happiness; but here her efforts were baffled. Julia agreed to all matters of faith, gave serious attention to all the external duties of religion; but she shrank from that meek and child-like reception of divine truth which works silently and deeply in the heart, and purifies the affections. Under the plea that she was not as good as she should be, she forbore to claim the privilege of enrolling herself among the professing children of God; always saying, that she only deferred it, until "a more convenient season."

It was not without fears and misgivings, that Mrs. Newton saw her lovely pupil go from her care, to encounter the flatteries and temptations incident to her position in society, as the only daughter of the rich Mr. Selby, known as one of the millionaires of the city.

The death of her mother, which occurred about two years before Julia left school had been felt by her as a deep affliction; but such events, when not followed by any change of condition or loss of fortune, do not always make a lasting impression on the young mind. Julia had loved her mother tenderly, and shed bitter tears over her grave; but grief in the heart of the young, is soon effaced by new scenes, and new events.

Julia Selby, her own mistress, with uncontrolled power over her father's affections and purse, and urged on by an unbounded ambition, stood in a dangerous position. She still, often asked Mrs. Newton's advice; she still loved her early friends, Laura Landon and Ida Norman; and often stole away from the

fascinations of society, to spend a quiet day at Science Hall. But her visits became less and less frequent, and the perfect confidence which had existed between her friends at the Hall and herself, seemed gradually on the wane.

The success of Louis Norman as a lawyer had been brilliant, and whenever he appeared in society he commanded attention and respect. It became very evident to Laura Landon that Julia Selby was desirous of interesting Louis, and she, who was too humble in her pretensions to believe for a moment that Louis would not prefer Julia to herself, had sought to repress a growing partiality for him, and prudently avoided as much as possible occasions of meeting him, or being in his society. Louis in reference to this manner reproached Laura for her coldness, avowing, in plain terms, that she had long been an object of deep, and peculiar interest to him. "I only wait," he said, "to have the unhappy fate of my father ascertained, and to see his affairs honorably settled, in order to place myself at your disposal for life."

Relying fully on the honor of Louis Norman, Laura after such a declaration, had allowed greater indulgence to her feelings, and friendship had gradually ripened into emotions of a more tender kind. Louis and Laura often strolled at the evening hour by the sea beach, or seated on some projecting rock, watched the ebbing or flowing tides, or marked the phosphorescent lights sparkling in the wake of some solitary vessel ploughing the waves;—the starry host of heaven suggested themes for conversation, the little floweret in the cleft of the rock, the single towering elm left alone to tell of past generations; the pebble washed on shore by a chance wave,—any thing, and every thing was to their contemplative minds suggestive, sometimes of poetical, often of pious sen-

timents. Of the future they thought little; the present filled their hearts.

Louis brought books to Laura, which they read together; and music with

“Its linked sweetness long drawn out,”

lent its charm to unite their spirits in sweeter harmony.

“Earth, air and ocean, each their pleasure gave;
Not less the humble glow-worm lighting up its torch,
Than gilded heaven, with all its brilliant fires.”

Louis had no other prospect before him, but that of making his way in life by his own talents and industry. Laura also was poor; there was, therefore, no inequality in their conditions.

Ida never seemed happier, than when she saw her brother and her friend happy in the society of each other. Thus had stood affairs between Louis Norman and Laura Landon, when Ida discovered the latter weeping in secret.

A letter had, in due course of mail, been received by Laura, the superscription of which suggested the well-known hand of Louis. They had never corresponded by letter, but Laura, from his professions, was justified in expecting a more explicit declaration. It was, therefore, with a light heart, and a glowing cheek, that she opened this letter, which she deemed the harbinger of future happiness;—the first sentence almost petrified her with astonishment;—indignant, she cast the letter from her, and for a few minutes she might have been taken for a marble statue, so cold, pale and motionless, she sat; but summoning resolution, she at length finished reading the epistle, which ran thus:—

“I am sorry, Miss Landon, to be obliged to address you these

lines, but having observed in you various indications of partiality for me, I think it right to inform you that it will be in vain for you to hope to gain my affections. Had you wealth, I acknowledge I might think a future connexion desirable, but my own want of fortune renders it the more necessary that I should select for my future companion in life, one who can remedy this deficiency. I hope this honorable avowal on my part, will not interrupt the friendship which has existed between you and my sister, as I should be very unwilling to believe that your professed attachment to her, had been founded on the hope of obtaining the hand of her brother. With esteem, I am respectfully yours, etc.

"LOUIS NORMAN."

Again did Laura, scarcely knowing what she did, cast the note from her, regarding it with that kind of horror which one would feel to see a venomous reptile crawling near his person, from which he has no hope of escape. Tears at length came to her relief, and she wept long and bitterly over the wreck of cherished hopes; and what was even more agonizing than slighted love, the loss of esteem for one whose character she had long regarded with the highest degree of admiration.

Laura wished not that Ida should see her tears; she would not pain the heart of her friend by exposing her brother's meanness; and when obliged to admit her into her apartment, she sought to conceal her grief and agitation. At first, she thought it would not be possible for her to go to the birth-night party. Louis was to be there, he had promised to be in waiting for them in the vestibule. How could she meet him, with her present feelings; or how could she summon fortitude to go

at all? But this was not Laura's first trial; she had been taught in the school of affliction, and the question, "What ought I to do?" was that which influenced her to action, rather than "What can I do?" or "What would I prefer to do?" So she determined to dress for the party, and not to disappoint the kind Mrs. Newton, or render Ida unhappy by her refusal to go.

Though Mrs. Newton had little taste for gay society she was too deeply interested in her former, beloved pupil, Julia Selby, not to wish to be near, and observe her in her débüt in society. Of all her pupils, Julia had been to Mrs. Newton the most of an enigma. So perfect had she seemed at times, so noble in thought, so amiable in feeling, so generous and lofty in disposition and principle, that one might almost have deemed, she was exempt from any blemish of human infirmity. But the question would oft arise in the anxious mind of Mrs. Newton, "Is her heart deeply imbued with these good qualities, or do they merely adorn the surface?" She knew that Julia had read many works of imagination, and sometimes feared that she studiously modeled her character after the heroines of romance. Year after year, had Mrs. Newton found Julia Selby the same attentive listener to her counsels and instruction, the same lovely and interesting girl, attracting the attention of strangers by her intelligence and ease of manners, and carefully attending to her required duties, a pattern and example to her companions. But the motive, the end and aim of all, was not fully understood by Mrs. Newton; and much she feared the effect of the world, and its allurements upon the heart of Julia.

The affection of Miss Selby for her two school friends, Ida Norman and Laura Landon, often led her to solicit their society,

and Mrs. Newton was not unwilling to permit them to see enough of fashionable life to form their opinions as to its effects on human happiness. She was satisfied with regard to them, that they would never become intoxicated with pleasure, so as to forget the claims of duty, or put to shame their christian profession. With a mother's pride, she desired too, that they might have an opportunity of being seen to advantage, conscious that their personal attractions and their accomplishments would not pass unnoticed.

CHAPTER XXV.

JULIA SELBY'S PARTY.

MRS. NEWTON's carriage drove up to the brilliantly lighted, town residence of Mr. Selby, in Mannering Place, at nine o'clock, and the ladies were met in the entrance by Louis Norman. He shook hands with Mrs. Newton, saluted Ida affectionately, and coldly bowed to Laura from whose cheeks the wonted roseate tint had faded, leaving them colorless as Parian marble.

"What ails you, dear Laura?" whispered Ida, as they went into the dressing-room to lay aside their wrappings; "you have not spoken during the whole drive, and you have lost all your color. Why did you and Louis meet so coldly?"

"Nothing, Ida, nothing ails me; if you love me, do not notice my appearance;—Mrs. Newton will hear you and will become alarmed."

Mrs. Newton did not hear, but she saw that Laura was pale, and attributing her indisposition to the motion of the carriage, led her to an open window. Laura soon affirmed that she felt quite well, and was ready to go to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Newton entered the drawing-room with Miss Landor, while Mr. Norman and his sister followed. Ida had insisted that Laura should enter with her brother; Laura said coldly, she preferred to go with Mrs. Newton, and Louis very formally remarked, that the ladies could arrange the matter as they thought proper. Mrs. Newton was surprised at the *nonchalance* of Louis, and still more at what she deemed Laura's *caprice*.

so unlike any thing in her conduct she had ever before witnessed; but there was no time for remark or inquiry, and they passed with the crowd into the reception-room.

Julia Selby, amidst all the splendors of as elegant a suite of rooms as New York could furnish, and standing amidst an admiring circle of its *élite*, saw her friends advance, with a sweet and *becoming* smile.—To honor and love a woman like Mrs. Newton, was to reflect honor upon herself; and to have two such lovely friends as Ida and Laura, was a proof that she did not fear being eclipsed by their beauty, and was above the meanness of envy. Moreover, the dignity and grace of Mrs. Newton, the loveliness of Laura, the blonde, and Ida the brunette, were additions to the *tout ensemble* of her *soirée*. There was the greater *éclat*, as hers were the only parties that Mrs. Newton, with her two admired *protégées*, ever attended.

But a belle at her own birth-night celebration could not be expected to bestow more than a passing attention upon any female friends;—and Miss Selby, lustrous with rich jewels, and radiant with smiles and animation, taking the proffered arm of Mr. Norman, moved with queenly dignity to meet a party who had just entered the saloon, and were advancing towards her.

"How beautifully Julia looks to night," said Ida in a low tone to Laura.

"Oh, very sweetly, she is always lovely," was the answer, "and no wonder that she is loved;" the sigh that accompanied this remark, was so low and smothered that Ida heard not its faintest breath.

But hark! "what fairy-like music," steals upon the ear? Julia Selby is at the harp, and by her side stands Louis Norman:—a shade of sadness, at variance with the gay scene, passes over his fine features but soon disappears; and, as he

turns over the music, he bends and whispers to Julian, words which bring a brighter carnation to her cheeks.

"Who is that elegant young man standing by Miss Selby?" said a gentleman near Laura Landon, to a lady who was leaning on his arm.

"Is it possible, Mr. Binns, you do not know Mr. Norman, the young lawyer, who has recently made himself so distinguished at the bar, by his eloquence? Though he has but just completed his studies, he is becoming quite celebrated, or *admirous*, as I heard a boarding-school girl lately say of an illustrious man. I dare say you recollect the clamor which, a few years since, was raised against the father of this gentleman, who was at one time a leading politician; but he was sent on a foreign mission, and suddenly disappeared, nobody knew how, or where."

"You must not go very far back, Miss Ninns, if you expect me to remember; I rank myself among the juveniles."

"Oh, yes, you have done that these thirty years Mr. Binns."

"To your certain knowledge and observation, Miss Ninns; is it not so?"

"Suppose we change the subject, Mr. Binns; you know we should never make disagreeable allusions, especially in society."

"Those that live in glass houses," you know, Miss Ninns."

"I declare, Mr. Binns, you are getting worse, and worse," and Miss Ninns, in affected anger, patted his arm with her feather-tipped fan; "but hark, Miss Selby is going to sing again, and young Norman is all attention."

"He seems the favored admirer," said Mr. Binns, "they are certainly a superb looking couple."

"I have heard," said Miss Ninns, "that Mr. Norman is

engaged to a young lady residing with Mrs. Newton at Science Hall, I believe a kind of teacher there, but I dare say it is mere rumor, he certainly appears very devoted to Miss Selby."

Laura had turned towards a window, and was stooping to inhale the fragrance of a vase of heliotropes and moss-rose buds, when this remark was made;—to her relief, Mr. Binns and Miss Ninn soon walked towards the harp, and her agitation passed unnoticed.

Mrs. Newton was conversing with friends whom she had not met for some time, and Ida, who had been urged by Laura to leave her at the conservatory window, had joined a party in an adjoining saloon. Thus was Laura left to bear, as well as she might, with no relief nor support, the painfulness of her situation. While watching for an opportunity to escape from the room without observation, she saw Julia Selby and Louis Norman advancing towards her.

"My dear Laura," said the former, "why are you alone among so many beaux? but you must come and take my place at the harp, for Mr. Norman insists that I must dance with him the next quadrille, and you know he dances so seldom, I cannot refuse. Mr. Harcourt begs the honor of conducting you to the harp. I am happy, Mr. Harcourt, to introduce you to my very particular friend, Miss Landou."

Laura made a strong effort to control her feelings, and without a glance at Louis, took the proffered arm of Mr. Harcourt. Instead of singing, which she felt to be impossible, she played a popular march; and then, little heeding the compliments of Mr. Harcourt, desired that gentleman to conduct her to Mrs. Newton.

The striking beauty of Ida Norman commanded much atten-

tion, and she had little opportunity during the evening of observing Laura, or the sadness which, notwithstanding all her efforts, had appeared in her countenance. Sick at heart, and exhausted with her efforts to disguise her feelings, Laura requested Mrs. Newton's permission to call their carriage that she might go to her mother's residence to pass the night, as it was nearer than the Hall, and she still felt indisposed.

Mrs. Newton called Louis desiring him to order their carriage and to accompany Laura home, intending herself to go also; Ida too insisted on leaving the party with them, but Laura begged Mrs. Newton and Ida to remain, that her going before supper might be the less observed. Mrs. Newton now suspecting that something unpleasant had taken place between her and Louis, was glad to give them an opportunity for an explanation.

They proceeded for a time in painful silence; at length, Louis remarked, "You may be pleased to know, Miss Landon, that I have, to-day, received a letter from your brother, in which he tells me, that having accomplished in Italy, the mercantile negotiations for the firm of Selby & Co., and visited some of the interesting works of art in the principal cities, he intends returning soon."

"Oh, that he were here!" said Laura, "he has been gone so long."

"Length of time to me," said Louis, "seems not to depend on days, or years, but events,—sudden changes make us seem to have lived years, in moments; but of all things, a change in the feelings of those we love, is that which most embitters life!"

"Do you think so?" asked Laura, scarcely knowing what she said; "I am sorry, Mr. Norman, you left the company to

come with me, it was not necessary you should have done so;—but there is my mother's cottage, with a glimmering night-lamp in the little parlor."

The carriage stopped, Louis assisted the trembling Laura to alight, and as they walked across the little court-yard, he said, "I well remember the first time I came here, I was then, friendless and unhappy. Since then my fortunes have changed, but I am, at this moment, more wretched than I was then, for I was cheered by hope, and confided in the affections of those I loved."

"Can there be love without *fortune*?" said Laura, ironically, and with emphasis.

"Such a sentiment from you, Laura, I had not expected; but henceforth I will trust to no one; even your brother who has been my bosom friend for so many years, may become my bitterest enemy."

"My brother's principles, Mr. Norman, will secure you from his enmity, though he will doubtless feel sensibly, the insult you have this day offered his sister."

Louis thunder-struck, found himself standing alone on the steps of Mrs. Landon's house. Laura had rung the bell, Serena had opened the door, and the cold "good-night" of the former sounded in his ears, as the door closed and the bolts on the inside were drawn, sounding most harshly upon his ears.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MYSTERY THICKENS.—A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S OPINION OF A COQUETTE.

Mrs. Newton and Ida Norman called early on the following morning at Mrs. Landon's to inquire after Laura;—the agitation of the previous day, with her unnatural energy and forced composure, had thrown her into a fever; a physician who had been called in, had prescribed rest, and ordered that the patient should see no one but her attendants, pronouncing that there was great danger of brain-fever.

Mrs. Landon could only say in explanation, that soon after Laura arrived at home the night before, from Miss Selby's party, she was seized with chills and spasmodic affections, which were followed by fever and a tendency to delirium. Ida begged Mrs. Landon to allow her to remain and assist Serena in the kitchen, that Mrs. Landon might the better devote her whole attention to the care of Laura. "I can also sometimes watch her when she is asleep," said Ida, "and be ready, as soon as the doctor will permit, to assist in nursing her."

Mrs. Newton with a heavy heart left Mrs. Landon's, fearing greatly the result of so violent an attack; but her duties called her home, and she could do no good by staying. As she seated herself in her carriage, she thought of Louis Norman, and the singular manner in which he and Laura had met, after so many years of friendship, and for some time of apparent mutual attachment.

"Drive to the office of Ashburn & Norman," said Mrs. Newton to her coachman.

On arriving there, she was informed that Mr. Norman was ill, and could see no one. Mrs. Newton sent in her name, and was immediately admitted into an apartment fitted up with exquisite taste, with books, pictures, statuary, and the portrait of the elder Mr. Norman still occupying the same place as when Louis first entered this room.

"And is this your sanctum, Louis?" said Mrs. Newton.

"Mr. Ashburn," replied Louis, "has resigned to me this pleasant apartment, with the entire charge of the business affairs of the office."

"A great proof of confidence in one so young, for you are yet young Louis, to occupy so high a position. Mr. Ashburn's reputation is unsurpassed by any in the profession.—But I am sorry to hear that you are indisposed this morning. I have just left our dear Laura, quite ill,—the physician says with a brain-fever."

"A brain-fever, Mrs. Newton, is it possible!"

"Louis, since your father committed you to my care, I have watched over you with a mother's tenderness, I am now about to use a mother's freedom,—bear with me while I ask you some questions, and answer me candidly. Why did you meet Laura so coldly last night at Mr. Selby's, has she given you any cause of offence?"

Louis walked the room for several minutes, much agitated, and without speaking; then taking from his pocket a letter, he handed it to Mrs. Newton. "I acknowledge, dear madam," said he, "your claim upon my confidence; and as the friend and protectress of Laura Landon, you ought, also to be made acquainted with the contents of this letter which I received yesterday, and which has rendered me wretched beyond any power of description. Indeed, I have been ready a thousand

times to believe it a forgery, and but for Laura's coldness when we first met last night, and her singular behavior afterwards, with her strange charges and insinuations, I would have thrown the letter into the fire, and tried to forget it."

Mrs. Newton took the letter and read as follows :

"To LOUIS NORMAN, Esq.

"Sir :—You have, I perceive, flattered yourself with the thought that I am interested in you, but you are mistaken. Had you a fortune, I would be willing to marry you; but you permit your sister to be a teacher, which shows you to be mean-spirited. If I have ever encouraged your addresses, it was with certain views and expectations of your father's return to the country, and clearing up his character; but there seems no prospect of this, and I do not wish you to think of me more, nor ever to speak to me on the subject of this letter,—my resolution is unalterable. If we meet at Miss Selby's party, it must be as mere acquaintances; I wish the public to be undeceived in respect to our mutual relations.

"With unalterable resolution,

Laura Landon."

"Is it possible Louis," said Mrs. Newton almost in anger, "that you could, for one moment, have believed this production, coarse and low as it is, to have emanated from one so delicate, refined, and noble hearted as Laura Landon ? It is a base forgery, and you should have known it for such." "Blame me as you will, my dearest madam, the more, the better," said Louis grasping her hand, "for, oh, if I could but forget this troubled dream of yesterday and last night, I might again be happy; at least," added he with a sigh, "as happy as I can ever hope, or desire to be, while the fate of my unhappy father

remains a mystery. But Mrs. Newton, this is surely Laura's writing; you know she has a peculiar hand, difficult to imitate, and besides, who could wish to injure one so meek and unpretending, or to inflict a wound like this upon my feelings! I did not know that I had an enemy in the world."

"It is a very close imitation of her hand, and it might well have deceived you, only you ought, almost to have doubted the evidence of your senses, rather than to have condemned one whose whole life and character have been free from all reproach. The signature was doubtless traced over her own writing, which might easily have been done, as the paper is so thin. Give me the letter, and I will endeavor to find out the author or authors. I strongly suspect two former pupils, who have been the occasion of much trouble to me, and annoyance to the different members of my family. One of them readily imitated almost any writing, and formerly showed, a great propensity to do mischief in this way."

"But Laura's conduct towards me last night, how can that be accounted for?"

"Is it not possible, that she too may have been imposed on in a similar manner; and that your coldness confirmed the idea she might have had of your own change of feelings? You were very marked in your attentions to Miss Selby last evening; and I doubt not, by this time, the news has gone forth that you are a candidate for the favor of the rich heiress. Are there no attractions to you, Louis, in the splendid fortune of Julia, united as it is with rich personal and mental endowments?"

"Spare me, my dear madam, spare me," said Louis; "is it possible that you do not know me better than to suppose my heart could be bartered away for gold? I admire the wit and elegance of Miss Selby;—I formerly thought more highly of

her moral qualities than I do at present, for it is but too evident, that like Alexander, she is never satisfied with conquest. Piqued by the contents of this hateful letter, and most of all by the allusion to my father, I stooped for once to act the hypocrite, and bowed to the bright star of the evening."

"But Louis," said Mrs. Newton, "was it right for you to deceive Julia with respect to your feelings, and thus endanger her future happiness?"

"You need have no fears, Mrs. Newton," replied Louis, "for Julia Selby's heart; had you not been blinded by your partiality for your pupil, (excuse my freedom) you would, before this, have seen that she is too great an admirer of herself, too fond of the homage of the many, to be in danger from that passion which leads the thoughts from self, to the beloved object. But I trust you will now absolve me for what may have seemed wrong in my behavior last night, both as respects Laura and Miss Selby; your supposition that Laura also, may have been imposed upon with a forged letter, would solve the mystery in respect to her conduct; I fear she has indeed been unhappy.—How could I have believed, for a moment, such sentiments were ever expressed by her? But can I not see Laura?"

"No, Louis, not at present; I have not been permitted myself, to see her this morning; but Ida remains to assist and comfort her mother."

"Dear, kind sister," exclaimed Louis, "how much do I owe her!"

"I must now go," said Mrs. Newton rising, "but compose yourself, or you, too, will have a brain-fever. Did you get any sleep last night?"

"I was in no state of mind to sleep."

"I advise you now to take some rest, you may depend on having every thing explained. After dinner, you can call at Mrs. Landou's; by that time, Laura will, I doubt not, have become more composed, and I hope, may be well enough to receive, and to make all necessary explanation."

"Words are too feeble to express my thanks to you, my ever dear friend, my more than mother," said Louis, "you have removed from my heart, by your suggestions and assurances, a burden which was insupportable."

"I need no thanks Louis, I only wish to see you all happy, and I may add, *doing right*. But take care of yourself, and meet me at Mrs. Landon's this evening, at sun-set."

Mrs. Newton pursued her pleasant ride home, with the consciousness of having prevented evil, and of being made an instrument, in the hands of Providence, of promoting the happiness of others.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BELLE AT HER MORNING RECEPTION.—THE DISAPPOINTMENT.—
SECRET MUSINGS.—DETERIORATION OF CHARACTER, OR THE SAD
EFFECTS OF VANITY.

THE morning after Miss Selby's splendid party, her drawing-room, at two o'clock, began to fill with gentlemen, who according to etiquette, called to learn the state of her health after the excitement of the party. She was elegantly attired, in a morning costume of studied and becoming negligence, and her face was radiant with smiles.

Her lively wit, and pleasant conversation charmed many an admirer, who came to the conclusion, that Miss Selby would be very well, even without a fortune, but that with one, was quite irresistible. Many visitors had come and gone, and as each new comer was announced, Julia began to appear anxious, and to look more and more eagerly towards the door;—and when the calling hour had passed, and the hope of seeing Louis Norman was dispelled, her spirits sank. She scarcely attempted to disguise her weariness and ennui from the few visitors who still lingered; and as the last one departed, she gave way to her feelings of mortification and wounded pride,—throwing herself upon a sofa, and covering her face with her hands, she mentally exclaimed, “Why should he, whom most I wished to see, have absented himself at this time? Louis Norman, last night, for the first time, gave me his attention—after so long endeavoring to interest him, success seemed to have crowned my efforts, his reserve and coldness vanished, he left Laura Landon to be by my side; almost for the first time, he seemed

delighted with my singing, and to admire the beautiful style of my dress. For his attention, I sacrificed that of others; he must have seen it, and yet he fails to come at this time when he knows I should expect him! What will be thought of his absence? But perhaps, he wishes to see me alone. He certainly would not have left the party with Laura Landon, if Mrs. Newton had not requested it. But he might have returned; yet he did not, and he has not chosen to come this morning. What avails to me the profusion of gifts showered upon me on my birth-day, if I am thus to be humiliated, mortified and disappointed? Louis Norman is, I know, proud; perhaps, fearing he may be considered mercenary in seeking my regard, he is sometimes led to avoid me;—possibly, I have not given him sufficient encouragement. He would never be influenced by the motives which actuate many; and it is this belief that leads me to wish to see him among my admirers. Were I without fortune, or any of its advantages, would I fear competition with Laura Landon?" and Julia with a satisfied complacency, mentally compared their persons, talents and accomplishments.

"If Louis Norman, loves Laura Landon," continued Julia, in her soliloquy, "why did he so pointedly neglect her last night? if he does not, why should I have looked in vain, for him this morning?"

Julia did not now, as in past times, ask herself what Mrs. Newton would think of her feelings. She had determined to gain the attentions of Louis Norman, not from any particular regard for him, but from a desire of power over the hearts of others, and for the gratification of vanity; and the less Louis had seemed disposed to yield himself to her sway, the more deeply she had become interested in the siege she had laid upon his heart.

William Landon had been the hero of Julia's early dreams; she had, when a school girl, thought she loved him; and was, even now, awaiting his return from abroad with the fond expectation, that he would, if duly encouraged, become her acknowledged admirer, and consider himself honored, even by being rejected by Miss Selby.

Thus had vanity and ambition made strange havoc in the heart of one, who as a child, and even on the verge of womanhood, had seemed almost a perfect pattern of justice and honor.

She, who had not cared for the pleasures which wealth could purchase, and who had been generous and kind to the children of sorrow, suddenly became a coveter of hearts, a miser in respect to admiration, to gain which, she was not only prodigal of time and money, but sacrificed her best and noblest aspirations. She sacrificed too, her own self-esteem, and when with Ida and Laura, at Science Hall, or in Mrs. Newton's society, she felt that she was changed, and sought to hide from her friends, the dark spot upon her heart.

Julia Selby deceived herself in thinking that she really loved Louis Norman; the difficulty of the conquest only had made her eager to accomplish it. Though she still loved Laura Landon, as far as an *egotist* can love another, and would still, as in former years, have defended her against any one who should speak ill of her, she could not yield to her, on a point where her own pride and ambition were concerned. But Julia Selby, though she had in a degree, lost the noble ingenuousness, and honest simplicity of childhood, did not fully understand the deceitfulness of her own heart;—its envy towards one whom she called her friend, and its grasping desires, which could not be satisfied while one object was beyond her reach. ●

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHY MRS. LANDON PREFERRED HER HUMBLE DWELLING TO A BETTER ONE.—WHY MRS. NEWTON DID NOT LIVE AN EASIER LIFE.—THE MYSTERY OF THE LETTERS SOLVED.—TWO PUPILS DISMISSED.

Mrs. Landon's humble dwelling of former years, endeared to her by many associations was still her home, though her son, now a partner in the great mercantile house of Selby & Co., had often urged her removal to a habitation better fitted to the improved circumstances of the family. But Mrs. Landon said her habits of living in a plain and simple manner, were so fixed, that she preferred to remain in her present situation, at least till William's return from abroad.

The faithful Serena still lived with her: but though a servant, able to do the work of the small household, was now added to it, Serena would scarcely permit any thing to be done without her assistance, or supervision.

Mrs. Landon had permitted Laura to remain with Mrs. Newton beyond the time specified in their arrangement, both for the improvement of her own mind, and because she considered it incumbent on her daughter, to aid in duties which the impaired health and advancing years of her friend and benefactress, rendered more arduous.

From year to year, Mrs. Newton had promised herself and the friends who anxiously regarded the sacrifices she was making, that the next year she would dismiss her school, and allow herself that repose from labor, which the state of her health,

and her advancing age rendered desirable. But as she saw the path of usefulness, widening and extending before her, she deemed this an indication that her Heavenly Father willed for her, farther labors.

The society of her young friends and daughters, as she fondly called Laura and Ida, was to Mrs. Newton a great source of happiness. She had watched the unfolding of their characters with maternal anxiety; with a mother's pride she had marked their maturing virtues and loveliness; and many of her thoughts were occupied in plans for their welfare.

She had hastened homeward, bent on penetrating the mystery of the letter to Louis Norman, and of Laura's unhappiness and illness, with strong suspicions, as to the persons with whom the plot, (for evidently there was a plot,) had originated.

On her arrival at the Hall, she requested that Miss Wentworth, still her assistant and trust-worthy friend, might be called to her apartment; to her she showed the letter which had been sent to Louis, and explained the circumstances connected with it; inquiring of Miss Wentworth, whether she had observed, on the preceding day, any thing peculiar in Laura Landon's conduct or appearance.

Miss Wentworth informed Mrs. Newton, that when the post-boy delivered his letters, one of the girls said, "Here is a letter for Miss Landon, superscribed in a gentleman's hand, let me carry it to her, for I do believe it is from Mr. Norman;" that soon after this, she saw Dolly Crump open a letter, and after reading it hastily, she heard her exclaim, "No, indeed, I do not believe Mr. Norman would write to Miss Landon, for I have just received a letter from my sister Maria, in which she says, that Mr. Louis Norman is engaged to the beautiful and rich Miss Sulby."

Miss Wentworth further informed Mrs. Newton that having soon after occasion to go to Laura's room, she found her in tears with a letter in her hand. "Begging her," said Miss Wentworth, to communicate to me the cause of her grief, she put into my hand a letter, saying, 'when you have read this, you can judge whether I have not cause to weep. An insult from such a source, who would have expected!'"

Miss Wentworth producing the letter which was soiled with tears, Laura had left in her possession, observed, "the more I reflect, the more strongly am I led to think there is some iniquity connected with this letter; though at first, I was so confounded that I could say nothing, knowing as I do, that Julia Selby has long sought to divert the attentions of Louis to herself, and that, what she attempts, she usually succeeds in."

Mrs. Newton and Miss Wentworth, were astonished to find the imitation (for such they doubted not it was,) of Louis Norman's hand so very accurate. And on comparing with Laura's writing, the letter which Louis had received with her signature, they wondered not that both had been deceived.

"Have you any idea, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Newton, "who could have conceived and executed such an iniquitous plot as this, to destroy the happiness of two worthy young persons?"

"I have," replied Miss Wentworth, "a strong suspicion that this is the work of that malicious Maria Crump. You know her envious disposition; and especially how much ill-will she manifested towards Laura and Ida, during the whole time she was here; and that persecutions have not ceased since she left school. She was not, of course, invited to Julia Selby's party, and her wicked imagination set itself to work;—she could not endure to think that Laura would be there, attended by Louis Norman. Among her few accomplishments, you may remem-

ber she had the faculty of imitating the hand writing of others with surprising exactness, and that she was frequently detected in writing anonymous, and forged letters, to the school girls, and even to persons in the city."

"It is sad indeed, dear Miss Wentworth, to think of such depravity among the young, and especially those who have enjoyed advantages for moral instruction; of all our pupils, Maria Crump and Sally Pry, were the only ones, who seemed wholly beyond the reach of moral culture. This affair decides me as to a course upon which I have for some time reflected; which is, to dismiss from school those two younger girls, who, I fear are no better than their sisters;—though unwilling to give up any pupil as incorrigible, I have no moral right to expose others to the certain contagion of bad example."

"I have been disposed to advise to this measure for some time," said Miss Wentworth, "for those younger sisters, one would think, were kept here as spies upon us all. Shall I send to-day, to have them taken home?"

"I must first write to their parents," replied Mrs. Newton "as soon as I can find time. But I am very anxious to know how Laura is, and to relieve her mind from its burden of sorrow, by exculpating the noble and generous Louis from the disgrace of being the author of a gross insult."

"Do you not think, Mrs. Newton," said Miss Wentworth, "that Julia Selby should be cautioned respecting her very marked preference for Louis Norman, since she has every reason to believe his affections are engaged? I used to doubt whether she preferred him or William Landon, but since the latter went abroad, I have observed she takes much pains to attract Louis. Ought she not to be advised on the subject?"

"How could any advice have been given, my dear Miss

Wentworth, so long as affairs were in a state of suspense? Louis was determined to place himself in a situation to live independently, before attempting to seek the affections of any one,—and, moreover, he desired to take further measures for learning the fate of his father, before forming new ties. His own deep interest in Laura Landon, and his ingenuous disposition, had rendered it difficult to conceal from her the state of his affections, as he had intended for a time; at least, so I inferred from his own candid avowal to me, and from Laura's remarks. But I was not authorized to say to Julia Selby, she could not win the affections of young Norman; all I could do, was to tell her, in general terms, what I thought of the relation existing between him and Laura, and, moreover, to caution her against indulging an attachment for any gentleman, until certain of his preference for her. But I fear that Julia may, one day suffer from her desire of power over the affections of others. Most deeply do I regret that her heart has hitherto steeled itself against those religious influences, which alone could have checked her inordinate thirst for admiration, and directed the energies of her mind to ennobling pursuits; alas! the world has found in her heart, but too favorable a soil for the growth of poisonous weeds, which more and more choke the good seed we so long strove to sow. Poor Julia! her trials are yet to come; she is, I fear, preparing them; and bitter will they be to one so wholly unused to defeat or disappointment."

CHAPTER XXIX.

IDA NORMAN IN THE KITCHEN.—MRS. NEWTON'S FEARS.—A DECLARATION.

AGAIN was Mrs. Newton seated in Mrs. Landon's parlor. She found Laura much refreshed by sleep, and able to sit up. Mrs. Landon had been so greatly shocked by her daughter's sudden illness, and her singular appearance on returning from the party, that her usual fortitude had nearly deserted her. She forbore to question Laura, because she saw that whatever might be the cause of her distress, it was something she wished to conceal;—but now that her child was better, and her countenance though sad, was again serene, Mrs. Landon's composure had returned; and she met her dear, and tried friend, Mrs. Newton, with her usual sweet smile, and affectionate welcome.

"And where is Ida?" said Mrs. Newton, after Mrs. Landon had informed her that Laura was now reclining on a couch in her bed-room, having insisted on being permitted to rise, and put on a dressing gown; "I hope Ida has made herself useful."

"Oh, she is with Serena in the kitchen;" replied Mrs. Landon, smiling, "you know Serena will not give up to any servant the care of preparing our meals, and Ida insisted on having the direction of the dinner to-day. You will be an unexpected guest, for you will, of course, spend the day with us."

"Certainly, I would not fail to partake of Ida's dinner," said Mrs. Newton. "She has great fondness, and talent for domestic management."

"She has a talent for every thing good, I believe," said Mrs. Landon;—"how unlike she is to her unfortunate mother! She, you know, had little interest in attaining excellence in any thing, save what would tend to promote outward show and worldly distinction. When I behold the gifted and accomplished daughter, so richly endowed with intellectual acquirements, and high moral qualities, and think what she might have been without trials; nay, more, when I reflect upon the blessings, which, in my own case, followed in the train of what, at the time, seemed evil, I can adopt the language of the bard of Avon, who says;

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

"Had Ida remained with her mother," continued Mrs. Landon, "and in a state of prosperity, how unlike to what it now is, would her character have been! What a different woman she will make, with her many trials, aided by your care in her education!"

Leaving the two ladies in the parlor to discuss Ida Norman's excellencies; let us go into the neat, carpeted kitchen, with its brass-headed andirons, its mahogany clock of olden time, and every thing necessary and convenient for culinary purposes.

Ida Norman has borrowed a working apron of Mrs. Landon, and is bustling about with much apparent satisfaction.

"Do you think, Serena," said she, "this turkey is roasted? I have turned and basted it a great deal, and it has been on the fire just two hours, by the clock."

"Yes, Miss Ida, this is nicely done, but we will not take it up until the vegetables are boiled."

"Serena, we have forgotten to make the gravy, let me make it;—where is the sauce-pan, and butter, and flour?"

"Miss Ida please don't pour boiling water on the flour, it will make it hard, so that it will be all in lumps; you must mix it with cold water, and pour in the hot water by degrees."

"That's true, Serena; I learned it in chemistry; but your practical knowledge is worth all the theory in the world; however, I shall remember that next time, and a great many other things you have told me to-day. When I keep house, dear Serena, I hope you will, sometimes, come and instruct me how to do things neatly, for I would like, of all things, to be a good housekeeper."

"Do you expect, to be married, Miss Ida, before Willie comes back from his travels?" said Serena with some emphasis.

"I was not thinking of Willie then," replied Ida, her face looking even redder than the fire would have crimsoned it, "but Serena, I often dream of my dear father, that he has returned to his country, and that we are living in our own beautiful house, or, that which was once ours;—sometimes my mother is there, but I always fancy her as sick, or unable to direct about any thing, and that I have the care of the house, and am very busy trying to make all comfortable and happy; and my dear father and mother, and Louis, all appear delighted; but just as every thing seems nicely settled, I awake, and find it all a dream; and when I recollect that my mother has long since been laid in the grave, that my father is far off, we know not where, nor in what condition; and that strangers now occupy that house, where once our family circle were united, I cannot but weep, and sob like a child."

"Oh, Serena!" cried Ida, "while I have been talking this

custard which I wanted to make so nice, for dear Laura, has burnt. I fear it is spoiled."

"The stove was too hot, Miss Ida."

"I ought to have known that too much talking is not good when one is cooking, but you always listen to me so kindly, and seem to take so much interest in Louis and me—do you remember me, Serena, when I used to come here with my dear mother, and when Willie gave me a white kitten to carry home?"

"Indeed, Miss Ida, I could not forget you; you were a beautiful child, but I thought you very proud. The only time, as I recollect that Master Willie was ever angry with me, was for my saying so—but, dear me, you have put salt enough into that little sauce-pan of soup for Miss Laura, for a gallon!"

"Ah, Serena, don't blame me, my hand trembled, and I spilled the salt over;—but you must never tell Willie of this, that is, if he ever comes back,—I do not know why I have such a forboding, Serena, but I often think Willie will never return;—Europe has been so fatal to those who were dear to me."

"Do you think your father is still living, Miss Ida?" said Serena, in a sympathising voice.

"I have never heard of my father's death, Serena, and such suspense, for so many years, is far more distressing to me, than would be the certainty, that he was not among the living."

Mrs. Newton had noticed with much anxiety that William Landon was often in Ida's thoughts. With his superior excellencies of disposition, his truly elevated character, and his success in business now fully established, he was certainly unobjectionable to Mrs. Newton, highly as she thought of Ida's merits and claims. But the choice which might be made by William

Landon, was, in Mrs. Newton's opinion, an affair of uncertainty. She had seen the effect of the world upon the character of Julia Selby;—she knew human nature;—was it strange that she should sometimes doubt as to the future course of William Landon? traveling as one of the firm of the great house of Selby & Co., with passports of introduction to the first and most refined society, it was doubtful whether he would return with his affections disengaged, or with a preference for any American lady; and if he did, would he not find among the heiresses of New York, some one who would cause him to forget the portionless Ida Norman? Such were some of Mrs. Newton's cogitations, and queries, respecting the future happiness of her adopted child.

Every thing being ready for sending in the dinner, Ida laid aside her apron, and having bathed her face in cool water, and arranged her hair, went to the parlor where she was delighted to find Mrs. Newton, and especially, to learn that she would partake of the dinner she had assisted to prepare.

The simple but excellent repast did credit to the skill of Serena and Ida; it was partaken with thankful hearts, and seasoned with conversation, witty, sentimental and sensible.

Louis Norman arrived at Mrs. Landon's at the appointed hour. Mrs. Newton saw him alone, and to his astonishment and dismay, produced the letter which had been written to Laura, in his name. Had any proof been needed to convince him that the letter he had received was a forgery, this was sufficient. His own hand-writing had been so closely imitated, that he could scarcely have doubted his signature, had it not been appended to such a paper. His cheek burned with vexation, at the thought of such sentiments having been, for a moment, ascribed to him by Laura.

He wished much to see her and explain, but as that was then impossible, he desired Mrs. Newton to do so;—and soliciting a private interview with Mrs. Landon, he expressed to her his strong and deep attachment to her lovely daughter; and his desire to be permitted to regard her, hereafter, as holding to himself a nearer relation than that of his sister's friend.

Mrs. Landon, knowing something of the state of Laura's affections, and having long regarded Louis with the highest confidence and esteem, did not hesitate to encourage him with hope for the future.



IDA NORMAN.

CHAPTER XXX.

SELF-EDUCATION, OR THE EARLY HISTORY OF WILLIAM LANDON.— MERIT REWARDED.

WILLIAM LANDON had entered the establishment of Mr. Selby, as the youngest clerk; whose duty it was, to fold up the goods, keep the store in order, and carry home packages. He had been most thankful for this employment; as the small stipend he received, enabled him to do a little for his mother. At night, as soon as released from duty, he might have been seen engaged in study, under the direction of his mother, whose own thorough education had embraced the classics, as well as the higher departments of English literature. He made more rapid progress than most boys at school; for the reason, that all his faculties were engaged in the work of improvement. He did not sit dozing over his books; but grasped the subjects before him, with the whole force of his intellect. With Laura, on her frequent Saturday visits, he conned at night the lessons she was learning; and, in this way, gained some knowledge of French and Italian, and the first principles of drawing.

After the incidents which brought Louis Norman to seek his friendship, William found new aid and encouragement in his pursuit of knowledge. Louis had been one of the first scholars in his school, especially in the departments of mathematics and the physical sciences, and a new field was opened to William in the study of the books of his friend, and under his direction.

Mr. Ashburn perceiving the intimacy of the young men, and

their manner of employing their leisure time, invited William to visit at his house; and encouraged Louis in spending his leisure evenings with William, at his mother's dwelling.

In early life, Mrs. Ashburn and Mrs. Landon had been visiting acquaintances, and the former, on learning from Louis where Mrs. Landon lived, called to see her with the desire of drawing her out from her obscurity; but though she found her cheerful and even happy, she could not prevail upon Mrs. Landon to return her visits, or consent to renew her intercourse with society. Truly elevated in character, she was above that littleness which seeks to exalt itself by association with those of higher rank. She knew her own position, and was willing others should know it. With her, "*real, and apparent,*" were the same.

Mrs. Landon had sedulously trained up her children to entertain a just pride of character, and to regard as mean and vulgar, all attempts to conceal by artifice and management, the condition, in which, by the appointments of Providence, they might be placed, or any of the accompanying circumstances of that condition. In order to explain her ideas of what was vulgar, Mrs. Landon, in one of her conversations with her children, related the following anecdote: "As I was, in my youth, paying a morning visit to a young married lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance, I chanced to observe from the window, a plain, country looking man, taking from a cart in front of the house, some barrels of apples, tubs of butter, etc. The husband of the lady who was standing by the cart, did not offer to assist the man in lifting out the things, or in carrying them into the house. The lady also looking out of the window, exclaimed, 'Oh, there is the servant of Mr. Smith's mother, he has brought us some nice apples, and other good things from

her farm, Oh, she has such a beautiful country-seat, and such a nice farm!' This servant, I afterwards accidentally learned, was the kind but plain step-father of Mrs. Smith's husband, who was accustomed to bring such presents to the young people, just commencing house-keeping, and, as he knew, with small means, and extravagant notions. I learned too that farmer Digley's wife was herself poor, when the good man gave her a comfortable home, and adopted her son."

"Now, my children," continued Mrs. Landon, "I leave you to say, who were the vulgar in this transaction; whether the gentleman in fine broadcloth, and the lady in silk and laces, or the kind and beneficent farmer in his homespun dress."

Though Mrs. Landon had no desire to enter again a world, which she had found cold and selfish, yet still, with a mother's pride in her children, and consciousness of their talents and native grace and elegance of manners, she looked forward to their future advancement in life—and notwithstanding her piety, and her own bitter experience of the vanity of worldly favor and fortune, she was led to form high expectations for their future lives; and to indulge in weaving from the golden threads of fancy, many a beautiful and gorgeous piece of tapestry, in the foreground of whose scenes, William and Laura occupied the first place,—she, the while, looking on from some unobserved corner, enjoying, but not partaking in their triumphs. We say not, there was no inconsistency in this.—We are describing human nature as it is, not, as in a more perfect state, it might be. Yet, neither would we affirm that Mrs. Landon, as a christian, was wrong in desiring her children's advancement in the world, if procured by honest and honorable means.

As William's character developed itself, his mother was more and more struck with his resemblance, in person and talents, to

his highly gifted father. But, there was a striking difference, in one respect, as his mother rejoiced to see,—William seemed free from morbid sensibility, and, cheerfully, to take the world as he found it;—his father's mind was attuned to a higher key than accorded with the notes of common life; their discord grated harshly on the sensitive nerves of his too delicate mental organization, and this, rather than physical disease, wore out, even in youth, the frail investment of that high-toned, almost celestial spirit.

"Yes," said the fond mother to herself,

"Bright as the manly sire, the son shall be,
In form and face, but ah! more blest than he."

Though William Landon, pursued with ardor and success his literary studies, and drank with undiminished thirst at the fountains of knowledge, in such times as he could be spared from ordinary pursuits; yet, in his business, he was as attentive, as if he had not a single idea beyond the folding up of a parcel, making entries on a ledger, or counting over the contents of the money-drawer;—no fine abstractions were permitted to divert his mind from the actual, and real before him;—nor had any one ever occasion to remark, that, "though William Landon might have talents and genius of some kind, he had none for practical purpose," or in plain terms, that he had, "all kinds of sense but common sense."

Had Mr. Selby seen in him the least want of attention, the least forgetfulness of duty, his own rigid notions would have been offended, and his confidence withdrawn. For years, Mr. Selby observed Landon's actions with that scrutiny which men of the world find necessary, in respect to the capacity, fidelity and honesty of their business-agents. In all this time, William

received no praise from his employer, except the silent approbation expressed in bestowing additional confidence. William Landon had evidently become a favorite with Mr. Selby, who began to entrust him with confidential business, and affairs of importance. At length Mr. Landon was acknowledged as the head-clerk of the great establishment; a promotion which gladdened his heart, more on account of his mother and sister than his own, as the salary he would now receive would enable him to render them important assistance. But he still found time for literary pursuits; and had no difficulty in changing from business to study, and from study to business, but rather found his mind invigorated and refreshed by the variety.

"Mr. Landon," said Mr. Selby one day, after having observed him for some time engrossed in the examination of a huge pile of counting-house books, "you may, if you please, leave that business for a few minutes; I wish to speak with you respecting yourself."

William looked up surprised at such an act of condescension, and a departure from the rule of the house to permit no conversation irrelevant to business, in business-hours.—He bowed respectfully, and placed himself in a listening attitude.

Mr. Selby began;—"I have long observed your habits, Mr. Landon, and am pleased with them, and with your business talents. I think you had better begin to study the French language, as I may wish to send you abroad. Besides, you are too fine a fellow to be always confined to the counting-house, without any opportunity of learning that there is other reading than what exists between the covers of a merchant's books. It is desirable that a merchant should be a gentleman and a scholar. What do you say to commencing a course of classical studies, as well as of modern languages? I am willing to

exempt you from some of your arduous duties, to enable you to pay attention to the improvement of your mind."

William's wonder increased; it was the first time in all their intercourse, that his employer had ever spoken to him except upon business; and the possibility of his regarding him in any other light, than as a useful agent in his service, had never entered his imagination.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Selby," said William, modestly, "for thinking of me; and highly honored by the interest you take in my welfare. With respect to the French language, I have for some years practised speaking it, though my knowledge of it, is but imperfect."

"*Vraiment!*" exclaimed Mr. Selby, "*vous parlez, Français! quand l'avez-vous appris? vous qui travaillez toujours pour moi.*"

"*Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur,*" said William, "*j'ai beaucoup de temps pour faire des progrès, maintenant j'ai l'après-dînée, et auparavant j'étudiais après neuf heures du soir.*"

"*Vous avez tout-à-fait l'accent Parisien,—il est beaucoup meilleur que le mien; pourtant dans ma jeunesse j'ai vécu à Paris quatre ans afin d'apprendre la langue Française.*"*

But I must express myself in plain English;—it surprises me that you have found time to perfect yourself in a foreign language;—have you made equal advances in English literature?

"My recreation," said William, "has consisted in study. I

* "Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Selby, "you speak French? how have you learned it? you are always at work for me."

"Pardon me sir," said William, "I have much time for my improvement; all the time now after dinner, and formerly, after nine o'clock at night."

"Your accent is quite Parisian, it is much better than mine, though when I was young, I lived in Paris four years to acquire the French language."

know that, in general, young men of my age and condition in life, are in the habit of spending their leisure hours at the theatre, or other places of amusement; but I have found a better, and certainly, to me, a far more interesting employment, in books. My mother's early education, which as you know sir, (she and Mrs. Selby having been educated at the same school) was much above what might be expected from her present humble circumstances, enabled her to instruct me in English literature; and to assist me so far in the rudiments of the ancient classics, that I could continue my reading through the course pursued in colleges. My sister's advantages in Mrs. Newton's school had rendered her proficient in French and Italian, which languages I have studied with her; and young Mr. Norman, who is an excellent mathematical scholar, and well versed in the physical sciences, has aided me in those departments. Mr. Norman was, as you may perhaps recollect sir, in school with your sons at Mr. Delaplaine's, where he ranked among the first scholars.—He is my only intimate friend; we spend much of our leisure time together, and usually converse in the French language. Excuse me, sir, for this egotism; I should never have thought of intruding ~~on~~ my private history upon you, but as you have inquired respecting my education, I hope I may be pardoned for saying so much of myself."

"It is a noble history," said Mr. Selby, "and should be printed in letters of gold, as a proof of what may be accomplished by perseverance. I have for some time, Mr. Landon, observed with much approbation, your industry, freedom from false pride, and your high sense of probity and honor. With your talents, energies and moral worth, you must rise in a country like ours, where there are no barriers of *caste*, nor *privileged orders*.

"As you can speak French," continued Mr. Selby; "what say you to going abroad, and looking into the commercial affairs of our house in Europe? And that you may feel the deeper interest in the concern, I now propose, what I have before thought of, as being an event in the distant future, that you should become a partner in the business. I shall feel perfect confidence in entrusting you with its entire management; and you well know, it is a heavy concern, with a capital of more than a million of dollars. You hesitate, Mr. Landon," said Mr. Selby, "perhaps you have other plans; but I assure you, that to no other man living, would I make such a proposition."

"My hesitation sir," replied Landon, "proceeds from my surprise, and an overwhelming sense of the trust you propose to honor me with;—you know, sir, I am poor."

"I know too, you are honest."

"I am young, and have seen little of the world."

"I know you have a mature mind, and an almost, unerring judgment in business. I am not a man, Mr. Landon, to act without reflection. I am decided in my offer, which is briefly this;—that you become an active partner in my commercial house, entitled to share equally in its profits, I furnishing capital, and you doing the business. I wish to retire from the active duties of the concern. Do you accept?"

"I do sir," was the reply, "and may God enable me to be faithful to my trust, and to meet your expectations."

"Well then, Mr. Landon," said Mr. Selby, his countenance relaxing to a smile, "as we are now *Selby & Co.*, you must go home and dine with me."

"I am sorry, sir, to feel obliged to decline your very kind invitation," replied William, "but at an era of such deep importance to me, I would seek my mother, and impart to her the

great change, caused by this arrangement, in my circumstances and prospects. She has lived but for her children, it is their duty to think first of her."

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Selby. "I honor you for your attachment to your parent. I wish my own son was more like you in this respect, but Frank is rather perverse; not really vicious, nor absolutely rebellious, but giddy and extravagant. He seems to have no idea of any thing like business habits; in fact, he is not in a good way. I wish to send him abroad, indeed this is one of my reasons for desiring you to go at this time;—will you take charge of him and try to give him a little of your stability?"

"I will do all I can for him, sir; we may be able to assist each other."

"It is very little assistance Frank will ever give any one, I fear; the idea of his father's wealth has been a great injury to him. But Julia is affectionate and dutiful, and loves her father for his own sake. Their mother, Mr. Landon, was a rare woman; I relied much on her good judgment, in advising her children; she was interested in you, and I have for her sake regarded you with the more attention.—But her place is now vacant.—The world without her seems wholly changed to me." The apparently apathetic Mr. Selby brushed away the tears, evincing more sensibility than his head clerk had ever before supposed he possessed.

"How little," thought William, "how little of those feelings of the heart, which constitute all that renders life truly desirable, has been exhibited in the daily intercourse of business in which, for so many years, we two have been engaged! How different, the inner life of man from the ostensible!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VOYAGE.—A RICH MAN'S SON.—FRANK SELBY'S
SUSCEPTIBILITY.

WITHIN the year after the generous and unexpected proposals of Mr. Selby, which at once placed William Landon in a distinguished position among the first merchants of the country; he, in company with Frank Selby, was ploughing the waves of the Atlantic, on his way to Liverpool.

Though Frank Selby was wild and thoughtless, he had an amiable disposition, and did not, willingly, commit errors; but his great faults were, a want of reflection upon the consequences of his actions, and habits of indolence. He had from childhood been accustomed to hear of his father's wealth; and, very naturally had imbibed the notion, that he had *little to do* in the world, but *much to enjoy*. He had never applied himself seriously to any study, or pursuit, and had, hitherto, shown little force of character.

His father, himself energetic, and the artificer of his own fortune, had been much disappointed in his son Frank; and when he proposed his accompanying William Landon abroad, it was with the design of breaking up those intimacies and associations which affected him unfavorably. Mr. Selby had also foreseen important advantages, in placing his son in companionship with one, for whose judgment, principles, and habits, he entertained so exalted an opinion.

Mr. Landon in various ways, improved the leisure afforded him by his voyage. He first studied into the nature of the

business operations committed to his charge, and made himself master of the principal points to be secured; he ascertained what obstacles would be likely to present themselves; and from memoranda furnished him by Mr. Selby, learned the peculiarities of the various individuals, or business firms in the different cities of Europe with whom their house had commercial relations. Having furnished himself with books of travels, he read, attentively, every thing which he could find, relative to the countries they were to visit, tracing his route on the maps with which he had taken care to provide himself.

"That's a capital thought Landon," said Frank Selby, as he saw a map the former had projected of their proposed route, "but I never should have thought of it."

"How could we travel without a plan, Frank?"

"I never planned any thing," was the answer.

"I advise you then," said Landon, "to begin now; make a plan for your future life, and keep to it as closely as you can, or until you find you can make a better one."

"My plan, at present, is to *enjoy* this trip to Europe," replied Frank.

"You would enjoy it all the better, my dear fellow, for arranging a plan of operations."

"Why should I plan any thing," said Frank, "my father has no confidence in me; he has entrusted every thing of importance to you, comparatively, a stranger. I cannot have a six-pence, without taking off my hat, and saying, 'please Mr. Landon, will you be so kind as to give me a little money?' This is no way to make a man of a fellow. I respect you, Landon, and do not blame you for what my father has done;-- but ask yourself, if it be not provoking to a young fellow of my age to be treated like a child; and to see one, but a few years older

than himself, placed by his father in a position, in all respects above him; in fact, to be made a dependent on that stranger.

"Now there's our Julia, there is no extravagance she is not permitted to run into;—I saw father, last winter, pay a jeweler for her little extravagances, a bill of several thousand dollars; but to my mind, she does not, when she is dressed out in all her trinkets and furbelows, compare with that superb Miss Norman, who is a teacher in Mrs. Newton's school, and who never wears ornaments. Did you ever see that magnificent young lady, Landon? but I presume you never did; for you have neither eyes, nor heart for any thing, but invoices, bills of exchange, dry goods, etc. but you have lost something, I can tell you, in not having seen that queen-like beauty. There's not a lady walks Broadway who is stared at as she is, when she is seen there, but that's not often; and then she is so innocent of the havoc she makes, and seems not even to know that she is looked at."

"I did not say Frank, that I had never seen Miss Norman," said Landon, slightly coloring, "she is an intimate friend of my sister's."

"Oh, I might have known that, as they have often visited Julia together; I like your sister very much, too, and was at a loss which to admire most, but they did not seem to admire me at all;—and to tell the truth, I did not know what to say to them, for I suppose they are very literary, and so I acted like a fool. Do you know, Landon, whether Ida Norman is engaged? I have often thought, if I was ready to be married, I would select her for a wife, sooner than any other young lady I ever saw. To be sure she has not money; but father is rich enough to support me, and my family too, if I had one. I should not think, Louis Norman, with all his reputation as a lawyer, and a

good practice, would let his sister, (especially such a splendid girl as she is, spend her time in teaching dunces, shut up from the world, in that gloomy place, which I suppose Science Hall must be. I think, when I sow my wild oats, (which I reckon are nearly run out,) father will be willing to give me one of his estates on the Hudson; and then I'll just step up to Miss Ida Norman, if I can pluck up courage to pop the question, and ask her to become Mrs. Frank Selby. Won't that be capital! And she shall have as many jewels as sister Jule, who will, as to looks, be no more to her, than a candle to the sun—how provoked Jule would be, for she has no idea of having any one out-shine her; ha! ha! ha! Why don't you laugh, Landon? Don't you really think Ida Norman and your humble servant would make an elegant pair?" And Frank paraded before the looking-glass of their state-room with much complacency.

Landon seemed engaged with his books, and did not look up, but merely said, "excuse me, just now, for not joining in your mirth, I do not feel in a laughing mood."

"It is plain to see, Landon, that you feel no interest in the ladies; most likely, you have not heard a word, I said; well, I suppose business habits render the heart insensible, and that is one objection I have to business.—I should be sorry to go through a hardening process; for though my *great susceptibility* causes me some heart-aches, I would not become such a stoic, as you are, even for the honor of being the junior Selby & Co."

Landon regarded him with an expression, which would have been contemptuous, had no pity given it a softer cast; but Frank, who did not look very deep, had no conception that his companion was thinking of any thing *in particular*.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LOUIS NORMAN'S LETTER.—DOUBTS.

BESIDES the huge packages of business papers, letters of introduction, etc., which Landon examined, at his leisure, during his voyage; he perused with deep attention, the following letter, which Louis Norman had put into his hand at the moment of parting.

"Providence, my friend, has drawn us together, in the closest bonds of affection and brotherhood. Through humiliation, and through toil, we have found in mutual friendship, support and consolation. We are both, now, in a condition in life, far above what we could have reasonably expected;—nay, a few short years since, it would have seemed but cruel mockery, to have suggested to us the probability of our ever occupying our present positions, and more especially, at so early a period in our lives. William Landon, the poor shop-boy, who carried bundles through the streets of New York, is now known on 'Change,' as one of the first merchants of the city, and his name is considered 'good for any amount.' Louis Norman, the homeless out-cast, thanks to the noble and generous Ashburn, holds a respectable rank at the bar; his words are listened to, 'as words of wisdom,' among the learned; and his advice sought, by the wise, and gray-headed. He has power to defend the oppressed, and gain redress for the injured. This I say, not in a spirit of boasting, but of thanksgiving, attributing the praise to Him, who directs the issue of all human events.

"You, my friend, have urged me to accept the proffered honors, which partial friends would bestow upon me—but I would avoid political ambition; it was the 'rock' on which my father 'split.' Yet men are often led into the very paths they fear; and I beg, that you, Landon, as you love me, will never solicit me to offer myself, as candidate for office.

"But it is of my father, I wish to write.—You know that the thought of him and the gloomy mystery connected with his fate, is an incubus upon my spirits; and that I consider myself as delinquent in not having, before this, made greater personal efforts to obtain some information respecting him. If he is dead, his children should know the place where his ashes rest, that filial love may hallow the sacred spot;—if he lives in obscurity and suffering, he should be found, and his heart lightened of its burden of sorrows by the affectionate sympathy of his children. You, my dear Landon, know the history of my father; there are circumstances of a deeply painful and humiliating character, connected with it. The name of Norman has been blackened, and I have often blushed to answer to it: ah! you know not, my friend, the sinking of heart caused by a consciousness of bearing a disgraced name. Oh, if that name could but be rescued from reproach, what a load would be removed from my heart!

"I wish you, my friend, to search for my father while you are on the continent; spare not, I entreat you, time, labor nor expense in tracing him out. The last intelligence we had of him, was through a letter to Mr. Ashburn, informing him of that draft, seat for the use of my sister and myself, which Mr. Delaplaine withheld from us. From the amount of the draft, (greater than he had before sent at any time,) and also from an intimation in his letter to Mr. Ashburn, he appears to have

regarded it as a last, and final effort for his children; and this provision would have been lost to us, but for the providential circumstance that my father, incidentally, mentioned in his letter to Mr. Ashburn, the fact of his having made such remittance; and the no less providential event which led me to go to Mr. Ashburn, in my destitution, to aid me by his legal advice. Having experienced the care of an over-ruling Providence in so many of the circumstances of my own life, I cannot but believe, that my father, too, has been preserved by that same beneficent power; and that light will yet spring out of the darkness which surrounds his destiny;—using the word, *destiny*, not in the ancient, heathen sense of fortune or fate, so opposed to the christian doctrine of the special, divine providence of one Supreme Deity.

" My father's last letter to Mr. Ashburn, you will find in this package,—the hand-writing may possibly aid you in your search; and should you succeed, which may Heaven grant, the possession of that letter, might be an evidence to him that you act from friendly motives. Something whispers me, that you, my dear Landon, who are so persevering, so successful in all you undertake, will be able to gain intelligence of a man, who, wherever he is, if he be yet among the living, cannot be in such entire obscurity as to elude all search. With my father's noble nature, it cannot be that he has become abandoned to vice. Though ambition, and the peculiar circumstances of his early life, might have warped his moral perceptions, still the image of virtue was enshrined within his heart; and to this, when his mind was unbiased, he ever rendered homage.

" You know, my friend, that it has been the great desire of my life, to go abroad, and devote myself to this duty, which I

now ask you to perform;—but with the increase of my professional business, new difficulties have opposed themselves to my project. But Providence, that Providence in whom I trust, has unexpectedly called you to embark for Europe; and your commercial affairs will lead you to Italy. When I rejoiced at your good fortune in being made a partner of the great importing house of Selby & Co., and especially at the pleasant prospect before you of this voyage, I acknowledge that I selfishly thought of the interests of my own family, with which you and yours have been so long associated: and a feeling of hope sprung up in my breast, that you were to be the discoverer of my long lost father. This hope has been so indulged (almost to expectation) that I have written to my father, the letter of introduction which is enclosed in this package. If I am, on this subject, a monomaniac, mine is, at least, a species of insanity founded in worthy emotions, filial love, and a regard for honor;—and most joyfully would I devote all the powers of my mind, and deprive myself of every thing but the bare necessities of life, to be able to pay the just debts of my father and rescue the name of the family from reproach.

" You know the sentiments I have long cherished for your lovely sister; and, that, I have some cause to hope she is not indifferent to my affection. But how can I offer her a heart which is a prey to corroding suspense, and gloomy apprehensions! I have, therefore, maintained towards her a general reserve of manner, inconsistent, as I am conscious, with my occasional betrayal of the real state of my affections;—the position must be as unpleasant to her, as it is painful to myself, if indeed she have any interest in me, as I can but hope.

" I suggest nothing to your better judgment, as to the man-

ner of prosecuting your inquiries; but only say, as you value my peace of mind, as you love your precious sister and her happiness, seek diligently for the lost one, the beloved, even if dishonored parent of your friend,

Louis."

"It is strange, indeed," would Landon often think, when perusing and reperusing this letter, "that Louis has scarcely mentioned Ida, nor even suggested, that for her sake, I might feel the greater interest in seeking their father. But what assurance have I, that Ida Norman thinks of me with any peculiar regard? Is it likely, that, with her naturally proud and lofty feelings, she would regard with tenderness the poor bashful Willie Landon, whom she once pitied, and commended to her mother's charity? Would that mother, if living, think of him as the equal of her daughter? Would not Frank Selby be more favorably viewed by her than his father's late, humble clerk? Women, it is said, love the free and gay-hearted, but I have been thoughtful and reserved. My childhood and youth were not spent in mirthful gambols, or in rosy bowers. The lesson of—

"Adversity, stern rugged nurse,"

rendered me serious and contemplative. If I were aught to Ida Norman, would not her intimate friend, Miss Selby, know her sentiments? and, if so, should I have received of late so many tokens of particular regard from that friend,—private and mysterious gifts, of flowers and books, sweet smiles, and encouraging words? Does not this prove that Julia Selby suspects, and views with pity, my hopeless attachment to Ida Norman, and would, herself, generously make amends for her indifference?"

But, alas, for the spirit of rivalry which sometimes influences

the female heart! Julia Selby did suspect Ida Norman's attachment to William Landon, and for that very reason the more incited by vanity, to try her own superior powers of attraction. The usual judgment of William Landon failed him when attempting to trace the motives of the female heart; and that, the heart of a coquette

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE YOUNG AMERICANS IN EUROPE.—PARIS.

THE commercial relations of the firm of Selby & Co., in Liverpool and London, were such as demanded the close attention of the junior partner. He devoted himself chiefly to business, while in those cities, and notwithstanding the unwillingness of Frank Selby to be useful, managed to obtain some assistance from him, in the way of examining bills, copying business-letters, etc. Frank was, at times, very impatient to be exploring the "*mysteries*," and enjoying the amusements of these cities, but (as he acknowledged to Landon) he began to feel that there was, on the whole, some satisfaction in being useful.

Declining the proffered civilities of merchants, bankers, and even some noble families to whom he had letters of introduction, the junior partner of the firm of Selby & Co., having satisfactorily adjusted all doubtful concerns, and arranged for future commercial operations, made rapid journeys to Edinburgh and Dublin, and then hastened to Paris. Here, business for some weeks, engrossed his attention; though he found time, as he had done in the principal cities of Great Britain, to look at the objects of most interest to travelers, to gratify his taste by a survey of the works of art, and enrich his mind by observation of manners and customs.

Mr. Selby, having no confidence in Frank, had obtained his promise that he would not resort to any place of amusement, unaccompanied by Mr. Landon, and had enjoined on the latter

a close observation of the movements of his son. The office was by no means an agreeable one; but as Landon had undertaken it, he resolved, faithfully, to discharge the duties it involved. While at Paris, to gratify Frank, he frequented the public amusements of the city more than his own taste would have prompted,—and having delivered their letters of introduction, they were soon involved in a round of visiting engagements.

The young American merchant, a partner in the great house of Selby & Co., was much observed and admired. Ladies of high fashion distinguished him by flattering attentions. Many a Parisian belle playfully challenged him to waltz, or dance the polka, and was chagrined at his declining the honor.

"Why Monsieur," said a sweet little brunette, "do you not waltz? it is a beautiful dance, and so graceful." "Yea, it is very graceful," was the reply of Landon, "but nevertheless, I do not like it,—I should be very sorry to see my sister thus exhibit herself in public." "Oh, you barbarian! you North American savage!" exclaimed *la Parisienne*, "you must indeed stay in Paris to become civilized."

Frank Selby was in his element; his waltzing, even in France, was acknowledged perfect; and he became a favorite in the salons of Paris. But in the midst of some half-dozen violent flirtations, the junior partner announced to him, that having completed his business affairs in Paris, he proposed leaving for Italy.

"Well, you can go without me," said Frank, "I am well contented in Paris, - a fine affair, indeed, just as I am beginning to enjoy myself, and create a sensation among Parisian belles, to be hurried off, over the Alps, carrying, 'at each remove, a dragging chain'—Frank's memory was not very good

for quotations). Surely, the junior partner would not be so unreasonable towards his humble dependent and slave."

"You well know, Mr. Frank Selby," replied Landon, "that the office imposed on me by your father, of being your banker and adviser, was unsought, and I may add, very undesirable. I have endeavored to accommodate myself to your wishes, as far as possible; against the dictates of my own judgment, I have often yielded to you; but I can remain no longer in Paris, and on your own account, I ought not. You are, even now, immersed in a vortex of opposing engagements, deceiving with attentions and professions several young ladies, all of whom you cannot love, and none of whom do you know well enough to think of seriously."

"This same flirtation, which you, my wise Mentor, regard with such saintly abhorrence, is the very life and zest of society; it is like the sparkling and effervescence of champagne, that which proves its worth."

"But when the sparkling and effervescence are gone," added Landon, "the dregs are stale, flat, and unprofitable."

"Then I am to infer," said Frank, rather tartly, "that you have no intention of leaving me here with a quantity of blank checks on our Parisian banker, to be filled up as my wants may demand;—now this is really, what ought to be done, and if my father was not a mean, niggardly old—"

"Stop, sir, if you please," rejoined Landon, "I cannot hear a son speak in that way of a father, and one so worthy and honorable as yours. You complain of your father's want of confidence in your judgment; permit me to ask you, plainly, what pains you have ever taken to gain his confidence? What have you yet done, towards establishing for yourself a character, which should entitle you to respect?"

"Your questions, Mr. Junior-partner, are, undeniably, *quite plain* and direct; but as you are a good-hearted fellow, and doubtless think this kind of schooling belongs to your office, I will endeavor to keep my temper. Indeed, if I should shoot you, it would be a bad affair, for I have not money enough at my command to give you a decent burial; and I know of no provision whatever, by which I should be kept from starvation, if you were not alive to draw the means from bank. I should have supposed my kind and '*honorable*' papa, might have thought what a condition his son would be left in, without credit for a dollar, in case of the sudden sickness, or exit of the junior partner. You may call this state of things *honorable*; it may be so to *you*, but it is not so to *me*, nor in my opinion, (*always with due deference to my superiors,*)" and here Frank made a low obeisance, "*'to my honorable father.'*"

Landon essayed to speak, but Frank continued, "you have asked me some serious questions:—now I do not like to be serious about any thing, but as I see you are a very *matter-of-fact* sort of fellow, (excuse me, I mean gentleman,) and I am under your care, I must do what you bid; so I will try to keep myself serious long enough to consider the points on which you want information. You ask what pains I have taken to please my father, and to gain his confidence, or to make myself respected;—(*very plain questions indeed sir*).—To tell the truth, I have no pains-taking propensities at all. I supposed, though, as a matter of course, that a father would have confidence in his son; and that a rich father would give his son as much money as he wanted; and that this money would command all the respect necessary to make life go on smoothly;—but, all at once, after having had my way until I am old enough to be my own master, I am put into leading-strings, *ld*

like an ape through Great Britain, suffered to dance a little while in Paris, and then whisked over the Alps, as my conductor happens to fancy."

"This conversation, Mr. Selby," said Landon, gravely, "is very absurd;—any thing, and everything may be turned into ridicule. I am some years older than you, and have been trained in an excellent school, such as the sons of rich men are not admitted into, and therefore, I may be able to give you advice."

"What school is there in our country, that the rich cannot have access to, Mr. Mentor?"

"The school of poverty," replied Landon, with dignity, "where one may learn how to respect himself, and how to gain the respect of others."

"But you have been glad to get out of that school; I suppose you have no particular wish to go back into it."

"No, but I would not part with the lessons I there learned, for all the wealth of Paris. But we have no time to lose in idle talk, we have many arrangements to make before leaving, and some visits of ceremony to pay."

"And so my Mentor is determined to take me away from the Calypsos of Paris, and break their little hearts,—well, I'll go through this figure, but when I get back to New York, I'll give the senior partner a piece of my mind, and set up for myself."

"You seem to like fancying yourself a second Telemachus, Frank," said Landon, smiling, "suppose you imitate that young man in striving to resist temptation; and, especially, follow his example of respect for his father."

"Excellent! my prudent father is, I grant, somewhat of an Ulysses:—well I'll be Telemachus in search of—not 'his

father,'—for mine is safe and sound among his invoices, bills of lading, etc., in his counting-house; but I'll be Telemachus in search of a wife! and if I do not find one equal in beauty and accomplishments to Ida Norman, before I get back to New York, (and I have not yet,) why then, I'll settle down, a steady, married man, soon after my return. I may as well now improve some of my leisure hours in writing my first love letter.—How shall I commence? Dear Ida—that would be too familiar—Adorable angel! how would that sound?"

Landon, had at first, started at the familiar mention of a name, which was to him so sacred. But he was pleased that Frank made no serious opposition, as he had feared he might, to the plan of their leaving Paris somewhat earlier than they had intended. He was desirous of going to Italy as soon as possible, to commence his search after the unfortunate Mr. Norman. He had received letters from Louis, since his departure, renewing his entreaties to that effect;—and his own interest in the happiness of those so dear to him, as were the children of that ill-fated man, prompted him to a speedy undertaking of his mission, though with little hope of success; he had, moreover, become extremely desirous to complete his foreign business and return home.

Thoughts of Ida Norman, as Landon had been less engaged in business, had engrossed his mind; and, at a distance from home and country, he had more fully learned the state of his own heart. While an under-clerk in Mr. Selby's store, he had seldom allowed his imagination to whisper of a future day in which he might presume to think of Ida Norman. After having been advanced to the office of head-clerk, he had sometimes dreamed of a distant future, when he should be admitted as a partner in the firm; and then the thought of another cor-

nection had beamed upon his mind, and bright visions of Ida Norman's image hovered around him.

Often had he purposed before going abroad, to speak to Ida of the place she held in his affections; but the early scenes of their childhood were still fresh in his mind; the disparity which had at that time existed in their conditions had made so deep an impression, that though circumstances had greatly changed, he could not easily overcome the reserve, that, in her presence, had become habitual.

Julia Selby had, at times, said many flattering things to him. She had assured him she should be anxious for his return; and expressed in a tender manner, the wish to be remembered by him during his absence;—in short, the manner of Ida, in late years, had been so different, so cold and reserved, in comparison, that the conviction forced itself upon his mind, that Ida Norman was indifferent to him, while self-love whispered that the elegant Julia Selby felt for him "something, than friendship, dearer."

Mr. Selby had gone so far, on several occasions, as to say to Landon, that he should prefer for Julia's husband, a man who could raise himself by his own merits, to one who had inherited a fortune, without habits of business. It is not in nature that a young man in Landon's position, should not have felt flattered by such demonstrations of regard. Ida's own reserve had been one cause of William Landon's failing to express to her his attachment; but it had also strengthened and rendered deeper that regard, and he found that absence but impressed more firmly on his heart, the image of Ida Norman.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOURNEY TO ITALY.—FLORENCE.

Our travelers are now in a French *diligence* on their way to Italy; and Frank Selby is in a better humor than might have been supposed, from his unwillingness to leave Paris.

The stage truly deserves its name, for, on, one stages along the banks of the Seine, and some of its branches, it may pass through a mountainous region to Autun, an old Roman town; and having crossed a lofty range, which separates the waters of the Atlantic from those which flow to the Mediterranean, it reaches Chalons, in the pleasant valley of the Seine.

The travelers stop at the beautiful city of Lyons, situated on the borders of the Saone, with the Rhone. Mr. Laverne, the agent of the various manufacturers of silks, very kindly sends a writing to our agent for the transmission to New York, to the house of Story & Co., of a large quantity of silk fabrics.

The stage continued its journey and the travelers reached Avignon, in the department of the Vaucluse. As the carriage had to cross the Rhone, the passengers were compelled to wade across the stream, and the Avignon porters, who were waiting to receive the baggage, were compelled to wade across the stream also. But the Avignon porters were not to be outdone by the waders, and they waded across the stream, and the Avignon porters presented their trunks and baggage, all drenched with water.

cheerfulness and comfort, to be seen among the laboring classes in their own country.

As they entered Florence, Landon, deeply sympathizing in the feelings of those who were dear to him, was agitated by contending emotions, hope that the important object of his visit to that city might be accomplished, and fear of disappointment; the latter feeling predominated as he reflected upon the length of time which had elapsed since any intelligence had been received of Mr. Norman, and that, if living, he doubtless chose to remain undiscovered. He had no clue to guide him in his search, nothing but the mere fact, that Mr. Norman after his removal from office spent some time at Paris, and then went to Florence, where he was known to be living by some American families who were in that city about the date of the remittance to Mr. Delaplaine, and the letter to Mr. Ashburn. For many years, nothing had been heard of him; if he were living, would he remain thus estranged from his children? The thought was unnatural; and the more Landon reflected on this circumstance, the more he became convinced that there was not a shadow of hope.

Landon had not deemed it proper to communicate to his light-hearted, unreflecting companion, the chief object of his visit to Florence, leaving him to suppose that business alone had led him thither. That young gentleman was much delighted with the palace of a hotel, on the banks of the Arno, where they found themselves furnished with every luxury which could be imagined.

"The Astor-house," said Frank, "is no touch to this."

Spiral stair-cases of marble led to splendid saloons, suites of apartments opened upon terraces and balconies filled with the rarest plants; while exquisite paintings ornamented the walls.

and the finest statuary filled the niches in the stair-cases, and adorned the spaces between the columns of the façades.

"This will do," said Frank, after he had seen his luggage disposed of, and had put on his latest Parisian costume, prepared to sally forth into the streets for an observation; "this will do, and now if the junior partner, I beg pardon, my grave Mentor, will but please to stay here long enough for me to breathe, I shall feel that he has made some atonement, for so unceremoniously taking me away from Paris."

"We are certainly very comfortable here," said Landon, "and I have no intention of leaving immediately; I have some business which may detain me longer than I could wish;—but come, let us take a stroll about this city of bridges, palaces, and churches."

A guide conducts them to an eminence, where they look on Florene, beautiful and bright, reposing in a valley, the Arno winding like a thread of silver among its glittering domes and towers, while undulating hills circling around form a picturesque back-ground.

"This," said Frank, "is what I call a city worth seeing; it looks as if folks live there without *business*, the very idea of which, I hate."

"Yes," replied Landon, "it is beautiful; it is noble in its external appearance; both nature and art have made it so. But its inhabitants are slaves, and so must all be who are too indolent to use the faculties which God has given them."

"No personal allusions, I hope," said Frank, with a shrug and a laugh.

Landon was too much engrossed by his own thoughts to notice the application which his companion had sportively, though not without reason, made of his sentiments.

After some days spent in making themselves at home in Florence, and taking a *coup-d'œil* as well as a more detailed view of its beauties, Frank was induced to join his companion in studying the Italian language under a master who came, daily, to their rooms and spent some hours with them; and Landon began to encourage himself with the hope that young Selby's levity, and dislike to serious application, might, in time, give place to worthier traits of character.

Time passed rapidly with our travelers at Florence, in visiting studios, picture-galleries, libraries, palaces, churches and museums. Frank said he found that mode of study quite agreeable, but books he never could endure. He began to have new conceptions of the power of the fine arts over the mind, and of the genius displayed in the works of the great original masters in the sister arts of painting and sculpture.

To the mind of Landon, a new field of imagination was here opened; what seemed so natural, it appeared easy to execute; and he was for the moment, almost ready to abandon the interests of the house of Selby & Co., and even the thoughts of Ida Norman, to become a painter. Lost in admiration of the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo and Corregio, he, for a time, gave himself up to the new enthusiasm which had seized him;—but the recollection of living beauty, from the hand of the Great Author of genius and beauty, broke in upon his dream, and impelled his thoughts to wander from the dry dead canvas, and the cold inert marble, across the world of waters, to Ida Norman, and here, as the dove returning to the ark, they found rest and peace.

Landon, from the first day of his arrival at Florence, began to search among all the Americans then in the city, for some trace of Mr. Norman. But, among the Americans he could

find, none that had resided long in Florence, and none had any knowledge of the person whom he sought; it therefore followed, that if not dead, he had either left the city, or was living in complete obscurity. Yet Landon still lingered at Florence, he scarcely knew why; for what had he to hope, or expect? He could do no more than he had already done; to inquire, and to follow up every incident which promised the least information.

CHAPTER XXXV.

VISIT TO VALAMBROSA.—UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.—INTERVIEW
BETWEEN MR. NORMAN AND WILLIAM LANDON.

To prolong the time, to engage the attention of Frank Selby, and to try every possible chance of finding out something connected with the fate of Mr. Norman, Landon had visited every place of curiosity and interest, and that he might leave nothing undone, he had even privately explored the dwellings of poverty, and the haunts of infamy.

One spot in the environs of Florence they had not yet seen.—Valambrosa, a favorite with the poets,—and, by some, supposed to be the original from which, Milton's description of Paradise was copied. Hither the two young Americans bent their way, on a bright morning in the beginning of autumn. Their path was along the banks of the Arno, until they arrived at a spot too rugged to admit a carriage. Here the Appenines send down to the Arno, from their steep declivities, a rapid and sparkling stream, which amidst,

“These awful solitudes, and gloomy shades,”

forms dashing cascades, whose sad music accords with the wild and picturesque scene.

An ancient convent, lies here embowered amidst the forest trees and tangled furze, while at a little distance on a towering eminence, are to be seen the ruins of an old chateau.

The travelers were kindly received by the fraternity at the convent, who showed them their chapel with its sacred relics,

and original paintings by the old masters. The superior, a learned man, with much dignity and suavity of manners, observing that the strangers spoke the English language, directed them to that department of their library where English books were kept. Landon, at first glanced at them with idle curiosity; but the titles "History of the Republic of America," "History of New York," "Life of Washington," etc. arrested his attention, and he expressed his surprise and gratification, at seeing in that distant spot, such mementos of his country.

"These books," said the superior, "were presented to our convent by an American, who leads a life of great seclusion in the hermitage at the base of yonder mountain."

Landon concealed his emotion, as the superior continued,— "he is a man of great learning, and knowledge of the world, and very eloquent; when animated, as he sometimes becomes, in conversing upon subjects connected with the history and laws of nations, the constitution of the human mind, and the principles of moral and religious science. He seems almost to have forgotten his native language; and speaks our beautiful Italian as if it were his mother tongue. Of course," continued the superior, observing that Landon listened with intense interest, "as he is a Protestant, we do not agree on religious subjects; —but if a Protestant can be saved, I should have hope for him. There is, I am convinced, something very mysterious connected with the history of this individual; at times, he is gloomy and abstracted; he seldom leaves his retreat except to come here for a book, or to seek some necessary of life."

"What," said Landon, with almost breathless anxiety, "is the name of this singular individual?"

"As he has never chosen to give his name," replied the

superior, "he is called 'The hermit of Valambrosa,' but in the books he has presented to our convent, is the name of NORMAN."

For a moment, Landon was compelled to lean against a pedestal for support; but recovering himself, he said, "Your account of this man interests me much, he is doubtless a countryman of mine. I would like to know something of his history,—does he admit strangers?"

The superior shook his head; "I can give you little encouragement that he would see you.—He always avoids strangers. I have never known him to admit any one. But if you desire, I will send a guide to conduct you to his hermitage; it is beneath yonder overhanging cliff."

Landon returned to the place where he had left Frank Selby, whom he found enjoying himself in examining the curiosities of the convent, and especially pleased with the good cheer of the brotherhood. In a few words, Landon explained that he wished to visit a locality at a little distance, and would not trouble Frank to go, as the path was one of some difficulty;—his companion assured him that he was little disposed to take trouble to see rocks and waterfalls, and preferred remaining where he was.

The guide could scarcely keep pace with Landon, so rapidly he strode over the precipitous rocks and through the dark ravines which interposed between the convent and the cliff;—they were soon at the door of the Hermitage. The guide went first, and asked admittance for a stranger.

"Tell him," said a deep toned voice, within, "the occupant of this secluded dwelling sees no strangers."

"Landon took from his pocket a blank card, which he handed to the guide, after he had written, "A stranger from

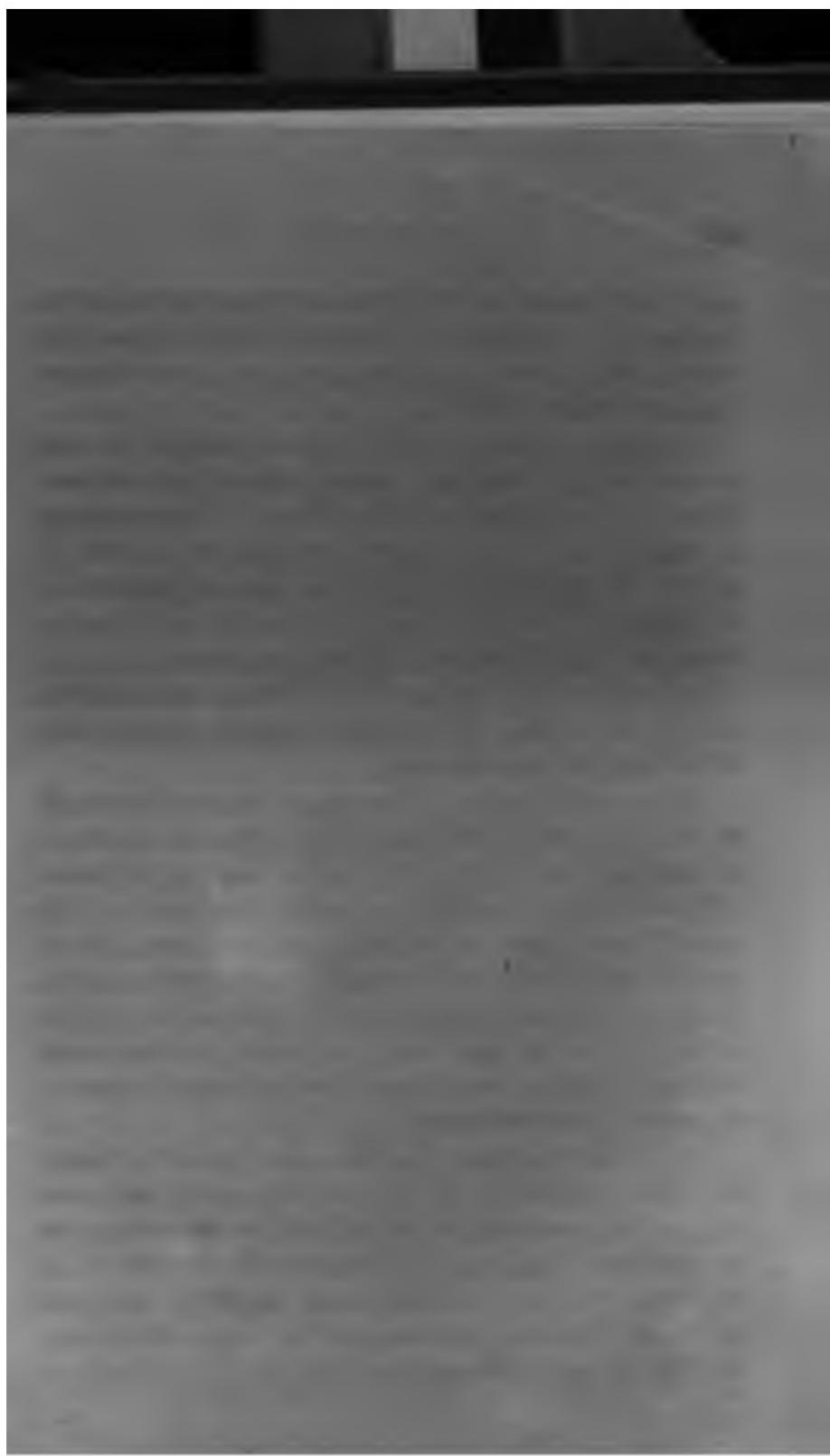
America wishes to see Mr. Norman, that he may bear to him intelligence of his children." He also sent with the card the letter to Mr. Ashburn which Louis had given him, as a token that he came from friends.

After a few minutes, of great suspense to Landon, the rude door of the hermitage was cautiously opened; and he found himself in the presence of—Mr. NORMAN. Notwithstanding the change which time, his hermit's costume, and the war of passions had produced in his appearance, Landon recognized in the stately form and eagle eye, the distinguished man whom he had in his boyhood regarded with awful veneration.

Motioning the guide to depart, Mr. Norman invited Landon to enter his dwelling, and closing the door, he regarded him with a deep and searching look.

"Young man," said he, "you say you bear intelligence of my children;—they are words which sound strange to my ears—my children! Alas! I have little right to claim such affinities. I deemed my heart was dead to all earthly affections, but your words have awakened me, as from a trance of years. What can you tell of those forsaken children? Are they beggars in the streets of the city; or inmates of its haunts of vice? Tell me all—tell me the worst—for I am inured to disgrace and suffering. Nothing you can say will be worse than I deserve, worse than I ought to expect."

Deeply affected, Landon was, for a time, unable to speak; Mr. Norman regarding him with a look in which tenderness and gratitude were mingled, and as if to give him courage for his unwelcome task, said, "Do not distress yourself—I will wait quietly for your intelligence. And fear not the endurance of one, who has tasted too deeply of the dregs of misfortune, to refuse any potion, however bitter."



and extenuating circumstances, which may place my conduct in a light very different from that in which the world has viewed it."

"This," replied Landon, "is what your children believe; their faith in their father's good intentions is very strong; - and they most earnestly beg your return under any circumstances, whatever."

After a pause, during which his soul seemed struggling with conflicting feelings, Mr. Norman exclaimed, "Yes, I owe it to my wife and family, to make the best vindication I can of my conduct; and since Providence leads the way, I will leave this lone hermitage, where I had thought to spend,

"Quiet, though sad, the remnant of my days."

"I will again appear on the theatre of life, not to take part in its harassing competitions, nor to seek popular favor; but to atone for past errors, to clear from reproach the name which my children bear, and to endeavor to walk humbly before God and man, as one who must soon render an account of his life before the tribunal of Heaven."

Mr. Norman, on learning the name of his unexpected visitor, said with feeling to Mr. Landon, "I know your parents well; few men in this world are as pure and uncorrupt as was your dear old father. Your mother, I remember as a lovely and modest young lady of high moral worth. I lost sight of her when she married your father; but death and I recollect hearing that she died a very widow. Mrs. Norman, I believe, sometimes writes to me; I see the likeness in their son. Your parentage can never be disputed; and you can have no motive in concealing it."

I could perceive in Mr. Norman that, besides his own let-

ter to Mr. Ashburn, which Louis had given him to aid in the search of his father, by a knowledge of his hand-writing; he had among his papers at Florence, a letter written by Louis to his father, so strong had been his hopes that his parent would be found.—The countenance of Mr. Norman evinced his wonder and gratitude, at such perseverance in his son and he seemed scarcely able to control his emotions.

Landon then mentioned, that his traveling companion, young Mr. Selby, was at the convent; and with some difficulty he persuaded Mr. Norman to engage to join them the next day, in Florence, urging his going to Marseilles, and embarking with them for America, in the first vessel which should leave that port.

Mr. Norman gratefully, but with dignity, accepted the offer of Landon to supply him with funds for his present wants; observing, "I shall require something to render my appearance suitable for being seen in the world; for, in laying aside my character of hermit, I must resume the garb of a gentleman."

"I have large claims on the government, and an estate in New York which must now be very valuable. Once landed upon the shores of my country, I shall engage in the adjustment of my public accounts, and I have no fears for the ultimate result of an investigation. And for my children's sake, I will prosecute some just claims, which I have, wrongfully, suffered to lie dormant."

Mr. Norman at parting, took from an iron-bound chest which stood in his rude apartment, a package. "These papers," said he, "I give you to read; they were written with the vague idea that they might, one day, fall into the hands of my children;—and as an arraignment of myself, before the tribunal of my own conscience, for the course of conduct I have pursued; a course,

which can have caused to none, greater surprise than it has to myself ; so true it is that man is often led on by circumstances, and his own passions, to do the things he would not; like the king of Israel, who asked, ' Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this? '

Landon, eagerly took the package, and respectfully and tenderly parted with the father of Ida, until the following day.

He found Frank Selby amidst the monks of the convent, enjoying their comforts, and amused with their mirth and jollity. "I do not know," said he to Landon, "what great amusement you could find in looking off from that cliff for two or three hours; but every one to his taste; I plead guilty to a preference for ease and comfort, to the contemplation of naked rocks and water-falls."

The travlers, after thanking their kind entertainers, took leave; and Frank soon felicitated himself on being again in his comfortable quarters, at their palace-hotel.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. NORMAN'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

LANDON hastened to the retirement of his own apartment, anxious to peruse the papers which were to throw light on the singular history of one, to whom, in his childhood, he had looked up with awe; and whose mysterious fate had caused so much wonder and speculation. Sympathizing with those who were dear to him, he earnestly hoped that the history might prove a vindication of Mr. Norman's conduct; or, at least, so far show his penitence for the past, as would impart consolation to the hearts of his children. Unfolding the manuscript, Landon, with deep and anxious interest, not unmixed with curiosity, read as follows:—

"In these deep, and gloomy solitudes, my soul retires within itself, and asks an explanation of the past. Here with no human eye turned upon me, in love, pity, or contempt; with nought to disturb the awful calmness of the repose I have sought for my soul's health, I deliberately engage in the work of self-examination; of self-accusation, where conscience charges home my guilt; and of self-justification, where I have but *seemed* to err. With no motive for self-deception, I would lift the veil which too often hides the human heart from its own observation, and, fearfully see mine as it is;—or rather, as it has been, for it is with the past that I would hold converse.

"The hermit of Valambrosa, cool and collected in all his faculties, subdued in all that relates to human life and its interests, would inquire respecting a man, once moving among men,

acting an important part on the stage of life, and influencing the destinies of others by his will, himself moved by ungovernable passions.

"This man was once a little child, and his mother pressed him to her bosom in fond endearment; but that guardian-angel translated to a purer sphere, was not permitted to watch over, and guard from evil, the son of her love.

"The child grew in years, and the evil passions of his nature strengthened with his strength. Every attention was paid to the development of his intellect; but little to the improvement of his heart, or the government of his passions. His father, absorbed in schemes of business and worldly aggrandizement, looked not upon his son's inner life; but was satisfied with knowing that he distinguished himself in scholarship, that he possessed the gift of eloquence, and ability to call up thoughts from the 'vasty deep' of the mind.

"'These qualities,' would he say, 'will, one day, make you a man, among men. Press onward in the course of ambition; study to gain power over the minds of men; then will you become great, and your father's name will be honored in his son.' That youth needed no such lesson; for his soul was burning with desire to distinguish himself, to be first, and greatest.

"I see another picture; the boy has become a man, and ambition has yielded its sway to a gentler passion. His heart, so long dormant in its affections, is awakened to new and delightful emotions; —for a time, he revels in the fairy regions of fancy, and in the romance of 'love's young dream,' his aspirations for power over the wills of men, are quenched.

"In an evil hour, he is led by temptation to do a deed which the laws of the land call, *crime*. His father, hitherto indulgent in granting supplies of money, had refused further aid.

'Depend on your own efforts,' he said, 'you have now a profession, you are now to begin to make men subservient to you;—while you depend on me, you will never exert your powers of intellect.' I have waited long for the fruits of your education and superior advantages; the time has arrived when I should see them, at least in your ability to supply your own wants.'

"A debt was pending over the young man; he had no means of discharging it, and he gave a bank check in his father's name; the crime was *forgery*, a state's prison offence. His father, seeing his own error but too late, shielded his son from the penalties of the law, and sought to hide his guilt; but this became known to the father of her whom the young man loved, she was informed of it, and spurned him from her presence, as unworthy of her affection. She doubtless, acted wisely; he whose principles fail in the hour of temptation, cannot be trusted.

"The Hermit of Valambrosa here pauses;—he finds himself becoming too deeply interested in the life and fortune of the subject of his memoirs. But he has promised to be impartial; to unveil the past in its true lineaments; and, with renewed resolution, he proceeds.

"Livingston Norman was discarded by one who possessed an all-controlling influence over his mind. Might she not have led him, by her example, into paths of truth and honesty? Alas! with principles too weak to withstand temptation, what could she have expected for the future? besides, she could not love one who had forfeited her respect. Stung with the sense of disgrace; the young man resolved that his course in life should, at all hazards, be brilliant. He sought to find, among the wealthiest of the land, an accomplished and beautiful wife.

Eliza Tudor was addressed ; and flattered by the attentions of one already distinguished in society as well as in his profession; and who was welcomed, when he deigned to appear in the saloons of fashion, as 'a bright particular star,' the indulged child of affluence accepted the hand of a man to whose private character and principles she was a stranger.

"The marriage was unfortunate for both; each, with a different companion, might have become very different from what circumstances rendered them. The wife was proud of her husband's talents, and vain of the honor he received; but she had not strength of mind to influence his will, or direct his principles; nor did she feel for him that tenderness, or warmth of affection, which, even connected with a feeble intellect, has power to melt and subdue an obdurate and proud spirit.

"The husband looked upon his wife as a weak woman, who could be satisfied with empty honors, and dazzled with the false glare of a meretricious greatness;—he sought not, as he should have done, to exert the influence of his stronger mind to improve the understanding of her, whom, as his wife and the mother of his children, he should have 'loved, honored, and cherished.'

"Thus he failed in the most important duty of life, and rendered by his own neglect, that home which should have been the abode of confidence and love, cold and cheerless. He was enriched by the fortune of his wife, and aided by it to mount high the ladder of political distinction, and to run that career of 'vaulting ambition,' which, pestilential as the Sirocco, has a baneful influence over all the kind and tender charities of life.

"Unhappy the children nurtured in the chilling atmosphere of conjugal indifference, or the bitter blasts of conjugal discord! How dare a man, neglecting domestic ties and duties, call him-

self a patriot; talk eloquently, and with pathos, of his country's welfare, while his home is made miserable, by his alienation from its claims and interests!

"But the Hermit of Valambrosa has promised to be just to the character of Livingston Norman; and justice pronounces that his path was a difficult one; that his wife, on her part, had no just appreciation of her own duties in her domestic relations; and that he had little encouragement to attempt to change her tastes, or to elevate her character. Her defects were the result of a superficial and worldly education; but such as they were, to her husband they appeared radical, and to diffuse their influence throughout her entire character;—in contrast with the noble qualities of the high-souled Amelia Walsingham, the heroine of his young days and standard of female perfection, the defects of his wife were but the more strikingly apparent.

"Livingston Norman finding the expense of his political honors, and the extravagance of his wife, had embarrassed their fortune, was led to appropriate to his use, some funds belonging to the government, under which he held a lucrative office. He intended, merely to borrow from the means he held in his hands; and he knew too, that he had neglected to make proper charges which would have more than covered all he thus borrowed; but it was a crooked and dangerous course. He had in the delirium of gratified ambition, suffered his private business to become involved with ~~his~~ public trust, —here was a great error—strange the infatuation which leads men to violate the laws of conscience and common sense.

At this time Livingston Norman was offered a foreign embassy; and with too little moral courage to look into his business, and meet the truth, whatever that might be, he departed from his native country, leaving a noble boy, his only son, and

a bright and lovely daughter, to suffer evils which he felt himself unable to face—shame on the dastard spirit of such a father!

"Hermit of Valambrosa, thou art too severe; he intended not that disgrace should fall upon his children; he hoped, nay, he believed, that in some unexpected manner, from some unknown source, his fortunes might be retrieved. He had always been a favorite of fortune, and he trusted that the star of his destiny would continue to be in the ascendant. He owned a large amount of property which *might* become very valuable; law suits were pending which *might be* decided in his favor; golden showers *might descend* upon him; and he threw his reputation upon the chances.

"He intended not to abandon his beloved children, for dear they were to his heart, amidst all the turmoils of party strife and the intrigues of political management.

"Louis! dear Louis! thy father, after a lapse of so many years, sees thee before him. Generous and warm-hearted boy, who, sometimes nobly dared to suggest to that father, that home was not what it should be! that his mother was sad and lonely in the midst of the luxury of her boudoir, and the splendor of her saloons! Does that boy yet live? and Ida, the sweet and darling little cherub! Where are they? What is their lot in this world of sorrow? Do they ever think of their father? and if so, what must be their opinion of the parent who could thus desert his children?

"But the Hermit is not a father,—he is cut off from the sympathies of home and kindred, he has drained the cup of human life to its bitterest dregs; and he would remain a stranger to mankind, the few and evil days of his weary pilgrimage. But let him finish his sad tale, and then seek oblivion for past

remembrances, which like spectres hover round him, peopling those solitudes with fantastic imagery, and mingling together, in incongruous groups, varied and contrasting events and characters.

"At the Court of —— a change came over the spirit of Livingston Norman; removed from the excitement of politics and professional business, his active mind sought amusement amidst the gay scenes of an European court,—he drank of the cup of pleasure; and intoxicated, he drank again.

"The health and spirits of his wife, alas! not cherished as she should have been, sank; and she died, a stranger in a strange land; her husband, when too late, saw that he had neglected her, and bitterly did he accuse himself for his insensitivity to her sufferings. If Eliza Norman had many faults as a young wife does, she was virtuous; she had no conception of the state of society which allows a wife, without loss of character, and, I might say, to attach to herself professed admirers; and it was a mark of a husband, without censure, to devote himself as he did to every other woman than her to whom his faith was given.

Though their married life had been one of indifference, it had not, to her, been embittered by jealousy.

Prized the popularity and influence which she doubtless, in her ascending pride, greatly exaggerated in her own imagination, Mrs. Norman was always disposed credulously to believe that her husband was occupied with business affairs. She entered into a high opinion of herself, readily to suppose it possible for any woman to gain a greater influence over the mind of man than she possessed. But the truth suddenly flashed upon her, and she sank beneath the shock.

The Hermit shrinks from the avowal which must follow; but we do him right to mention a name which he now abhor-

But let this confession prove his penitence, and may this penance voluntarily inflicted, be favorably regarded by the 'Searcher of hearts,' the final 'Judge of all men'

"At a *fête champêtre*, given by one of the royal princes, the American minister saw Adéle de Villéte, who as the friend and companion of a lady of quality had gained entrance into circles to which she could not, otherwise, have aspired. How shall I describe that gifted, insidious and unprincipled woman! but let me speak of her as she first appeared to him, who, with all his boasted penetration and skill in finesse, became entangled in her toils.

"Festivity was at its height among the gay throngs in the saloons; but solitary and sad, he of whom I write, that former self whom I would gladly consider as separate from my personal identity, was leaning against a marble column in a conservatory filled with the rarest and most beautiful flowers, whose delicious fragrance, floating on the air, seemed to blend with melting strains of music from the saloons, and the warbling of birds whose gilded cages glittered among glowing petals and luxuriant foliage.

"An open casement admitted the beams of the full moon, which bathed the scene in a flood of liquid, but softened light. Here and there voluptuous statues of exquisite proportions and finish appeared reposing amidst flowers, or half veiled from observation by some interposing screen.

"But he of whom I write stood absorbed in gloomy reverie, careless of the entrancing scene;—his thoughts were of the dark future, the embarrassment of his finances, and the disgrace which his carelessness in respect to the public affairs committed to his charge, would entail upon him. He thought of the reproaches of his wife when she should find her own fortune

gone; 'but though,' mused he, 'she has, herself, been most profuse in expenditures, she will not think of that; she has supposed her parental inheritance unbounded, and inexhaustible. It has indeed been neglected, and my own private affairs have fallen into confusion and ruin in my eager devotion to my political party;—or rather, in my strife for self-aggrandizement;—and this is the bitter fruit,—I am here, where my ambition has brought me—a *beggar, in the palace of a prince!*'

"A soft voice aroused the minister from his unpleasant reverie, 'Pardon, Monsieur; I have lost my turquoise bracelet among the flowers,—it was a gift from a dear friend; I am sorry to trouble you, but I was standing near the column an hour since, and may have dropped it there.'

"Starting from his reverie he said, 'Permit me, madam, to aid you in your search,' and stepping from his position, he looked down, where, among some cluster-roses which were entwined around the base of a marble column, lay coiled the glittering bracelet, like a serpent among flowers.

"'A thousand thanks, monsieur,' and the lady laid her hand upon her heart, 'Oh! I should have been so much grieved to have lost this precious relic of a dear friend! may I trouble you to clasp the bracelet?' at the same time extending her white arm, with apparent naiveté, and the most bewitching grace. A manner so easy and artless, could not fail to excite an interest for the stranger.

"'You must accept this bouquet for your kindness, monsieur,' said the lady, presenting the flowers she held in her hand. The minister accepted the proffered gift, saying, 'By what name, fair lady, shall I think of you, when I look at these flowers?' 'I am Adèle de Villéte, and you, monsieur, are the American ambassador.'

"Flattered by this unexpected recognition of himself and his official station among an assemblage of princes and nobles, and interested in the adventure, he offered his arm to the strange lady, to escort her to the supper rooms, whither the throng was now moving. One hour more, and it seemed as if they had always known each other, so congenial appeared their tastes and sympathies.

"'Is madame, the ambassadress, at the fête to-night?' said Mad'me de Villéte.

"'She was indisposed,' was the laconic answer, 'and I fear will think me late in returning.'

"'In France, monsieur,' said mademoiselle, 'husbands and wives are free to consult their own happiness; one soon tires of being always with the same person, do you not like our French custom, monsieur?'

"This was said with such amiable and childlike simplicity, that it was impossible to decide against the fair speaker, especially when the sentiment advanced, met with a response in the feelings of the person thus appealed to.

"It is needless to trace the steps by which Adèle de Villéte gained entire ascendancy over the mind of her victim. With the ready tact of a French woman of the world, she perceived the weak points of his character; she read his thoughts, studied his tastes, and flattered where vanity rendered him most assailable; and yet, with all his boasted penetration, he regarded her as a child of nature, whose greatest faults were those of excessive frankness and sensibility.

"Mrs. Norman, with some surprise, observed on her husband's dressing-table, a faded bouquet, receiving from his own hand fresh water from day to day; and again, she saw the same flowers, pressed between the leaves of a book of French

poetry, inscribed with the name "Adèle de Villéte," and she might have seen many passages marked in pencil, by the owner, with notes of *exclamation, admiration, and interrogation*. Her ignorance of the French language, probably saved her from comprehending the impassioned sentiments, the loose morality, the *abandon*—expressed in those passages. But doubtless, Eliza Norman had noticed a change in her husband; that he appeared more than ever, indifferent and abstracted, on the few occasions when he was in her society. She perceived herself a mere cipher in the gay and brilliant court, where any display which she could make, was nothing in comparison with the grandeur and magnificence by which she was surrounded. Her spirits became gradually, more and more depressed; the imaginary grandeur of her position, for which she had sacrificed her home, and the society of her children, was now seen but as a delusion. A foreign tongue excluded her from companionship and sympathy with those around her; no one appeared to take any interest in her weal or woe. Even in their own, official entertainments she felt herself disparaged. Continually liable to mortification, on account of her ignorance of the language, and customs of the court; feeble in health, and possessing little energy of character, she found the efforts which her position required, unpleasant and distasteful, and beyond her physical and mental powers.

"The hermit well remembers that the last time in which Mrs. Norman appeared in public, was on a 'reception night' at their own house. She had made an unusual effort to appear to advantage, and with woman's vanity, (not inexcusable in a beloved object,) as she joined her husband in the grand salon of reception, she sought to direct his attention to herself, by asking him if he approved of her dress for the occasion. Scarcely

heeding her question, and without a look towards her, the man (alas, his conduct was scarcely human) coldly said, 'It is a subject on which I feel too little interest to give an opinion.'

"Among the guests, was the Duchesse de Chevreuse, in whom age had not abated the love of admiration, and the habit of intrigue; and whose costume at eighty, was sufficiently juvenile for a girl in her teens. The companion of this ridiculous and pitiable old woman, was Adéle de Villéte. Mrs. Norman probably noticed the look of recognition between her and her husband, and his devotion to her during a portion of the evening. Whatever it was that she observed, suspicions were confirmed which had, for some time, existed in her mind. She never left her bed after that night.

"On the following day she called her husband to her bedside, and upbraided him with his neglect, and his devotion to another;—in the ebullition of excited feelings, she accused him of guilt of which he was innocent, and this was considered sufficient cause to justify his resentment, at what he termed an impeachment of his character.

"'Black choleric fill'd his breast, that boiled with ire,
And from his eye-balls flashed the living fire.'

"He answered her reproaches with bitter words of scorn and contempt, and even professed to believe her accusations of himself, the result of impropriety in her own conduct—Eliza Norman, thou hast been avenged!

"He left her presence to engage in scenes of business and pleasure; unheeding the rapid change which disease and sorrow were producing in his wife, he seldom visited her apartment. He was at length summoned to her death bed; he found her

patient and resigned. She forgave him all—her last prayer was for him, and their children.

"Was no remorse felt by that husband, as he stood over the lifeless clay of one whom he had borne from her native land, to die heart-broken among strangers? Did no resolutions to return, at once, to the care of his children, possess the mind of the father, as he looked, for the last time, on the face of the mother, cold in death? Yes, deep was his penitence for past neglect, and strong were his resolutions to change, at once, the course and current of his life; but alas for human weakness! the good resolutions made by man, confiding in his own strength, are fading as the last hues of sun-set upon the landscape;—they depart with the occasion which produced them, and the moral view is again enshrouded in darkness!"

"Adéle de Villéte was a dependent of the Duchesse de Chevreuse, a very distant relative, to whom she had rendered herself useful by her activity and taste, agreeable by her servile and fawning flattery, and convenient by the laxity of her principles.

"The unhappy man, reproached by conscience for neglect of domestic duties, unsettled in his purposes and wretched in himself, began to waver in his resolution of returning to his children and country to attend to his private affairs, and, as far as possible, clear his name from reproach;—again he met with the sorceress, who artfully threw herself in his way, under the guise of an angel of consolation. In a short time, he offered her his hand, which was readily accepted.

"Soon after his private marriage had taken place, the American minister received notice that he was superseded in his diplomatic office; and, about the same time, his drafts on the government were sent back protested.

"Embarrassed and humiliated, he left the Court, and caring little whither he went, was induced by Adéle to go to Florence. Ignorant of his pecuniary embarrassment, she expected he would have taken a palace, and lived in princely style. He, at length, communicated to her his real condition, and the necessity of their retiring to an obscure residence. Here, he studiously avoided meeting with any of his countrymen.

"Adéle's power over his mind continued unbounded; her slightest wish was to him, a law,—and in the fascinations of her society, he forgot himself, his children, and his country. He fancied that, with Adéle by his side, he might be happy, even in obscurity and poverty. Letters from his son and daughter, written after hearing of the death of their mother, had some effect in rousing him from his dream of passion. Their helpless condition, forlorn and destitute, was called up to his imagination, and resolving to do for them all he could, he appropriated to them a small sum which he had vested in England to be reserved for a case of emergency, and a bill of exchange for the same, was transmitted for their benefit to the person with whom his son had been placed. This was the last parental act which the unhappy man performed for those who should have been dearer to him than his own life. No palliation does he offer for his desertion;—but, if suffering in this life can atone for errors, the hermit might hope that his sins are pardoned.

"By degrees, the character and motives of Adéle were unfolded, her artlessness, he found to be the most consummate hypocrisy; and her tenderness, a cloak for the basest selfishness. When she saw that her victim was no longer powerful nor honored, she despised and reviled him. And when he had, for her, exhausted all his pecuniary resources, and was lying on

a bed of sickness, she deserted him, taking with her even a picture of his wife, which in her decline she had had painted for her children.—Adéle wanted not the picture, but the heavy gold in which it was set. She left on her table the following communication.

" Adéle de Villéte leaves you for ever. When she, purposely, dropped her bracelet to create an opportunity of forming your acquaintance, she believed you a prize, but she has been deceived, and finds that she has drawn a blank. She has other objects than living in obscurity with any one, especially one for whom she has neither affection nor respect. What right have you to expect the sacrifice of her youth and beauty? She is unlike the mean-spirited woman who bore with your neglect and contempt, because she felt herself in your power; and who dared not break the ties which are sacred only to fools, and bigots. No! Adéle de Villéte has made you her dupe. You, who considered yourself so wise, so capable of penetrating into the motives of others, looking upon the human mind as an instrument which you could touch with a master-hand; you, the great man, the wise, and the haughty, you have been made the tool of a woman's caprice and convenience! you may say the *victim* of a base woman; be it so;—console yourself by magnifying your own distresses, and my faults; I leave you that consolation, you have nothing else.'

" Disgusted with Adéle, himself, and the world, and believing himself marked out for disgrace, and that his presence would but brand with infamy those connected with him, he who had once been so proud and aspiring, resolved to conceal himself in the deepest solitude. He sought among the cliffs and

caverns of the Appenines to find a spot where he might live and die unknown; and he found—Valambrosa.

"The Hermit has completed the painful task of confessing the errors, the sins of his past life, which he has sought to represent in their true lineaments without disguise or palliation, as he would have delineated the character of another;—alas! he finds much to condemn, and little to approve. He applies to his soul, the words of the hand-writing on the wall, addressed to the wretched king of Babylon; 'Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting'—for his past offences he condemns himself to live apart from the haunts of men.

"This world is lost to him; but he would fain seek for pardon and forgiveness from on high, that he may have hope, for a future life.

"Having finished the details of past offences, I lay aside the third person and will now speak of myself without that interposing screen. I have studied myself; I have seen how defective have been my springs of action. The first element of a true greatness, is virtuous principle; on this basis alone, can be raised the superstructure of a truly elevated character. The richest gifts of intellect are only valuable as they are accompanied by corresponding moral qualities; and no morality can be sound and effective, that is not built upon religion. I looked, in vain, for support in the cold abstractions of philosophy. I have sought, in science, to find oblivion for the past; and in pursuits of literature, to lose the consciousness of my present condition; but philosophy, science, and literature have all proved powerless and vain; they afforded no balm for a bruised heart.

"The holy Bible which I had seldom read, and never studied with any desire to be enlightened, presented itself, when all

other sources failed to strengthen and console. Like Moses, in the burning bush, and in the mount; like Abraham, and like Jacob at Bethel, I have talked with God;—my soul has risen from her low estate, and soared aloft to the spiritual and unseen world. Angels have encamped around me and whispered of forgiveness and peace. In contemplating the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, my proud spirit has been subdued; and I trust the meek and pure doctrines of Christianity have entered into my heart, and changed its desires and aims. All the honors of the world seem, in my estimation, as less than nothing, compared with the glory which even in this life attends upon the humble and penitent believer; and no achievement do I regard so honorable, as victory over the evil passions of a corrupt nature.

"Since I have found that peace, which 'as the world giveth not, neither can it take away,' I have sometimes asked myself whether I ought not to return to my country and seek out those deserted children, whom my fears represent as living in wretchedness, perhaps, in infamy. But dead as I have been to my friends, and the world, my re-appearance might injure my family, and bring greater distress upon them. They now doubtless mourn me as dead; and why recall to them the unhappy past, or tempt myself to engage in worldly projects!

"Resigning the direction of events to Him who knoweth what is best, I will wait in humble faith and dependence for indications of His will, prepared to follow the leadings of His providence. Should sudden death remove me from the world, and this paper be found by any who may seek for evidence respecting the 'Hermit of the cliff';—it will be seen that my errors were great; that though my better nature struggled against temptation, I yielded to it;—but it will also be seen,

that I turned with horror and loathing from my sins; that I became penitent, and in child-like humility embraced the Christian faith. This religion is now my only consolation in life, and will, I trust, sustain me in death; that event which should be regarded as an entrance into what may truly be called *life*; this imperfect state being but the twilight dawning of a brighter and a better existence. To this paper, I affix my true name,

JAMES LIVINGSTON NORMAN,
Of the city of New York, United States of America."

Powerful emotions agitated the mind of Landon during the perusal of this paper. The explanations which Mr. Norman had given of his conduct, with his penitence and humility, inspired the hope that he would return to his family, not only a "better and wiser man," but much happier than he had ever been;—and Landon went to his repose with a mind lightened of a heavy burden. In his dreams, he wandered with Ida Norman in a garden of flowers, among which she lost her bracelet, and when he stooped to pick it up, he saw the coil of a glittering serpent in its place; as he attempted to crush the serpent, it stood up before him in the form of a beautiful woman, exclaiming, "Why would you destroy Adéle de Villéte?" Then he saw a man of distinguished appearance standing by a column in the garden, and the female approach him with a smile so enchanting, that he followed where she led the way, through mire and deep waters, through tangled briars and over steep acclivities, until hissing, she again became a serpent and glided away, while he who had followed her, hid himself in a cave of the earth.

Then Landon dreamed he was sitting in a summer-house on

the shore of Long Island Sound, with Louis Norman and two beings most dear to him; and he fancied he heard Laura say, "now, dear Ida, we are doubly sisters." Landon sighed when he awoke, to find it but a dream.

He rose from his dreaming couch, and wrote a hurried epistle to Louis enclosing his father's auto-biography, and informing him of his intention to return to America by the first opportunity, and that he hoped to be accompanied by Mr. Norman.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS. NEWTON'S DINNER-PARTY.

THE inmates of Science Hall, after the agitation caused by the forged letters, and the engagement of Laura Landon, were again pursuing the calm and "even tenor of their way" in the usual routine of duty. Laura, now known as the *fiancée* of Louis Norman, neither affected silly reserve, nor unblushingly talked of her "engagement," as if it were an event as important to others as to herself. She had returned to Science Hall, and was seen quietly pursuing her usual occupations. Louis stole away, as often as his professional engagements would permit, to the quiet and romantic scenes which were associated with the dream of his young life, and where was garnered the treasure of his heart.

Soon after Laura's return, Mrs. Newton sent invitations to Mr. and Mrs. Ashburn, and Julia Selby to dine at the "Hall." Mrs. Landon consented to be one of the party, and Louis Norman who was to be the hero of the day, agreed with Mrs. Newton that this meeting of a few friends on that occasion would be very proper.

The day for Mrs. Newton's dinner-party was perfect in its calmness and serenity. The few invited guests, at an hour unfashionably early, might have been seen on their way to the Hall. Louis Norman, on horseback, pleasantly occupied with his own thoughts, was passing Mr. Selby's carriage without observing whose it was, when Julia letting down the glass, exclaimed, "Good morning, Mr. Norman, and so you were

going to pass me without even a word of recognition; really, you forget your friends very suddenly!"

"A thousand pardons, Miss Selby," said Louis, touching his hat, "you are one of the last persons I would wish to forget, my sister's long tried friend."

"Only your sister's friend, Mr. Norman, I have flattered myself that you thought of me as *your* friend."

"My friend, Miss Selby, I sincerely hope you are such."

"Well, Mr. Norman, if you are my friend, why have you not been to see me since my birth-night party? I believe you are the only gentleman invited, who has not since called."

"I crave your pardon, Miss Selby, it was indeed a breach of etiquette, for which I owe you an apology."

"*Etiquette*, Mr. Norman, is a cold word to be used between friends! But do you know how poor Laura Landon is? she left the party the other night so early, I thought she must have been indisposed, and she seemed before she went in such wretched spirits!"

"I think—I believe—she is quite well now," answered Louis.

"Poor thing," said Julia, "I remember well, just how she looked the very day she came to school; I thought her then very pretty, and took quite a fancy to her. Do you not think her very beautiful, Mr. Norman?"

The horse at this instant, gave a sudden bound, and Louis, bowing as he passed the carriage, said, "You are going to the Hall, I shall be there to meet you."

Julia was not certain whether the starting of the horse was accidental, or caused by the will of the rider. She saw that the manner of Louis Norman was far from being lover-like. "After all," thought she, "he may be attached to Laura, and

why should he not be ? yet it is humiliating to feel myself foiled in the attempt to interest his heart. My flatterers would make me believe I am irresistible, when I wish to please; I have done my best in this case, and as it appears, with little effect. Mrs. Newton has warned me much against flattery; yet if it be a poison, it is a palatable one. I have drank of the cup but too eagerly and deserve to be punished.

The graceful figure of Louis Norman was seen by Julia on the steps, as he stood awaiting her approach; and Ida and Laura were soon at the door, to welcome their friend.

Poor Laura Landon, attired with elegant simplicity, her heart boyant with bright hopes, and the consciousness of requited affection, appeared to Julia surpassingly lovely, in the unusual radiance of her eyes, and the animation which was diffused over her beaming countenance.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashburn were soon added to the party, and Mrs. Landon, who had arrived still earlier, was already seated with Mrs. Newton in the drawing-room where she received her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashburn who were acquainted with the state of affairs between Louis Norman and Laura Landon, understood the particular cause of the invitation at that time. They were pleased that Mrs. Landon had broken through her usual habit of seclusion;—they felt much interest in her, both on account of past associations, and the future connection which was to be formed between her daughter and one so dear to them as Louis had become.

Mrs. Ashburn was soon deeply engaged with Mrs. Landon and Mrs. Newton in talking over the events of their school-days. They spoke of the many inroads made by death, among those who were once in the same circle of young and happy

girls;—of the melancholy death of Eliza Tudor in a foreign country; of Julia Moncrief, (Mrs. Selby,) so suddenly cut off in the midst of worldly prosperity, and when her children most needed a mother's watchful care and prudent counsel.

"We have, each, my friends," said Mrs. Ashburn, "had our own peculiar trials; I have been bereft of my children, and though blest with an abundance of this world's possessions, have been left with none to enjoy it with me."

"You forget, dear Frances," said Mrs. Newton, "that your husband has been spared to you;—think of those who have lost all!"

"I am indeed ungrateful," said Mrs. Ashburn—"for there is Louis, who is the same as a son to us; he has diffused new life within our once lonely household. Mr. Ashburn is very proud of him. You are truly happy, my dear Mrs. Landon, in the connection your daughter is about to form; and she is, I hear, a most lovely and accomplished young lady. I have been very desirous of making her acquaintance since Louis informed us of his engagement; or rather, dutifully, asked our sanction to the same."

Mrs. Landon's tearful eye spoke the varying emotions of a mother's heart, too full for utterance.

Mr. Ashburn and Louis appeared engaged in earnest conversation in a distant part of the drawing-room; while the young ladies, in an adjoining apartment, were practising with much spirit on the piano and harp, some new music by a distinguished professor, and dedicated to the "Three Graces Misses L. N., L. L., & J. S."

"Louis," said Mr. Ashburn, "have you looked well into that affair, of the foreclosure of the mortgage which your father gave to Israel Mordecai? I doubt not you will be able to prove it

was an illegal transaction, and that you have still a claim to the '*equity of redemption*.'"

"I have thoroughly examined the public records," replied Louis but can find no account of the transaction; nor does it appear that there was any advertisement of the sale, or that any notification, whatever, was given of the intention of the mortgagee to foreclose."

"It is, as I suspected; this affair must be investigated. Your father's absence was seized upon to hasten this foreclosure; and believing no one would appear to look into the transactions, that grasping miser, Mordecai, presumed to take the law into his own hands; and making a mere show of form, he gained possession of this property. But we must follow up his villainy, and rescue that splendid estate from his grasp."

"If we could do it," said Louis, smiling, "it would be even a greater triumph than that, which, through your means, I achieved over Perseverance Fox! though if it were the wealth of a nation, and I could obtain it all, it could not make me happier than did the recovering of my watch and diamonds. Indeed, I have often thought I owed a great debt of gratitude to that man, for sending me to your house, where I found parents, and more than parents."

Mr. Ashburn's eyes were moistened with the ready tear; but he was no sentimentalist; and least of all liked to hear of his own good deeds;—changing the subject he said:—

"You wear your old watch yet, it seems, Louis?"

"Oh, certainly, sir, it is my talisman; the most fashionable watch in the city, could not buy this piece of antiquity."

"And the diamonds," said Mr. Ashburn, "you never wear them, I think."

"In my opinion," said Louis, "a lawyer's jewels and dia-

moods should drop from his mouth, rather than be worn on his fingers, or his bosom; I have given the diamond pin to my sister, and the ring to"—

"Oh, yes, I understand, in token of the plain gold ring which is follow—you could not have bestowed it more worthily."

Dinner was now announced, and the company being seated at table, Mrs. Newton as head of the family pronounced a blessing with a solemnity of manner which touched the hearts of all present.

After the removal of the cloth Mr. Ashburn said he would, in the old fashioned way, propose a toast, to be drank either with wine or water, as might suit the different tastes or principles of the company, and he gave the health of Louis Norman and Laura Landon, wishing them a speedy union and long years of prosperity.

Louis bowed to Mr. Ashburn, and sent an inquiring glance towards Laura, who, surprised at this unexpected allusion, and blushing deeply, seemed painfully embarrassed. Ida thanked Mr. Ashburn with her most expressive look for his interest in her brother, while she whispered to Laura, "Hold up your head, my dear, you have no cause to blush for your choice." Mrs. Newton, with much feeling, remarked to Mr. Ashburn, that the young couple would ever have cause to remember him as the author of their happiness.

"You, my dear madam," said Mr. Ashburn, "have been the first to lead the way in deeds of kindness, and disinterested benevolence."

One individual in this party for a little time seemed not quite so well pleased—Julia Selby, surprised at Mr. Ashburn's toast, first looked pale, then red, and afterwards, to hide her chagrin,

began talking and laughing very loudly, as if in exuberance of spirits, deceiving all but herself and Mrs. Newton, who had observed, with much regret, the effect of this announcement upon her. She had wished that Julia should be fully undeceived, as early as possible, respecting the intentions of Louis Norman.

After the company had retired to the drawing-room, and were taking coffee, a messenger arrived from the city, with a package of ship-letters directed to Louis Norman, Esq. Louis, looking at the package, exclaimed, "Here is a letter from Landon, post-marked at Florence;" and then in a lower tone he said to Ida, "I dread to open this package, lest it may destroy our long cherished, but, doubtless, visionary hopes!"

Ida bending over her brother's shoulder perused with him the journal of Landon's arrival at Florence, his impressions of the place, etc., until they both, at the same moment, caught the expression, (under a later date) "*I have just parted with your father.—he will return to America, able to exculpate himself from much that has been laid to his charge.* The large package which accompanies this, is his auto-biography. If I have found it deeply interesting, what will it be to his children?"

Ida clasping her hands was for a moment silent, then laying her head upon her brother's shoulder, she exclaimed, "Louis! dear Louis! we are not orphans! we are not dishonored! let us thank God for his goodness."

Louis, too deeply affected to speak, pressed his sister's hand in silence, and beckoning to Laura, who, deeply interested in the scene, stood hesitating, irresolute whether to approach or not; "You are one of us," he said, "will you not own the father, even though he may have erred?"

"Will that father own poor Laura Landon?" asked she in

a low and tremulous tone, unheard by all but he to whom it was addressed.

"He will be proud of her," said Louis, in a louder tone; "we will all devote ourselves to his happiness."

All present with deep feelings of joy and gratitude congratulated Louis and Ida upon this most unexpected event. The good Mr. Ashburn seemed young again. "I always said so, Louis; I always said your father had good reasons for his conduct. When he was in misfortune and disgrace, I hung his picture in the most conspicuous place in my office. But when the world were all running after him, I never flattered him; and he often thought me indifferent, because I refused to join in **the false adulation offered him by the selfish and designing.** It will do me good to look upon him, once more, aye, and to show him my son!" looking as he spoke, proudly upon him whom he had cherished and loved with all a father's fondness.

So many years had the fate of Mr. Norman remained shrouded in mystery, that this intelligence, strange to all, was heard by Mrs. Newton with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure—as one whom she had once loved, he was still an object of interest to her; but most for his children's sake she would rejoice to see him again an honored member of society. Yet she wondered much, what kind of explanations could be made, which would excuse a father for an abandonment of his parental duties, for a period of so many years.

Mrs. Landon was happy to learn that her son had been instrumental in discovering the place of Mr. Norman's seclusion, and that Louis' prospects of happiness were brightening.

Julia Selby, in reality benevolent and sympathizing, except when her own personal vanity was affected, had been able to

A few days before the
fall term began, Mr. and Mrs.
Wentworth had invited their
dear friends, Miss Went-
worth and Mr. Weston, to have
dinner, had returned to their
home at Boston. They were
of the school. She desired to
have them to dinner, and never had she ap-
peared more beautiful or more
sorrow or in joy, than she did
on this occasion, scarcely less delighted
than her pupils. The pupils were all excused from fur-
ther studies, and the master, too, might rejoice that Ida North
would soon see him.

She went to her chamber and closed the door; long and earnestly did she examine her own heart to detect the springs of thought and action there; and after severe struggles with herself, she resolved that she would, hereafter, with assistance from above, control her feelings, and still love William Landon as a friend, though he did prefer Julia Selby to her.

Mr. Landon soon took leave, and Julia found Ida in her chamber, cheerful and composed. Julia was lavish in her praises of their visitor, his good looks, improved style of dress and manners, and his agreeable and intelligent conversation; and she asked Ida, in a manner, which might have been taken as serious or jesting, if she would be her bridesmaid, if she should marry William Landon.

"Certainly, should such an event take place, and you wish it, dear Julia;" was the answer; "but do you love William Landon? you have lately appeared much interested in your new Southern friend, and I believe he thinks so. Indeed, Julia, you have given him much encouragement."

"Have I done so, Ida? I am sure I did not intend it; I have only been civil to him."

"You carry civility much farther than I would do," said Ida. "To take the affections, without giving an equivalent, is, in my opinion, the worst kind of robbery. You know, dear Julia, what Mrs. Newton has often said to us on this subject."

"I do not depend so much on Mrs. Newton's oracular wisdom, as formerly," said Julia, "she was never much conversant with the *beau monde*, and her notions are now, of course, very antiquated; the truth is, we must all learn the world for ourselves."

"I am sorry, Julia, to hear you deprecate the advice of our dear Mrs. Newton; were I exposed as you are to the fascina-

Mr. Selby, who was a kind father, cordially welcomed his son, and Julia received her brother affectionately.

The presence of Miss Ida Norman, though very agreeable, was by no means disagreeable to Frank; and as he lay with a gaze of admiration somewhat embarrassing, presently exclaimed, that she was "more beautiful ever."

Frank had, however, evidently much improved in mind and intelligence; his delighted father tried him upon, and Frank, at his own knowledge of these languages so readily, a greater source of pride to himself than the property of the houses, lands, and stocks of which he was the proprietor. Having traveled in his youth, Mr. Selby quite forgot about places which he had formerly visited, and was gratified with the many evidences his son gave of authentic history.

"Why, you son," said he, "as long as you were a child you and I have never had a conversation that was not full of what you seem to have learned and interesting to me."

"I expect had a good time in Europe, father," said Frank, "and I don't suppose any man could be more pleased with the talk of the people there, or more interested in it. It is a great pleasure to me to talk with them about all of my own experiences, and to get your advice."

"Are you sorry to leave, Frank?"
"No, father, to tell the truth, I am not, for my mother has been ill for some time. You will be pleased to know that she is now well, and that she is expected to live a long time, and to assist me in the business."

"What business would you like to have, Frank?"

father, "nothing would please me better than to assist you to engage in some occupation."

"Well father, the kind of *occupation* I should like, would be to *occupy* an elegant seat somewhere on the Hudson, with ~~an~~ estate about me of a few thousand acres; and then with ~~some~~ fifteen or twenty thousand dollars income, I think the *occupation* might be made quite agreeable, especially with some beautiful and sensible young lady, who would 'Weep when I praised her, and blush when I blamed,' as Byron says. No, I mean 'blush when I praised her,' etc."

"And you mean Moore, instead of Byron," said Julia, vexed at Frank's blunders. "I suppose, Frank, you mean that you would take me to that beautiful castle of yours, as you often make me *blush* for your blunders, and *cry* for your teasing."

"No, no, Jule," and he glanced at Ida as he spoke, "I had no reference to you; but to one much handsomer than you are. Mr. Landon knows my secret—I have made him a confidant, and am quite sure he will help me to gain this prize; and I am certain will give me a good recommendation for 'honesty, sobriety' and all that sort of thing. You may come and stay with us Jule, for I suppose you will be an old maid and want a home; but I have one in my eye for the mistress of the mansion, who is to you, as Calypso with one of her attendant nymphs."

Frank's disparaging comparison of herself with Ida, did not please Julia, on the contrary she began to fancy that something might come of it; she really loved Ida much, and would be fond of her as a sister; besides she would then be out of the way of rivalship with her in her intended siege upon the heart of Landon. Frank certainly was very handsome, and his

... and becoming -World War II, the 1940s, and the Cold War.

Mr. Smith is not entirely satisfied with the new system, and he has made no comments up to this point. Where is Mr. Ladd? and where is

"He is at His mother's. I presume," said Frank, "he will be here soon, though the truth is I have not asked about our daughter."

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THE MELT

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earnest gaze, which he would withdraw in confusion. Ida did not understand this; the thought of the former inequality in their conditions never occurred to her,—she had become accustomed to consider herself a destitute orphan.

William Landon was by nature a poet, and he had sometimes conveyed lines of poetry to Ida in the books he had brought her to read; she had given him her answers in the same way—but they never spoke of these things together; the tie between their spirits seemed too delicate to be alluded to in spoken words—and it became stronger for this very reserve. Once, when the two brothers and their sisters were overtaken by a shower, as they were sailing on Long Island Sound in a pleasure boat, William, as he carefully guarded Ida from the rain, said expressively in a tone intended for her ear, only—

“Can we not buffet the storms together?”

In the tablets of the heart, these sayings and acts were treasured up, but when examined by the test of reason, they signified nothing; and Ida often felt that she had no cause to believe William Landon interested in herself, except as a friend, and unfortunate.

On the evening after his arrival in the city, Landon called at Mr. Selby's where he received a warm and affectionate greeting from every one, except Ida Norman, who appeared more reserved than ever; while Miss Selby, with all the ease of a finished lady of *haut ton*, conversed with Mr. Landon upon the countries he had visited, expressed her great delight at seeing him again,—and *looking so well too!*—but a residence abroad gave such a finish to a gentleman's manners,—it was really a great advantage, and could not be too highly appreciated. She spoke of music, the French theatre, and the Italian opera;

asked his opinion of the original paintings and sculptures of the old masters;—she led him to speak of the varied scenery of the different countries through which he had traveled, comparing with as much ease and fluency, upon foreign places, persons and things, as if she were familiarly acquainted with all. Landen, though aware that Miss Selby's mind was highly cultured, was yet surprised at her extensive research, and accurate memory. He admired the fine style of her conversation, and the taste and elegance of her dress; and reflected that, even in a European court, Miss Selby would pass for an elegant woman. But he evidently sought for an opportunity to leave her, and go to the side of Ida Norman, to whom he spoke in low tones of her father, of the deep interest he felt for him, and of the many inquiries made by him respecting her and Louis. "I thank you Mr. Landen," was all Ida could say, "We can never forget your kindness. Have you yet seen my brother, Mr. Landen?"

"He came to the vessel as soon as it arrived in the harbor, and accompanied me to my mother's; Laura was there, expecting me;" and he added with some embarrassment, "Louis and she seem very happy."

"Very," said Ida, her parched tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth.

"I hope our dear Mrs. Newton is in good health," said Landen.

"She is very well, I thank you, Mr. Landen."

"And our friends, the excellent Miss Wentworth, and the amiable Miss Milburn, are they well?"

"Quite."

Mr. Selby approached and asked some questions on business affairs, which gave Ida an opportunity to escape from the room.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IDA NORMAN FINDS, IN DUTY, BALM FOR A WOUNDED SPIRIT.—
HER UNEXPECTED REMOVAL FROM SCIENCE HALL.

IDA soon received the warm embraces of Mrs. Newton, and her numerous friends at the Hall. All pressed around her, anxious to hear every word, and see every look. "Here," thought Ida, "is love without dissimulation, warm and pure. Here, is my home; here, I am happy in the fulfillment of duty—oh, why should my thoughts and affections ever stray beyond this resting place!"

Laura's absence was the less regretted by Ida at this time, as it would have been difficult to have avoided speaking to her upon the subject which agitated her mind. She resolved to communicate to no one the trials of her heart, but to govern her feelings; and to seek for happiness in doing good to others.

Little Rosa Lansing pushed her way, until she had received her kiss, and seated herself on a low tabouret by Ida's side. "We are all so lonesome when you are gone, Miss Ida," said she, "why do you go away? Miss Landon has gone, and the girls say, she is going to be married to your brother. We all like him, but we want her to stay with us. You will not go, and be married too, Miss Ida, will you?"

"Oh, Miss Ida," said several at once, "you must not leave us; I am sure you love us, and if Miss Laura goes, you will stay with us."

The simple love of the school girls; the affection, as of elder sisters, of her dear friends, Miss Wentworth and Miss Milburn,

DRAFTS OF THE TREATY OF MARCH 2, 1862.

1. The United States and the Republic of Mexico, desirous to settle their differences by mutual agreement,

have agreed to the following articles:

ARTICLE I.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$15,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE II.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE III.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE IV.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE V.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE VI.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE VII.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

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ARTICLE XIV.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE XV.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE XVI.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE XVII.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE XVIII.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE XIX.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE XX.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE XXI.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE XXII.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

ARTICLE XXIII.—The Republic of Mexico agrees to pay to the United States the sum of \$1,000,000, which shall be paid in the following manner:

brewing,— but you must know that Mr. Ashburn put me in the way of finding out a great piece of villainy, practised by one Mordecai, an old miser, from whom our father had borrowed large sums of money, and mortgaged property, worth, at that period five times the amount of the loan. This property, by the laying out of new streets through it, has become of immense value for building lots. In a manner as secret as possible, though pretending to some legal formality, Mordecai got up an auction sale, and, himself, bid off the estate. The question of the legality of this transaction, will be tried at our next court; I hope, dear sister, to be able to obtain justice, and if so, my father on his return, will find himself in possession of a princely fortune."

Ida had listened with deep interest to this statement; for her father's sake, and that his name might be freed from all disgrace, far more than for any interest of her own, she hoped that the ardent expectations of her brother might be realized; but she expressed her fears, that he was too sanguine.

"No, dear sister, I have searched records, and have studied the case, night and day, for the last month; I have obtained unquestionable evidence that the sale was illegal; in which case, the '*equity of redemption*' reverts to the mortgager, or to his heirs and representatives. I am impatient for the trial to take place, though aware that the ablest counsel which money can procure, is arrayed against me.

"Counselor Van Deusen, always my father's bitter enemy, is one of the lawyers employed. But I do not fear them, my cause is a righteous one, and will, I firmly believe, prevail. My father's private, as well as his political character, will doubtless be assailed;—he will be called a defaulter to the government;—but thanks to Landon's friendship, I shall be

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REFERENCES

¹⁰ See also *What Is It Like to Be a Bat?* by Thomas Nagel, in *The Philosopher's Magazine*, Vol. 1, No. 1, Spring 1974.

On the 1st of January, 1863, the
Senate, by a vote of 36 to 11,
passed a bill to prohibit slavery
in the District of Columbia.
After a long debate, the House
voted, on the 12th, to accept the
Senate's bill, and it was signed
into law by President Lincoln on
the 16th. The bill provided
that no person held as a slave
in the District of Columbia
should be freed, and that
any slave so freed should
not be compelled to leave
the District. It also provided
for the gradual abolition of
slavery in the District, and
for the payment of compensation
to the owners of slaves who
had been freed.

he had discovered in ferreting out a dishonest transaction, and the confidence in his own powers exhibited in attempting, alone, to oppose counsel of great experience and influence. She appreciated the tenderness and delicacy shown in the plan of receiving their father in the house where they had formerly lived;—but to part with Ida for ever! to feel that she must now leave *her*, who had stood in the place of a parent, for one who had abandoned his parental duties! For a moment, Mrs. Newton's heart rebelled, but her noble nature triumphed; and she said, clasping Ida to her bosom, "Yes, my child, you must go; duty calls you—and I thank our Father in Heaven that my thoughts can follow you, in whatever condition of life you may hereafter be placed, without fear of your failure to act as a woman of principle, and a Christian."

But Mrs. Newton wept, and Ida sobbed aloud;—Louis would not interrupt a scene so touching, and silently withdrew, telling a servant to inform Miss Norman that he would call for her at nine o'clock the next morning.

The scene of Ida Norman's departure from Science Hall, was one of deep interest. Since she first entered its precincts, what a change had taken place in her character! Not more marked, was the physical change from childhood to womanhood, than the moral transformation which a judicious training under religious influences, had produced.

Trials of various kinds had aided in the work; indeed, without them, no deep and lasting impression upon the mind might have been produced by all the care that had been bestowed in her education.

Ida Norman was, now, a woman, of high moral worth, with a well disciplined mind, a heart generous and self-devoted, and a resolution capable of performing what her conscience dictated.



Mrs. Newton was no longer in the prime of life; the lustre of her eye had somewhat faded, her hair showed an intermingling of silvery threads, and her step was less elastic, than when she had once been the terror and dread of the wilful and enraged, little Ida. But Mrs. Newton was even more lovely, than in the prime of her beauty and elegance; the light of holiness illuminated her countenance, and a high moral purpose gave dignity and elevation to her manner—if there was in her appearance less of command, than formerly, there was more of sweetness and benignity.

Scarcely could Ida go through the painful task of tearing herself from her dear pupils; and of bidding adieu to the teachers with whom, after being their pupil, she had been associated in the same duties and responsibilities, and whose sympathies she had ever found ready to gush forth for her, on all occasions of sorrow, or of joy.

Louis Norman, as he witnessed the scene of Ida's departure thought of the time he accompanied his parents to the Hall; of the sweet little girl, whom, from the beautiful and kind expression of her countenance, he pointed out to Ida, among a group of others, as a harbinger of good; and a proud consciousness of the relation in which that little girl now stood to him, passed through his mind. That was the first great era in his own, and his sister's life; how much had since occurred to improve, and discipline their characters!

Ida tore herself away from her more than mother, and the dear home of so many years; and Science Hall, bereft of its two loveliest ornaments, seemed, for a time, deserted. Mrs. Newton, in her care to restore cheerfulness to the household, appeared, at first, to have forgotten her own loss; but when the scene had, in a degree, faded away from the minds of others,

her thoughts were of that beloved one, whom she had, so long, looked upon as the stay and prop of her declining years.

Ida had little time for the indulgence of vain regrets for those she left;—Louis, always energetic, was not long in driving to the city; and they soon found themselves at the door of their former residence.

What thrilling associations were awakened, on entering those apartments, connected with the scenes of their early life! At first, it was difficult to realize that they had, indeed, returned to the home of their childhood. But the elaborate carving of the cornices, the exquisite finishing of the wainscoting, the Corinthian colonnade of the portico; the pilasters and mantels of Italian marble in the parlors and drawing-rooms; the prospect from the windows of shady park and smooth lawn upon one side, and lofty edifices on another; all these, gradually remembered, assisted the imagination to settle down into reality. The room in which the family had usually sat, was the only furnished one; Louis had ordered a piano to be placed exactly where Ida's had formerly stood. He had selected all the furniture of the room, to resemble, as nearly as possible, that of former years, even to the low ottomans, the sofas, and arm chairs.

Ida overwhelmed by her feelings sank weeping upon a sofa. Louis seating himself by her side, said: "Do you remember, sister, a scene which occurred in this room, a short time before our family were separated? It was after tea, and the lights had been just brought in; you were at the piano thrumming away in a careless manner, instead of practising your lessons; and I who had just come into the room, began to chide you harshly, as was too common in those days. Our dear mother, who was sitting just where you now are, called us to her, and

we sat down by her side, on two low seats, like these before us. She kindly embraced us, begging that we would always be affectionate to each other, and said we should soon be separated, and, perhaps, might never live together again. I have often thought of that scene, it was deeply impressed upon my mind. Our father left the papers with which he had been engrossed, and came to us; extending his arms around us, he appeared touched with tender emotions, and the angel of love seemed for a brief space, to hover over our little circle. Ida, have I since then been an affectionate brother, and fulfilled the wishes of our departed mother?"

"Most faithfully, dear Louis, have you performed your duties; much better, I fear, than I have mine; you have been not only all that a brother should be, but have watched over my welfare with a parent's interest. I remember well, the scene of which you speak; something was said about my going to school; the next morning, mamma took me shopping with her, to fit me out, and we went to Mrs. Landon's to get our sewing done. Our poor mother was, doubtless, very extravagant;—I was then young, but I remember she owed a debt to Mrs. Landon that she could not pay, though she had that morning expended a great deal of money for articles which were unnecessary; part of which, I prevailed on her to return to the shop-keeper of whom she had bought them, and to give Mrs. Landon an order for their amount. It now seems all a dream; so many unexpected events have since occurred. I was always much interested in the Landons; but I thought not then, that the sweet little flaxen-haired Laura would be my sister."

"And William, too Ida, I think you are not indifferent to him; he is certainly deserving——"

"Cease, my dear brother,—speak not to me of Mr. Landon;

I have reasons for this request, which I cannot now explain to you;—but as you love me, Louis, never allude to any attachment between us, as you value my peace of mind, speak no more to me of Landon;—as Laura's brother, as your friend—as entitled to our gratitude for his services in seeking for our dear father, I shall not fail to treat him with all due consideration, but never think or speak of him, Louis, as one destined to be to your sister, more than a friend."

Louis was surprised and shocked at Ida's earnest and solemn manner; he had no conception of the cause which had so changed her views in relation to Landon, for never before, when rallied about him, had she appeared displeased or grieved.

CHAPTER XL.

LAW TRIAL.—SCENES IN A COURT-ROOM.—THE STRANGER.

WHILE Ida, with the assistance of Mrs. Landon and Laura, is engaged in purchasing furniture, and setting up an establishment on a scale of comfort and even elegance, (though far from the lavish extravagance of former grandeur;) we will follow Louis to the halls of justice and legal science, where the important law-suit on which so much depends, is to be decided.

Much had been said of the nature of the transaction which was to be made the subject of investigation, and paragraphs respecting the large amount of property in question, had been circulated in the newspapers, throughout the country. Mr. Ashburn, as the time for the trial drew near, became restless and uneasy; he was often seen to whisper to himself, sometimes shaking his head, as if contradicting a statement, and then smiling, as if confirming some assertion. Louis was grave and abstracted, and for several nights before the trial, scarcely closed his eyes to sleep, so deeply was he engaged in preparation for the important event.

The day arrived, and the case was called; but the counsel for the defendant plead an adjournment. Louis Norman objected to such proceeding, urging that justice called loudly for redress in a case where it had so long slumbered. The judge ordered that the trial should proceed. The spacious hall, where the court held its sittings, was densely crowded with persons of all classes and descriptions, so great was the interest which the importance of the cause had excited. Among the crowd was

seen a stranger, who, from his costume, appeared to be a foreigner; and from his lofty air, and manner, a person of distinction. He sat near a pillar, somewhat distant from the bar, though near enough to hear distinctly; and with his Spanish cloak wrapped closely around him, he listened to the proceedings with deep attention.

The witnesses being called, the counsel for the defendant brought forward a man who, having been duly sworn, testified that he was the auctioneer who officiated at the sale of the property which had been mortgaged by James Livingston Norman to Israel Mordecai; and that being unable to do better he had struck it off to the mortgagee, whose large claim upon it more than covered any other bid which they could obtain. On being cross-questioned by Louis Norman, with respect to any public advertisement of the mortgagee's intention to foreclose, the witness said, that all the requisitions of the law were strictly complied with; that due notice was publicly given before the time of sale. As to the particular newspapers in which the advertisements appeared, these could not be brought forward.

The defendant's counsel then exhibited the notes, bonds and mortgages, with the deeds which had been duly assigned to Israel Mordecai by the auctioneer, professing to act under direction of the Court of Chancery. The cause being submitted for argument, the junior counsel for the defendant, Simon Van Deusen, Esq., arose and addressed the court.

"Gentlemen of the Jury: I appear here at this time, to defend my client against a base attempt to wrest from him an estate, of which he became possessed in due course of law and equity; and in the quiet enjoyment of which he has remained until a briefless young lawyer, prowling about for prey,

fastens upon him for a victim, seeking to take from him that which he had honestly and honorably acquired, thus requiting with base ingratitude a man, who had conferred repeated favors upon his father.

"The plaintiff, it seems, for want of honorable business, has rummaged among files of old papers, eager to catch at some trifling informality which might, if artfully brought forward and twisted to suit his purposes, defeat the ends of Justice. Consider, gentlemen of the jury, what, and who, is the plaintiff in this case; a young lawyer with nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, trusting to the power of his eloquence, to 'make the worse appear the better side,' engaging in this cause as he would have bought a lottery ticket, where, though a thousand chances were against him, he might by possibility gain something, acting upon the principle of the old adage, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.'

"I am the last man to discourage virtuous enterprise; bold attempts to invade the rights of others, should be frowned upon by every patriotic citizen. And who is this young lawyer, who dares appear as counsel in his own case, believing that he can, with his 'sling and five smooth stones taken out of the brook,' contend with and overcome a Goliath of the law? (of course, not referring to myself, but to my honorable colleague, the senior counsel, whose name alone, is a guarantee of the justice of the cause he advocates). Who, I say is this young lawyer? I need not inform you, who he is; for his name is but too well known in a country which was dishonored by his father. Louis Livingston Norman is the son of a man who disgraced this bar, and rendered his name infamous by his trials at home, and his profligacy abroad. I would not injure the young man; I pity his condition; there is infamy enough

attached to his name, and were he modest and unassuming, he would undoubtedly feel the weight of his father's disgrace pressing upon him; but when, with unblushing effrontery, he dares come forward and invite an investigation into a transaction with which his father's name is connected, are we to be withheld by motives of compassion, from remarks upon the character and conduct of that father? The son, in this transaction, is but proving himself a worthy scion of a degenerate stock!

"But I would not wander from the subject before us—I will briefly state the case under consideration. Our client, the venerable Israel Mordecal, a man known as ever ready to give assistance to the needy, (of course requiring, as is prudent, proper security,) our client, from time to time, furnished James Livingston Norman, the *honest* father of this *modest* young man, with large sums of money, which in addition to the immense amount plundered from the public funds, were spent in debasing licentiousness in a foreign country; while his children, neglected by this unnatural parent, were left to the charities of strangers. As security to our client for the money so generously furnished, the said Norman mortgaged to him some lots of land, then considered of small value, as they were situated in a part of the city not likely to become populous. The money of our worthy and venerable client, was not paid; he could not obtain it from the renegade, who had fled from justice in his own country; yes, fled from justice, under the cloak of office, bestowed upon him as a compensation for the dishonorable and wicked means he had used to help into power, men who were unfit for office themselves; and who made use of power, not for the good of their country, but to reward those, who, by management and intrigue, had elevated them.

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buy it. Supposing this prop
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appeared here this day, to claim
loss to our client? But now, th
valuable, he would disturb hi
peaceful possession of that, whi
become his.

"We do not wish to injure the young man, but this attempt to re-constitute family, by endeavoring to deprive from the hands of a worthy than highway robbery; and the ex-he would bring his father's name disgraced public, heighten...

became of an ashy paleness—he sat leaning forward, motionless, with his lips slightly parted, and his breath suspended. Then, as if influenced by a sudden thought, he removed partly behind the pillar, where he could still see the speaker without being himself conspicuous, and drew his cloak so as partially to conceal his features.

Louis Norman took an attitude at once firm and graceful, and began his argument in a tone, which though low, was so deep and full as to find an echo in the most distant corner of the spacious hall.

"I appear before this intelligent court, confiding in the justice of my cause; I appear before you as the plaintiff in the case: as the legal representative of my father; in his name demanding the restoration of a valuable estate, which I assert to have been fraudulently taken possession of by the mortgagee, under color of a forced or pretended sale, and without regard to the legal provisions made to prevent the unjust appropriation of mortgaged property; without regard to the *equity of redemption*, or giving publicity to the sale which might have afforded others the opportunity of bidding, so that something approximating to the real value of the estate might have been obtained. I can prove that at the time of the mock-auction sale, and this illegal foreclosure of the mortgage given by my father, James Livingston Norman,—the property in question was worth fifty fold more than the amount for which it was mortgaged; the great rise in its value having been caused by the laying out of new streets directly through the land, which, in consequence, became eligible for building-lots. The fact of this property, then worth some five hundred thousand dollars, being struck off to the mortgagee for ten thousand dollars, is *prima facie* evidence that it was not a fair and open transaction.

"Had due notice been given of intention to foreclose the mortgage, and the time of sale duly published, can it be believed there would have been no competition for the purchase of so valuable a property? You will at once perceive that such is an improbable case. On the defendant, then, must rest the burden of proof; let him show the decree of court under which the mortgage was foreclosed, and prove that he fulfilled the requirements of the law. He has, indeed, produced one witness who affirms that he was employed as an auctioneer; and that as no one bid above the defendant, he struck off the property to him; but this witness gives no dates, he refers to no records of the court, and he can show no advertisement previous to the time of sale. His vague recollection that there were such advertisements, can surely have no weight with this court.—I challenge our opponents to produce the *public records*, the *advertisements*, and the *decree of court* authorizing their proceedings.—If there are such, they have eluded my strictest search, and vigilance."

"I would have the defendant paid, to the full value of the notes on which the mortgage is predicated, with compound interest on the same; and I claim as the legal representative of my father, the *equity of redemption*. I stand ready at the moment to discharge the debt; and I ask justice for myself, & rather for my absent father, in whose name I have brought this suit."

Thus far, Louis had proceeded, stating the various points of his argument in a cool and deliberate manner, as if passionless; he had been moved by intellect alone. He paused a moment—and throwing off the restraint he had imposed upon his feelings, and the calmness he had assumed, he proceeded in a more unpassioned manner.

"May it please your honors, and you gentlemen of the jury,

I have hitherto spoken as a lawyer advocating a cause; allow me now to speak as a son. I blush that the counsel for the defendant should have brought into this case, allusions to private character, which were wholly irrelevant to the subject under consideration.

" You are not sitting in judgment on the private character of my father; upon my own motives, or the necessities of my condition; these have no connection whatever, with the justice, or injustice of the transaction which is here the object of investigation.

" It is the pride and glory of the law, that its operation is just and equal; that it is no respecter of persons! I acknowledge that I am a *young lawyer*. May I never become experienced in that butchery of the heart, which is but too often the disgrace of the profession! I have no ambition to become a 'Goliath of the law,' defying all principles of gentlemanly courtesy, and trampling under foot those who dare to ask for justice, unless they happen to be their own clients. Did such a course of practice necessarily belong to the profession, I would tear my legal diploma to atoms, and scattering the fragments to the winds of heaven, I would with my axe and spade upon my shoulder, enter the wild regions of the west, and become a hewer of wood, and a tiller of the ground.

" But indulge me a moment, in speaking of my father! In this place, his voice was often raised to defend the innocent; in this place, the power of his eloquence and genius has been felt and acknowledged. But human nature is imperfect, my father was a man, and he erred; the envious and malicious seized upon circumstances which appeared against him, and industriously circulated reports calculated to wound and harass his feelings. The ruin of his fortune which they predicted, was,

in part, brought about by their very predictions. His country became hateful to him, and he resolved to abandon it. But providential events have restored him to society; and he is even now on the ocean, with his face homeward, prepared to return to his duties in private and social life;—wherein he may have injured any, he and his son, will stand ready to do all in their power to make full restitution."

As Louis Norman sat down, a hum of approbation burst forth from the audience, and the members of the jury looked complacently upon each other. The stranger's face was quite buried in the folds of his cloak.

There was much consultation between the defendant and his counsel while Louis was speaking, and when he had closed, the senior counsel for the defence addressed the court.

" May it please your honors, and you gentlemen of the jury, our opponent asks more proof of the publicity of the auction sale of the property contested. We had supposed the proof adduced would be considered as sufficient, but are willing to gratify the plaintiff in his wish for more proof. We are not to bring forward a witness, who will testify that he was present at the auction, that he himself bid up to nine thousand and nine hundred dollars; that many present, made bids, but none went so high as our client, to whom the property in its form, was made over, in fee-simple. The witness is a respectable tradesman in our city, and a man of unquestionable veracity. He will furthermore testify, that to his personal knowledge there appeared in several newspapers of that period, advertisements respecting the foreclosure of the mortgage, and the time of the sale."

Looks of surprise were interchanged between the judges, and many others present. Mr. Ashburn, whose feelings had been

raised to the highest pitch of excitement, by what he considered the triumphant plea of Louis, was evidently disconcerted. Louis awaited the appearance of the witness in a state of painful suspense; victory which had seemed within his grasp, now appeared retreating. The stranger looked up, his lips were compressed, and his stern countenance became still more severe.

The defendant and his counsel wore an air of triumph, as their new witness went upon the stand. Mr. Ashburn and Louis looked at the witness, and then, with a peculiar expression, at each other.

With circumstantial minuteness, the witness related the particulars respecting the auction sale. It was very much crowded, he said, he had scarcely ever known so many persons collected on such an occasion. The auctioneer was very slow in his proceedings; every one that wished, had a chance to bid. Mr. Mordecai appeared anxious to get the property out of his hands. He heard him say, that all he wished for, was the money he had lent Mr. Norman, for he owned more real estate, than he wanted. But the auctioneer, whom he could identify as the witness who had that day testified, did, at length, knock off the property to Mr. Mordecai. He heard several say, the land was not worth the amount of the mortgage. He remembered about the decree of the court under which the sale was made, and that notices of the intention to foreclose and the time of sale were published in several papers;—it was a newspaper advertisement which attracted his attention, and induced him to go to the auction.

Mr. Ashburn addressed the judges; "May it please your honors, we impeach the veracity of this witness, and I desire to testify, under oath, to my knowledge of his character."

Mr. Ashburn being duly sworn, related the story of the seizure of Louis's watch and diamonds, by this *Perservering Fox*,—the falsehoods which he heard him utter to some customers when he was trying to make sale of Louis Norman's property; and that when he found the young man had a protector, and his villainy was apparent, he gave up the article thankful to escape the penitentiary, which he so richly deserved.

This testimony of Mr. Ashburn, now himself a judge in another court, not only invalidated that of the witness; but the attempt to bring forward such a man, evidently bribed to perjury, excited general indignation. After a moment's consultation, among the judges, the presiding judge charged the jury, who without leaving their places, gave through their foreman, their unanimous verdict for the plaintiff—declaring the sale null and void, and giving to the plaintiff the right to redeem the property upon payment of the mortgage—the costs of the suit to be paid by the defendant.

There was a general movement—a murmur of approbation pervaded the assemblage. The stranger rose and walked within the bar, where Louis stood receiving the congratulations of his friends. He looked at Louis,—their eyes met,—the exclamations, "My son!" "My father!" were heard,—and Mr. NORMAN stood confessed, among his friends, and his enemies.

CHAPTER XLI.

CAUSE OF MR. NORMAN'S UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.—A FATHER'S PRIDE IN HIS SON.—MR. NORMAN AT HOME.

THE re-appearance of Livingston Norman in America was for a time, a subject for wonder and remark. The few who had remained faithful in their friendship for him, and had been disposed to regard his conduct in the most favorable light, took him by the hand with no unequivocal demonstrations of joy. To his enemies, and they were many, his re-appearance was an unexpected and undesired event; and many, who knew of his conduct, but by general report, regarded his return as a bold defiance of public opinion.

The passage of the ship in which Mr. Norman had sailed from England, had been shorter than was usual. Louis, deeply occupied in preparing for his law-suit, had not heard of the arrival of the ship in port, and not expecting his father so soon had not looked at the shipping intelligence. Landon had been obliged to leave the city for a day.

Disappointed at not being met in the harbor by Landon and his son, and not knowing where to find either, Mr. Norman, had ordered a hæckeney-coach to take him to a hotel. Soon after his arrival, he heard remarks about a case which was to be tried on the day following, involving a very large amount of property, claimed by Louis Norman in right of his father; the young lawyer, it was said, was to manage his own case, and from his acknowledged eloquence and ability, great interest was expressed by some to hear his plea.

Mr. Norman wishing not to agitate the mind of his son, at a time when he needed the full possession of all his faculties, resolved to mix among the crowd, and keeping himself unknown, behold his son as a public speaker. The outrage upon the feelings of Louis, perpetrated by the defendant's counsel in calling up his father's misdeeds, had harrowed up the feelings of that father, almost beyond endurance;—but he said to himself, "This is a part of my punishment. I will bear it meekly—but it is hard that the innocent son must suffer for the father's sake."

Scarcely at first had Mr. Norman dared to scan the features of his son, fearing that Louis might recognise him among the crowd; but when he saw him engrossed by his papers, and paying no attention to any thing but the business before him, he allowed himself a full survey of his person. It was not the symmetry and commanding grace of his form, nor the manly beauty of his features, that caused the father's heart to overflow with a full tide of joy, as he gazed upon his son;—it was the expression of an uncorrupt mind, the pure and holy light of virtue beaming from his open countenance that was read by the father, who had studied the dark pages of human nature, and understood but too well, the indications of evil passions stamped upon the brow; it was the innocence, purity, and elevation of mind so manifest in his son, which delighted Mr. Norman, and made him feel, that though his own life had been wasted, and his best faculties perverted, yet in that son he lived an example of a better nature;—and, "Oh, may he never become debased by the world's influence!" was the prayer which ascended from the father's heart.

As Mr. Norman continued to regard his son and observe him as he listened to the opposing counsel, he feared that thus

taunted and insulted, Louis would not be able to keep his temper. If thrown off his guard by passion, he might, as his father feared, forget the main points of his case, and thus the designs of his adversary would be completely answered. But Mr. Norman saw with satisfaction, that Louis remained unmoved; and he was sure, from his looks, even before he commenced speaking, that he would control his feelings; his very countenance bespoke self-command and self-possession, and inspired confidence in his power over himself.

And the hopes of his father were more than realized, when he heard Louis commence, calmly and without any perceptible agitation; stating the legal bearings of the case, which he scanned with clearness, and exhibited with force, without encumbering them with aught irrelevant, or of a nature to divide, or distract the attention. The feelings of the father were, for a time, suspended;—and as one lawyer judges another, he weighed the arguments of Louis, and often smiled, approvingly, forgetful that he had an interest in the case, or bore a relation to the speaker.

But when satisfied that his suit was safe in the hands of justice, Louis allowed himself to enter the domain of sentiment, and reply to the attack upon his father, and himself, that father saw how deep, how impassioned, and how lofty were his feelings;—that his eloquence was unanswerable, for it was the eloquence of virtue. "I was called eloquent," thought he, "but my speeches were made of fine words; this is the language of the soul!"

After the recognition of his father by Louis, and the excitement of their meeting had in some degree passed away, Louis beckoned to Mr. Ashburn who stood with his spectacles in his hand, wiping his eyes and presenting him, said, "My father,

Mr. Ashburner, who had been present at the interview, and had not observed Mr. Norman's departure, now came forward and watched him on his quick passage across the country.

Mr. Norman then explained that he had led him to go to a hotel; and to that occasion, without announcing himself.

" You will now, my dear father," under my guidance, and go home with me.

" You reside with Mr. Ashburner, a man somewhat embarrassed,

" Not at present; but we have been keeping, that we might have a home.

Mr. Norman felt the delicacy of emotions were too powerful for expression.

" And our kind friends will go home with you," addressing Mr. Ashburner.

with the intelligence that Louis had done himself much honor in his speech, and had gained his cause.

"He has invited me here to dine," said Landon, "but," in a lower tone, to Ida, "I have no assurance that I shall be a welcome guest."

There was something touching, almost expressive of humility in the tones of his voice; and Ida, conscious of the injustice of feeling aught but kindness for one, always their devoted friend, and that his supposed attachment to Julia Selby, was no cause of offence to her, offered her hand, saying, "Indeed, Mr. Landon, there is no one entitled to a warmer welcome to this house than yourself."

Though the manner was friendly, Landon thought it far from tender; so different was it from Julia Selby's *empressement* in giving her invitations.

"Your brother, Miss Norman," said he, "will soon be here accompanied by Judge Ashburn, and another gentleman, a stranger!"

"Who, who?" exclaimed Ida, "can it be that my father has arrived? oh, that it were so!"

"Could you command yourself, Miss Norman, to meet your father, should he now come?"

"I am accustomed to self-command, Mr. Landon," said Ida, with emphasis, "but do not trifle with my suspense, it is unkind."

"Yes, Miss Norman, your father has arrived, and I am every moment expecting the carriage which will bring him here."

Ida Norman neither screamed nor fainted;—she clasped her hands, and with eyes upraised, offered her silent thanksgiving to her Father in Heaven, whom she acknowledged as the author of all human happiness.

A carriage was heard at the door—a moment passed,—and Ida Norman was in the arms of her father. Louis wept tears of joy. Judge Ashburn and Mr. Landon were deeply affected at the scene.

It was now late in autumn, and the glowing anthracite radiated from the polished grate an agreeable warmth. Mr. Neiman's eye glanced over the apartment; in the agitation of his feelings, he had not observed as he entered the house, that it was his former dwelling;—the truth now flashed upon his mind, and covering his face with his hands he wept aloud. But pleasing were the tears called forth by filial tenderness and love; for he fully comprehended the efforts made by his children to receive him, in the manner, of all others, most desirable. But how, in their penury and destitution, they could have found means to do all this, was to him a mystery. That these means were honest and honorable, he could not for a moment doubt, and he fervently thanked God for the unmerited blessing showered upon him.

Ida, gently approaching, and taking his hand, said, "My dearest father, you need repose after so much fatigue and excitement, let me conduct you to your own chamber, that you may refresh yourself with rest before the hour for dinner." The father, regarding his daughter tenderly, rose and walked with her to the chamber which he had formerly occupied, and which was one of a suit of rooms once his private apartments comprising his dressing-room, library, and private reception-room.

On entering the chamber, fitted up with every comfort, Ida tenderly said, "The time, my dear father, has been short for what we wished to do, so that I have not accomplished all that I desired in the way of furnishing the house; and besides, we

did not know how the law-suit would terminate, and I have been careful about expense; though the generosity of Louis is unbounded, I was unwilling he should incur any debts;—but now dear father, since we have succeeded in this law-suit, I shall be able to get every thing for you, just as you used to have. Here, in this wardrobe is a dressing-gown for you, and some slippers of my own work; and in this bureau is some linen I have had made, thinking when you arrived, you might need a supply. If you need any thing else before your luggage shall come from the ship, Louis's wardrobe will supply your wants, for he is fully of your size. And now dear father, I will leave you to repose—you must compose your mind, and not even think of the blessings which are reserved for you after so much suffering;”—then with a daughter's pure affection, she kissed her father, saying, “I must now go and see to my dinner, we were not prepared for company to-day.”

“ Better, my sweet daughter,” said Mr. Norman, “ is ‘a dinner of herbs where love is, than the stalled ox, and hatred therewith.’ I would not detain you from your household duties; but let me look upon you once more:—And this is indeed my own little Ida, a woman, so perfect in form and feature; the little child who once climbed upon my knees, the petted and passionate girl who could bear no control, now a ministering angel, sacrificing herself for the happiness of others.—And yet with all the change, I see you are the same child; my own precious daughter. The bud, despite of neglect, has expanded into the full developed blossom,—but oh! how many chilling blasts, and blighting frosts must have fallen upon it!”

“ But now, my dear father, the sun shines genially;—we should be the more happy and grateful by the contrast of the present, with the past. God who chasteneth in mercy, has

over-ruled our trials for good; they have strengthened, united, and a christian family."

"My sweet daughter has then learned the most valuable of all lessons, to refer both trials and blessings to the wise and ever-acting Providence."

"I have been trained in my christian duties," says Ida, "dear Mrs. Newton; and I can never be too grateful to you for sounding to me such a guide and friend."

You could not," replies Mr. Norman, "have given a more perfect or appropriate answer to your mother's question. She has set your trial just now. I have often observed that in fulfilling your religious duties, you are acting in a spirit which thy divine master willed to wean us from.

LETTER LXXXV.—TO MRS. F. D. ANDREWS

Mrs. Andrews, my dear child, I yet have a few words to say to you, before I close my letter, and I hope you will bear with me.

As I have said before, the best school for a child is the home; and the best teacher is the mother; and the best book is the Bible.

On this principle, I have written to you,

Mrs. F. D. Andrews, to say, that I am sending you a copy of the New Testament, and a copy of the

Matthew Henry's Commentary on the New Testa-

ment, and a copy of the

Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Old Testa-

tude. His charming sister is betrothed to Louis, you will find in her all that you could desire in a daughter."

"But the brother, Ida,—I have thought from the manner in which he has named you, that there might ——"

"No, my dear father," interrupted Ida, "there is nothing, there can be nothing but friendship between Mr. Landon and myself; he is attached to my friend Miss Selby, she is very intelligent and accomplished, and moreover has a fortune, to which I have hitherto had no pretensions."

Ida left the room; and Mr. Norman perceiving that there was in her heart some secret unhappiness, sighed to think that sorrow must ever be infused in the cup of earthly felicity.

CHAPTER XLII.

FEMALE EDUCATION APPLIED TO PRACTICAL PURPOSES.

As soon as Mr. Norman had somewhat recovered from the effects of his voyage, the agitation of meeting with his children, and the embarrassment which at first attended his re-appearance among his former acquaintances he commenced a thorough investigation of his affairs.

He first examined his accounts with the government, resolving to make the "crooked straight," and to clear up every thing that was dark or doubtful, in all his business of a public, or private nature. If he found, in some cases, that he had slipped over moneys received without accounting for them, he discovered that he had, in other cases, neglected to make the proper charges. Such had been the chaos into which his business affairs had fallen, that deep and intricate search, and long and laborious investigation were necessary to bring order out of confusion.

The practical education of his daughter proved to him a great advantage in the thought and labor which were necessary in examining into huge masses of account books, and immense piles of papers. Secluding herself from all society, Ida spent days and nights with her father, in searching into documents, examining vouchers, and making balances.

The professional engagements of Louis occupied much of his time; and as he could give but a partial attention to his father's affairs, Ida had begged to be allowed to take the office of assistant upon herself. Patiently did she toil, and cheerfully

resign the pleasures of society, to aid in disentangling the perplexed web into which her father had permitted his affairs to form themselves. She soothed his often disturbed feelings when reflecting upon his own want of prudence and care, and accusing himself of folly and madness, in suffering his affairs to fall into such disorder. "The fever of political excitement was upon me," would he say, "and I let all go.—Money I cared nothing for; it had poured in showers into my lap, and I ceased to regard it, believing that enough, and more than enough, would always come at my call. Without intending to be dishonest, I have appeared so;—the charges which I might lawfully have made against the government, I neglected to make; and I was called a defaulter, because I did not account for what I received."

"But, my dear father," would Ida reply, "you will be able to show how it has all happened;—your accounts will now be presented to government in an accurate form, and your innocence of intentional wrong will then be made manifest."

"Yes, my dear Ida, I can now hope, thanks to your assistance, to settle honorably with the government, and relieve my endorsers of the responsibility, which like a dark cloud has rested over them; but I cannot easily settle with my own conscience for my recklessness. Yet I have promised you not to dwell upon this subject, and I owe it to you, my patient and devoted child, to think the best I can of your unworthy father. We shall have to pass some time in Washington in examining public records, but for your sake I shall try to finish these perplexed accounts as soon as possible.—I cannot endure to see your morning hours of life thus wasted, and the roses of your cheeks paled by anxious study, and perplexing researches."

In his daughter, Mr. Norman found a friend and companion.

Her influence over him was soothing and salutary, and in her society he found a happiness to which he had long been a stranger. Possessed of a fortune more than sufficient for all their wants, Mr. Norman and his daughter, were able to indulge themselves in the greatest of luxuries, that of doing good.

While Ida Norman was engaged in assisting her father in the arduous task of searching into old, and intricate accounts, she refused herself to all visitors, and William Landon among others, which tended to confirm him the more in the belief that she regarded him with indifference.

Perceiving how necessary she was to her father's happiness, and the salutary influence she had power to exert over his mind, Ida Norman thought she saw her future course in life plainly marked out by the hand of Providence, and she determined cheerfully to devote herself to those duties which appeared to be assigned to her. She believed that it was for her to sacrifice an affection which she thought was not returned—and her character assumed a settled sedateness and reserve, not natural to it.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CONCLUSION OF VOLUME I.

We must here leave those in whom we have taken so deep an interest, though we might be pleased to pursue them in their further progress along the pathway of life. We leave them with regret, as we part with traveling companions in whom we have become interested, after an intimacy of a few days or hours—but we separate from them, and remain ignorant of their future history;—we may sometimes speak of them; we may wish we could know what befell them after we parted—whether that young gentleman, whom we saw, married the lady to whom he seemed attached; or whether journeying on in single blessedness, she preferred to devote herself to a life of usefulness, unincumbered with domestic ties.

Whether Ida Norman, and William Landon in the course of time, learned the secrets of each other's hearts; and whether, if so, she became convinced that, as a wife, she might be also an affectionate daughter, must be left to the discretion and imagination of our readers.

In justice to the character of Julia Selby, we should mention that, becoming disgusted with the emptiness and frivolity of a life of fashion, and dissatisfied with the manner in which she was wasting her time and talents, she was led to serious reflection, and self-condemnation. She saw how unworthily she had acted in many cases; especially in attempting chiefly for the gratification of vanity to rival her two best friends. She saw that she had been justly punished in the defeat of her plans,

and in seeing a preference given to others of less pretension than herself, but, as she mentally acknowledged, of more worth.

Younger candidates for admiration appeared on the theatre where Julia Selby had been once triumphant; and she saw that she was regarded by them, and those who followed in their train as, *un peu passé*. Mr. Selby, who had been scarcely less disappointed than his daughter, that the junior partner did not propose, had often delicately hinted to Julia that she was of an age to marry. He at length announced to his daughter that he was about to bring home, as a bride, the accomplished Miss Blossom, her former school companion, by whom the fortune of Mr. Selby was considered as the all important requisite of happiness.

This event was as unexpected as it was unpleasant to Julia. After mature deliberation, she resorted to her friend Mrs. Newton, and opening the secret wounds of her heart, sought for advice.

"I am restless and unhappy," exclaimed Julia, "my life passes without any worthy object! Once, I enjoyed books, and in the cultivation of my mind, could find pleasure; but my literary taste has been destroyed by the sickening whirl of gayety to which I have yielded myself a victim;—a martyr in an ignoble cause."

"Come back to me, Julia," said Mrs. Newton, "and in the scenes of your childhood and early youth, engage in occupations which will improve your mind and elevate your character."

Julia's heart responded to this suggestion: it was what she had before thought of, but had feared she had too far lost the esteem of Mrs. Newton to be a welcome inmate of her household. She returned to her home much happier than she had

left it; and surprised, rather than displeased her father, by the announcement that she had resolved, with his permission, as soon as the new Mrs. Selby should arrive, to reside with Mrs. Newton, at Science Hall.

It was a nine days' wonder among the gay circle in which Julia had moved, that a belle and an heiress should withdraw from the world of fashion, to live in a school. Julia, herself, knew the trials and mortifications, which in the midst of her triumphs she had experienced; and that in the career of pleasure she had found far more thorns than flowers. She had seen that the idols of fashion remain in their shrines but for a brief space; and had proved how unsatisfactory is the incense offered by their votaries. Julia Selby's *trials* had now come; and by God's blessing, they helped to render her a better woman. She applied herself to literary pursuits, and became known as a writer, not of vitiating novels or vapid poetry, but of useful and instructive books; some of which she wrote more particularly, for the benefit of a large family of younger brothers and sisters, and of numerous nephews and nieces, by all of whom, "*Sister Julia*," and "*Aunt Julia*" was honored and beloved. And though her young step-mother was too gay and giddy to profit much by advice, Julia was persevering in her kind efforts to promote the welfare of her father's family, too often neglected by its thoughtless mistress. Piety, added to the charms of Julia's mind, rendered her what her friend, Mrs. Newton, had so anxiously desired to see.

Frank Selby, finding Ida Norman gave no encouragement to his suit, and that Laura Landon was engaged, concluded Emma Van Renselaer would make an interesting Mrs. Frank Selby," in which opinion he was not disappointed. In process of time he became a man of business, and a member of the

firm of "Landon & Selby." His former jokes about the ~~young~~ partner were occasionally alluded to, and he continued to style Landon his Mentor, attributing chiefly to his example and influence, that change in his character which had resulted in his becoming a *settled man*.

A few years have passed, and Mrs. Louis Norman, on a winter's evening, is sitting by the centre-table in a private parlor in Washington, her husband near her looking into the New York evening papers; she is surprised by his falling into a sudden fit of laughter. "Do let me enjoy this mirth with you, Louis," says the lady. Louis taking up the paper, again laughs. "Yes," says he, "retributive justice has at length sounded out, and they will punish each other in this world, for the sins they have committed against you and me, Laura. But I will not keep you longer in suspense; 'if you have tears, prepare to shed them now,'—'Married in this city, on ——, by the Rev. Mr. Cheathem, Mr. Perseverance Fox, to Miss Mary Crump.'"

After all that Louis Norman had said about "office seeking" and "political ambition," it may appear inconsistent, that he should be at Washington, as a representative in Congress; but this may be explained by a remark of Judge Ashburn, in reply to Mrs. Newton's exclamation of surprise, on hearing of Louis's election; "My dear madam, *he did not seek the office, but the office has sought him*. I foretold when he was a child, that he would be a great man, and my prophecy is fulfilled-- not in his being elected to Congress, for many *small men* obtain this office; but his greatness consists in his moral integrity, and his desire to do his duty. No citizen has a right to refuse to act, when his country demands his services. Like the Roman Cincinnatus,

tus, and our own Washington, Louis has been called for by the public voice; and greatly to the sacrifice of his pecuniary prospects, and home enjoyments, he obeys the mandate in a spirit of true patriotism, unpledged to any party, and free to act for the best interests of his country."

We leave Ida Norman, ministering to the happiness of her father in his declining years, conducting household affairs, collecting a school for orphan girls, and doing good to all within the sphere of her influence. We have seen her overcome the strong and turbulent passions which were inherent in her nature, and acting with calmness and self-possession when the tender feelings of her heart were tried to the utmost; we have seen her relinquish society, and confine herself to the severest mental labor at the call of duty; and all this she did cheerfully, not as a *heroine* but as a *christian*, none knowing her struggles, but He who seeth the secret recesses of the heart.

Farewell, sweet Ida Norman! With thy father, we would say, "'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excell-est them all'" We part with thee, assured that in whatever situation thou mayest hereafter be placed, thou wilt perform its duties, as might be expected of an educated, enlightened, and christian woman.

IDA NORMAN.

VOLUME II.

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others, to whom I would go for advice; but what have I to say? I have no *proposition* to consider, no *offer* to accept, or refuse, nothing to do but to endure in silence, a crushed and wounded spirit! It is far easier to *do*, than to *suffer*—but the latter is woman's lot, a meet preparation for a future state of glory and perfect love.

* * * * *

I have been thinking of my duty in respect to Laura, and almost resolve to comply with my brother's request. But can I ask my dear father to go with me to the land of his disgrace and misfortunes?—What would be the effect upon his mind of revisiting scenes which are associated with the most painful recollections? And could I leave him for such a length of time as this visit abroad would require? I will go, to-day, and consult Mrs. Newton; I long for communion with her, for the shady walks, and the refreshing breezes of that sweet home of my childhood, and early youth. I will say nothing to my father of Louis's proposition, till I have consulted Mrs. Newton.

in this or the next world,
in proper quietude and
Communion with the Psalm
heart, "Bless the Lord, O
bless His holy name," for
goodness."

But can this world give
engage in mental occupation,
of my own feelings? Why,
conceal my inmost thoughts
friends? It is painful to be
But whose fault is this? With
desire to extenuate what appears
I cannot but feel that he has
cared and devoted in his attent
none but a lover should look and
himself, and I have been left to a
capable of that vanity which can
love of another for his own triumph
has no cause &c.

elevation; for this I mourn, and humble myself,—but He who gave me this soul, with all its affections, its susceptibility of love, its disdain of deception, and its longing for sympathy, will pity my weakness, and I trust give me strength to go forward in my path of duty.

Reason,—feeling—devotion! The first bids me control my emotions, it tells me of my many advantages of position, and forbids the indulgence of sentiments which would disturb my peace of mind, lower me in the opinion of others, and render me less useful in the world. Feeling! this is often stronger than reason, but *devotion* can effect what reason cannot accomplish; and looking beyond this mortal scene, the heart finds consolation and hope, where the world can offer nothing. For what is this world, its advantages of position and fortune? even talents and intellectual wealth are unsatisfying to the best affections of the soul. There is indeed “nothing true, nothing calm but Heaven.”

* * * * *

Letters from Italy—what shall I answer Louis, who urges me to join him in Paris? He says Laura is still delicate, and grieving for the loss of their child; he thinks nothing would console her so much as my society,—he says, I need this change on my own account; he fears my cheerfulness is sometimes assumed—that I am not, in reality, as happy as I deserve, or profess to be. Ah, Louis, you are but too sympathizing, too observing; you would guard me from any sorrow and disappointment, if your generous heart could be gratified in its wishes!—I am not weak minded; am ready and willing to order my ways under the direction of Divine Providence. But suspense, the bitterness of hope deferred, has had its effect upon my spirit.



Why did I do so from our early youth? and why, in childhood, manifest a tenderness for the weak?—conducting us has not achieved it yet.—A man, when we first met we were children, I took up his part and rebuked all that tended to the wrong;—an undivided regard to a sister has manifested itself perfectly.—Even under such opposite circumstances fresh and sympathetic love to put out sprouts of life, and even a strong attachment to mother of the deads have had a place in me.—A man, who, in his conduct, has been a very poor example, has been a perfect model to me.—I am simple. I am good. I am kind. I am gentle. I am benevolent. I am patient. I am kind. I am benevolent. I am patient.

1. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* *Leucosia* *leucostoma* *Leucosia* *leucostoma*

my spirits, if I did not oblige myself to be active, and to appear cheerful.

Julia Selby's interest in L——, and his admiration for her talents and character, render it natural they should be attached as lovers—ought I not to rejoice if I knew this were so—I have tried to school my heart to desire it. Julia says they are only *literary friends*. L—— has also professed the same as regards their relations; and yet they may not fully understand the nature and strength of their attachment.

Mysterious and strange seem the circumstances of L——'s abrupt departure for Europe, and his conduct in relation to me since he has been abroad. So long devoted in his attentions, apparently happy in my society, sometimes expressing in look and manner a depth and tenderness of ~~feeling~~, such as it would seem true passion alone could inspire;—and then to go, with scarce a cold farewell—to leave me without explanation! but—

“Avaunt ye blissful dreams, why tread ye back,
To sport unfeeling with my fevered brain?”

Never had L—— appeared more interesting, more confiding, than at our last interview preceding the announcement of his departure. He said he had a rare plant for me that he would send the next day, and asked me to cherish it for his sake. But no plant came,—he did not even call as he was in the habit of doing, and the day following Laura told me William was going abroad to travel. This, too, just after his mother's death, and Laura so sad, and needing sympathy! William Landon; my ideal of manly perfection! how strangely inconsistent his conduct!

What had I done to offend him, that he so rudely severed the ties of friendship which from childhood had united us? Did he perceive that I loved him, and thus act a pity to my hopeless affection? Deeply humiliating is such a thought—my sex forbids me to seek an explanation of his motives,—not so with him, the advantage was wholly on his side, and that he said nothing, proves his indifference.

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Louis wishes me to join them in Paris,—but would it not seem like seeking Landon, were I to comply with this request? For, though L—— is not now in Paris, it might appear as if I expected to meet him. My pride revolts at the thought: if this—Landon shall at least respect me,—it is not for me to seek him. Yet I must not, through pride, neglect a call of duty;—dear Laura, she so tenderly loved her mother,—and the loss of her little babe too, with her own enfeebled health, still more tends to depress her. Can I be unmoved by her call? In former days, when I was the selfish and self-willed Ida Norman, she wielded power over my proud spirit by her gentle influences, but in later years, Laura seems to rely upon me, — confidence has never been impaired, though she complains of my reserve on the subject of her brother;—but how can I open my heart to her, how speak of inconsistent conduct of one whom she almost reveres, and who may have his own reasons for what seems disingenuous and capricious. A man can have no confidant —my father, if he knew all, would be unhappy, and regard Landon with less respect. Louis thinks me I am cold and reserved, and throw away Landon's love which he is sure I might have, if I cared for it —Mrs. Newell, my dear friend and mother, is, I know, grieved that I do not speak more freely with her; she is indeed the one, above all

others, to whom I would go for advice; but what have I to say? I have no *proposition* to consider, no *offer* to accept, or refuse, nothing to do but to endure in silence, a crushed and wounded spirit! It is far easier to *do*, than to *suffer*—but the latter is woman's lot, a meet preparation for a future state of glory and perfect love.

* * * * *

I have been thinking of my duty in respect to Laura, and almost resolve to comply with my brother's request. But can I ask my dear father to go with me to the land of his disgrace and misfortunes?—What would be the effect upon his mind of revisiting scenes which are associated with the most painful recollections? And could I leave him for such a length of time as this visit abroad would require? I will go, to-day, and consult Mrs. Newton; I long for communion with her, for the shady walks, and the refreshing breezes of that sweet home of my childhood, and early youth. I will say nothing to my father of Louis's proposition, till I have consulted Mrs. Newton.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.—THE LATTER EVADES A CERTAIN SUBJECT

WE will go with Ida Norman to the spot so familiar to her in by-gone days. Years have passed since the young Ida left this place, with Louis, to prepare a home for their father. Within this period, a change has passed over the various characters which have performed their part in our story.

Mrs. Landon always fragile, did not long enjoy the prosperity of her son and daughter; she passed away from the things of earth, in the certain and joyful hope of the Christian. The sensitive heart of Laura (now Mrs. Louis Norman) was deeply touched by this affliction, and the subsequent loss of an infant; her health had been thought by her physician to require a sea-voyage, and a winter's sojourn in the south of Europe; and her ever watchful husband had left public and professional business to devote himself to her.

"And where, my daughter, are you going, bonneted and shawled, at so early an hour?" said Mr. Norman, as Ida entered his library, where he sat reclining in his arm-chair, engaged with a favorite author.—"Well, I am glad you are going out, the air is so bracing and healthful; the roses on your cheek want restouching by the fresh autumnal breeze. Shall I walk with you, Ida?" "No, dear papa, I would not trouble you this morning; I thought of driving to the Hall to see Mrs. Newton—I wish to hold a consultation with her upon divers matters. You know she is my oracle."

"Certainly, dear Ida, it is right for you to see Mrs. Newton often, and I pray, for your sake, this best friend may be long spared you. She, who has been to you better than parents, deserves the first place in your heart."

"Never mind, papa, about the past; it is painful both to Mrs. Newton and myself to hear you speak thus. The truly noble in heart wish not that others should dwell upon their disinterested conduct—but what will you do, this morning, while I am absent?"

"What I was doing when you entered the room, Ida. With the best thoughts of the wise and good of all ages for my companions, I am never lonely; though you seem to fear that I shall be sad and gloomy, and so immure yourself day after day, with an old man, watching his humors; I must object to this, you have too long been a recluse, and it is time you should begin to think less of me, and to live more for yourself."

As Mr. Norman looked at Ida, he saw her changing color, and detected in her eye a tear glittering as a diamond in a sun-beam. "Why, my daughter, this feeling which you thus seek to hide? Have you any secret sorrow for yourself or others, beyond the sombre recollections of past trials, and the consciousness of that human lot which, as mortals, is upon us all? Ida, it is right I should question you, for I have sometimes, of late, feared you were not always happy as your virtues should render you."

"Your love for me, my dear father, causes your anxiety," said Ida faintly, though, in the effort to speak, the tears fell upon her cheek. "I am not, you know, very young now, and the bright dreams of childhood and early youth have fled before the realities of life. But then, I cannot, like you, ab-

stract myself from the interests and associations of the world I am as a traveler standing upon an eminence, looking back on one side upon the ground he has passed over, and contemplating the descent he is to make into the valley below. I am not, always, so cheerful a traveler as I should be;—this is my great fault, for which I should seek God's forgiveness."

"Do not, my daughter, speak of your faults; you, who have been to me in my declining years a guardian angel, assisting me in my complicated affairs with government, and helping to arrange my private business, so that, now, I am not only free from all liabilities and want, but have ample wealth at my command;—above all, my reputation as an honest man, by yourself and that of your brother, has been saved, and none can tell say, he has been wronged by your father."

"We have much to be thankful for, my dear father," said Ida, "and this feeling is ever in my heart—yet perfect happiness is not of earth, and we should not desire this, else might we feel unwilling to go, when called to enter upon a new state of being."

"You have a way of evading my questions, Ida, by seeming to be very frank, and yet you are, methinks, not entirely candid with your father; but there may be in the human heart feelings scarcely acknowledged to one's self, such as one can well express to others. I will not pain you, my beloved daughter, by urging you farther, nor detain you longer on your pleasant ride to Science Hall. My kind regards to your friend Mrs. Newton, and do not, for my sake, hasten your return home, for I have a special invitation to dine with Mr. Astlourn, to meet a few of my old friends."

Ida kissed her father, and was handed by him to the door.

carriage, which was in waiting. She looked back upon her father's stately and venerable form, as he was seen walking up the steps, and felt that she ought to rejoice in being able to minister to the happiness and comfort of his declining years; yet a half suppressed sigh told of some secret uneasiness which preyed upon her spirits.

CHAPTER III.

OLD SCENES AND OLD FRIENDS.

The old avenue leading to Mrs. Newton's house has changed in appearance, the ancient trees still retain their grace, showing, at this season, only the touch of autumn upon their heavy foliage. The surrounding grounds show the same unchanged as in former years.

A lady is walking among the flowers, taking from the blossoms of summer, some buds and blossoms, placing them among the fragrant flowers of the fall, or perhaps in memory of the winter. A slight basket is nearly full. Let us approach her.

Mrs. Newton, somewhat dim in eye-sight, is past the age of youth, beyond middle age, only the years have added to her brown and form. She is about to greet Ida, who approaches her with a smile, and a few words of greeting. Mrs. Newton's eyes are dim, and she can hardly see her friend, but she is pleased.

We are about here we see, and often meet, at least one old friend, and we know well who we are meeting. We are not always so fortunate, however, as to find our old friends, and we are often disappointed. Ida, however, is not disappointed.

You will notice Mrs. Newton's manner of speech. It is very simple, and direct, and she speaks with a decided drawl. Ida, however, is more forcible in her speech, and more forcible in her manner of delivery. We enjoyed our visit. But I do say no more. I am truly

glad to see you now. You will spend the day with us, and we will have a nice time, as the children say. I wish to hear the news from our travelers, and to tell you somewhat of my own home affairs. Julia Selby will be delighted to see you, and it will be well she should be taken from her pen; she is so fascinated with authorship that she is really becoming very unsocial. In encouraging her to write, to divert her thoughts and improve herself, I did not imagine she would become so devoted to literary pursuits. This *cacethes scribendi*, is a serious disease when it takes possession of one—I once experienced its influence, but have learned to keep it in due subjection to reason and judgment. I suppose you, Ida, could never be brought to submit to public criticism the productions of your mind; your sensitive nature would never endure that ordeal."

"I have no aspirations for literary celebrity," said Ida,— "Julia was always ambitious, I believe I am not so. I have come to-day, dear Mrs. Newton, to consult you as to a proposition my brother makes in his last letters, that I should join them in Paris, urging, among other reasons, Laura's delicate health, and her desire for my society."

Mrs. Newton, evidently pleased with the suggestion, replied, "You ought indeed, Ida, to visit Europe for your own improvement. What says your father?"

"I have not spoken to him on the subject,—recollections of Europe are painful to him, and for his sake I ought, perhaps, to decline going."

Mrs. Newton for a moment looked steadily at Ida—she saw a troubled expression, and her heart was pained. Ida, good as she was, was not entirely happy. She had been too long confined with her father, in investigating business affairs,

and had sympathized too deeply with him in the difficulties which he had met, in recovering his former position in society. Often when he had not observed it, his quick-sighted yet sensitive daughter had seen a sneer of scorn, or heard a whispered surprise, as Mr. Norman, with head erect and his demeanor, passed by. The scandal-loving world are far more prone to circulate the errors of mankind, than to give credit for the atonement made for them.—Mr. Norman having succeeded in paying his creditors, and made all the reparation in his power for past deviations from rectitude, having found that peace which comes from the pardoning grace of God, he did not concern himself about the opinions of the malignant; those whom he loved and valued had taken him in their hearts rejoicing in his restoration and in the new elevation which religion had added to his character.

Mrs. Newton had witnessed in Ida a sensitiveness almost morbid respecting her father, and she had been thinking of some change for her which might divert the current of her thoughts. "This certainly," she said, "seems a favorable time for you to go abroad. Your father's affairs are now settled, and he would surely wish for you this change of scene which you so much require."

"Shall I go alone?" said Ida.

"Oh, that would not do, you must have a traveling companion."

"Will you, my dear friend, consent to go with me? My father would not fear to allow me to travel the world over, with you for my companion and guide."

"And where at this time is our merchant-prince, William Landon?" inquired Mrs. Newton, somewhat searchingily of Ida.

"You must ask Julia Selby that question," said Ida, "I believe they are correspondents."

"Oh, yes, I know they sometimes send each other their literary productions, and are very good friends, but that is all. Ida, you once confided in me, why have you learned to shroud your feelings in mystery? You are not indifferent to Landon, and yet you treat him coldly."

"It is not my intention to do so, but circumstances have thrown us far apart, and chilled the friendship of our younger days.—Julia Selby may have forgotten some past scenes, which made a deep impression on my mind. At that period when I was a dependant on your bonny, my dear, kind friend, and our family were suffering not only affliction but disgrace, Julia had not then known disappointment or trouble; her progress was marked by conquest and triumph —"

"But, dear Ida, why remember Julia as she was before sorrows had chastened her feelings?"

"Because, dear Mrs. Newton, you have questioned me upon a subject which is connected with former days, and with Julia Selby as she was. In my cares for my father, and in aiding him to bear the burden of life, I have found occupation for all my energies; I have had no time for the indulgence of idle fancies. I may have overtasked my own powers of endurance, I may have counted too much upon firmness of purpose, and control over my own heart—I find that I am sometimes sad and weary, even in the midst of usefulness, and I almost wish that I were old, so that I could the sooner trust what I have to do on earth, and enter upon a heavenly rest."

Mrs. Newton deeply affected at Ida's solemnity of manner, was about to reply, when she was interrupted by the entrance

of Miss Selby, who cordially embracing Ida, expressed her surprise and pleasure at so early a visit.

Ida regretted this interruption to her conversation with Mr. Newton, for though she and Miss Selby were on terms of friendly intercourse, there was a want of congeniality in the characters, which had been on Ida's part a barrier to confidential intimacy; especially was there one subject on which, with Julia, she was reserved, and that subject was the relation between herself and Landon. The conviction once entertained of Landon's attachment to Julia Selby, had led Ida to a habitual reserve towards him, intended to disguise her real feelings;—and so successful had she been in this attempt that none but "He who seeth in secret," fully knew the heart of Ida Norman.

That pride which we have seen so strong in her childhood, though chastened by piety, still showed itself in her reserve. Often had Landon bent his steps to the house of Mr. Norman fully determined to learn from Ida's lips his true destiny in life, and as often had he taken his departure without explanation. He said to himself "This is absurd, it is unmannerly" but the very depth of his own feelings, and the reserve of the whom he loved, long kept him silent, and when he felt at length that he was encouraged to hope, and to make an avowal of his love, circumstances occurred which threw them farther than ever at a distance.

Julia Selby had always amused Landon by her wit, and interested him by her talents; with her he was ever at ease; thus between them, there was kept up an intercourse, friendly agreeable, but not essential to the happiness of either party.

Julia Selby was an intellectual woman, with no uncomfor-

able feminine depth of feeling. She enjoyed her first triumphs in society as a belle, but soon became disgusted with the frivolities of fashionable life. Her nearest approach to the tender passion had been in her admiration for Louis Norman, but her failure to engage his affections had rather disappointed her vanity, than wounded her heart.

No ordinary character was the learned and intellectual Miss Selby, who with fortune at her disposal, chose to devote herself to literary pursuits, an inmate of an educational establishment. When she was known as an author, it became fashionable to praise her writings, and newer aspirants for literary celebrity sought the prestige of her name and patronage. Publishers of Magazines and Annuals, solicited her name to grace the list of their contributors; and those who delighted in exhibiting celebrities at their literary re-unions, urged her attendance upon their receptions.

But when Julia Selby's love of admiration was checked by the influence of religious sentiment, she sought to overcome this unworthy passion, sincerely desiring to consecrate her talents to useful purposes. We do not say she did not still care too much what the world said of her, for even religion does not eradicate from the soul its natural characteristics; but she sincerely desired to live above the world, and to be indifferent to its censure or applause.

The warmth of Miss Selby's attachment to Laura Landon, had been somewhat chilled by the knowledge of the engagement of the latter to one whom she had selected as her own admirer,—and though in later years, and with her character improved and chastened, she was the firm and intimate friend of Mrs. Louis Norman, she was more strongly attracted to Idá, for whose self-sacrificing virtues she entertained an exalted

opinion; with all her penetration she never dreamed that Ida Norman had any secrets from her.

Stately and queen-like was Miss Selby; though she had become somewhat of a "*blue*," she neglected none of the care of the toilette. As the two ladies exchanged cordial greetings and Ida regarded Julia's becoming and *recherché* morning costume, the thought involuntarily arose, that it was very natural William Landon should admire and love one with so much intellect and beauty.

"I was going to see you, Ida," said Miss Selby, "for I received yesterday a letter from my old friend Landon, who is still indulging his taste for the fine arts in the magnificent galleries of Rome and Florence, and you know he always expects me to read his letters to you."

"Very kind, certainly, my old friend Mr. Landon is, and quite generous in you, to afford me this gratification," was Ida's apparently indifferent answer.

"But why does not Mr. Landon address some of his communications directly to Ida?" said Mrs. Newton, with some emphasis.

"I do not know," replied Miss Selby, "unless he considers Miss Ida Norman as too unapproachable to be addressed by him."

Ida's deep blush did not escape Mrs. Newton's observation, who, in truth, had long suspected her attachment to Landon, and without understanding the circumstances, had feared there was on both sides some want of candor.

"Let us pass to the reading of the letter," said Ida, summing up to her aid that composure which she had so well learned to assume when William Landon was the subject of conversation. "I am anxious to know Mr. Landon's opinions

respecting his sister's health, if such common-place topics may be admitted into a correspondence so learned as must be that between a literary traveler and a celebrated authoress."

There was in the tone of voice with which this was said, somewhat of asperity, noticed by Mrs. Newton with a degree of pain, but not observed by Miss Selby, accustomed to hear herself addressed in terms of high respect, and considering Landon fully entitled to the appellation Ida had used in regard to him.

The letter was then produced and read by Julia Selby to an attentive audience. The writer expatiated upon various topics suggested by the countries through which he had traveled; the superstitions of Spain and Italy; the newly awakened spirit of liberty which appeared ready to burst forth in various countries of Europe, then enslaved by despots, foreign and domestic. Religious and political toleration, he said, was becoming the watch-word among the awakened patriots of Italy, but in the confusion of principle, much that was evil was assuming the name of patriotism, and liberty was too often but a watch-word for lawless ambition, and reckless misrule.

The literature of Germany had engaged much of Landon's attention - for some time he had devoted himself to its study, sojourning wherever the best opportunities presented for mingling with the gifted spirits of the age, and pursuing his researches into German philosophy, poetry and metaphysics.

Ida listened with deep interest to Landon's remarks on the effect which these studies had had upon his own mind.

"At first," said he, "I was fascinated with what seemed the deep, almost unfathomable thoughts of these philosophers—I began to feel that hitherto I had known nothing, had under-

stood nothing. I was a child attempting to grasp the thoughts of gigantic intellects. In religious disquisitions, there was an apparent search for truth, candid admissions in respect to what could not be explained, and a readiness to yield what one could not comprehend. Allured by the specious reasoning of German mystics, I began to regard with jealousy the shackles which had hitherto kept my spirit in subjection to the faith of the church in which I was educated. But I woke to my danger before it was too late, and have since avoided German theology, as containing the germs of infidelity of the most dangerous kind."

"Thank God," said Ida, with fervor, "that he clings to his Christian faith."

Miss Selby was too deeply interested with the remark of her correspondent to observe this involuntary betrayal of Ida Norman's deep interest in the sentiments of Landon; and she proceeded to read a critique on German poetry, which at the time to time she pronounced excellent, and such as could only emanate from one who was himself a poet.

In a postscript, Landon said his sister, Laura, was in health of France, slowly recovering her health and spirits, anxious for Miss Ida Norman to join her in Paris, and Ida understood that Louis had written to urge his sister to do so. "The strong attachment of my sister to this early friend of mine abates with time. Who, my dear Miss Selby, can know Ida Norman without admiring the exquisite delicacy of her sentiments, and her high moral qualities? But she is very chary of her confidants, and keeps at a distance those who would betray their秘密." "I well know, Ida," said Miss Selby, "there is a completeness in your life; is it not worth much from such a source?"

"It proves," said Ida, with dignity, "how little in reality Mr. Landon values me, since he can name me in this manner."

"Oh, woman," exclaimed Miss Selby, "ever capricious, hard to please,—but how few ladies there are in our city whose heads would not be actually turned by such an eulogium from the elegant Mr. Landon, I am sure *I* have never elicited from him any praise like this."

Ida was wounded, for she regarded the manner in which Landon had named her as a test of his indifference to her, that he only thought of her as his sister's friend, as perhaps, too, his own friend.—And why was not Ida Norman satisfied that **William Landon should be to her—only a friend?**

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE.—THE SEA.—LONG CONVERSATIONS.—DISCUSSIONS
AN INTERESTING TOPIC.

THE scene of our story changes. Mrs. Newton has consented to go with Ida Norman to seek her brother in France, to minister to the happiness of her sister-in-law. Mr. Norman having urged his devoted daughter to go abroad for the improvement of her own health and spirits, remains at his own home, happy in the hope of a reunion with his children after a few months shall have elapsed. To his daughter's request that he would accompany her, he replied that he had suffered too much disgrace and humiliation from European associations to be willing again to tread the shores of the old world.

"Possibly," said he, "you may in your wanderings meet with her who was the cause of my most fatal errors, and whom I was betrayed and deserted. A pure being like yourself, Ida, could have no associations with one like her; yet should you chance to meet that unhappy woman in want and suffering, you will remember that she was once your father's wife. She is, probably, still in Italy, for she had no inducements for going back to France, her native country."

Ida respected the grief, and sympathized deeply in the misfortune of her father. She soothed his feelings by her attentive attentions, and with many charges to kind Judge, Mrs. Aspinwall to go often to see him, and even engaging the literary Miss Selby to call sometimes and read to him her last work, or from some favorite author, she had torn herself

from him. But chiefly had she given in the charge of good Serena Summers the oversight of the household and her father's comforts.

Sea life was new to Ida; and in communion with the grand expanse of ocean and the heavens around them, with each other, and with their own hearts, both she and Mrs. Newton enjoyed much. To both, memory gave the consciousness of a useful and well-spent life;—at peace with the world, themselves, and God, they passed the calm hours of pleasant days, feeling as the Christian alone can feel, happy to live, willing to die, rejoicing that "the Lord reigneth."

For the first time, Ida now learned from Mrs. Newton of the early attachment between her father and her revered friend, and though the latter avoided mentioning the cause which led to their separation, Ida comprehended that it was something on her father's part, which her friend was unwilling to name.

But while Ida never tired of listening to the discourse of her friend, whose varied experience and observation furnished her with a rich variety of subjects, she was less communicative as regarded herself and her relations with Landon than Mrs. Newton desired.

Seated on the deck of the noble steamer, with a serene sky above and a calm sea beneath, the two friends often passed successive hours in converse or silent meditation. It was pleasant to look back upon life, and trace the guiding hand of Providence in its varied scenes and events.

Delightful was this season of communion between two persons long bound to each other by the tenderest ties of friendship, and who now, when separated for a time from all other friends, seemed more closely than ever united.



It was towards the close of their sea voyage, that, ~~as~~ by her maternal anxiety for Ida's happiness, Mrs. Newland ventured to approach the delicate subject of Ida's relation with Landon. "We shall probably," said she, "meet in Paris—Laura's brother, he has been abroad some years—has he ~~not~~ written to you?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Is it his fault, or yours, dear Ida, that your friendship has been thus interrupted?"

"My dearest friend," replied Ida, "I cannot well answer your question. I have no reason to think Mr. Landon feels for me any particular interest; indeed, I believe he is, and has long been deeply interested in another."

"And who, Ida, may this other person be?"

"Surely, my dear madam, you need not ask this. To whom have his attentions for many years been chiefly directed? Who, of all persons, out of his own family, has been his principal correspondent, since he has been abroad?"

"You refer to Julia Selby; but their friendship is not such as two persons mutually interested in literature and fine arts, might find natural and agreeable; the result of congeniality of intellect and taste, but wholly devoid of that tender sentiment which springs from the heart, and requires an answering emotion. It is such a friendship, such an interest as might exist between persons of the same sex; *but*, as we are out of the question!"

"Perhaps, then," said Ida, "Mr. Landon's heart is not incapable of that sentiment, and he can be happy, as we ought to be, in the consciousness of duty performed, and in the cultivation of the noble faculties with which he is endowed."

"You say, we ought to be happy without the indulgence

that peculiar sentiment of the heart which is, emphatically, called *Love*. I do not mean love to parents, brothers and friends; but that passion of love implanted in the human soul by its divine author, which leads to the formation of social and domestic ties, and which, in effect, gives rise to the other forms of love that are but fainter reflections of itself. 'God created man, male and female,' and He ordered that they should be united in holy bonds and become helps, meet for each other. With this Divine sanction, love is sanctified and made holy; but, alas, 'Man has sought out many inventions,' and there is nothing so sacred, that human beings cannot ridicule or degrade."

"But, my dear Mrs. Newton, would you assert that marriage is a duty; that one cannot enjoy, in this life, the purest and noblest satisfaction in the consciousness of doing good while living in a state of celibacy, and restraining those wanderings of the heart which may, perhaps, sometimes whisper of a more perfect companionship?"

"Let me, my child,—for child you will ever seem to me,—let me ask you one question founded on your experience. You have done what few women could do; you took upon yourself a labor of great magnitude in aiding your father, broken down as for a time he seemed, in spirits and in fortune,—you accomplished successfully an Herculean task—you have been a blessed angel of mercy and consolation to that father. You have also rendered yourself useful in varied works of benevolence. Witness your school for orphans to which for many years past you have devoted a portion of each day, and to support which you have given most liberally of your substance; look at these orphans brought forward into life under your care and patronage; see them filling places of usefulness in various

conditions of life. How many teachers in your orphanage have you assisted to educate, who are now supporting wives and mothers or younger brothers and sisters by their labors?—who are elevated in society through your benefactions. Has not your house, Ida, been the resort of those who were friends and assistance, rather than of the merely gay and fashionable, and have you not, like Mary of old, "closed a good part which can never be taken from you?"

"I am humbled, my dear friend, by your praises. I have tried to do some good in the world, but it seems little compared with my responsibilities and the talents committed to my care. I have been but a poor steward, and should cry for mercy, rather than expect a reward."

"True, we have nothing whereof to boast. We are, after all, that we can do, but unprofitable servants; yet, compare your life with that of those who compose the gay world around you, and you may well be thankful for the higher moral atmosphere in which you have lived."

"Yet, compare my life with yours, Mrs. Newton, and trifling seems all that I have done for others."

"When you shall have lived to my age, Ida, I trust you may be able to look back on a far better life than mine—a life which has been, but too often, a struggle between my own wills and tastes, and a sense of duty. But we wander from our subject. I would ask you whether your own heart, in the discharge of your filial duties, your works of charity and mercy, and the cultivation of your refined tastes and intellect, has not cause to be regarded, and its tenderest emotions cherished? Answer me, my child, with the ingenuousness which belongs to your nature, but to which you have too long done violence."

A long pause ensued. Mr. Newton calmly watched for Ida's

answer. The latter, at length, raising her head and looking full in the face of her friend, said in a half-serious, half-playful manner, "May I be permitted to make of you, my dear Mrs. Newton, the same inquiry? I would not dare to do so, but for the position you place me in; it is easier to ask questions than to answer them. I would ask of you if the consciousness of spending your life usefully is not sufficient happiness for you—I mean in connection with the affection of those who are admitted within the circle of your friendship."

"You are resorting to subterfuge Ida, to put me off as you have always done in respect to your own feelings. What proper comparison is there to be made between us, as respects our situations in life. Memory can bring back to me tender scenes of affection; I do not seek to forget the past; there is in my heart a consecrated place where are treasured tender recollections which, for the world, I would not lose. But are you not, my daughter, in the course you pursue, acting contrary to the dictates of your own heart, and doing violence to the best feelings of your nature?"

"You do not, my dear mother," said Ida, clasping the hand of her friend, "understand my situation. I am no coquette, no stoic; would that I could be the latter;" and the tears fell upon the hand she held in hers. "Circumstances connected with my father's situation made me resolve to devote myself wholly to him, until I had performed a certain duty, for which, as you know, much time was required; this duty led me to seclude myself, for a season, from society; I had no room in my heart for the indulgence of tender sentiments, and I had reason to believe that the only being whom I could have loved, was devoted to another. I have sought to school my feelings, until

they should be wholly under my control; but of late I have not been satisfied with myself, for I have not attained to the measure of indifference to the world, and 'worldly things I loved,' that as a Christian I ought to do."

" You are not, as a Christian, commanded to sacrifice the noblest sentiments of your nature," replied Mrs. Newton. " I admire the noble course you pursued in devoting yourself for years, to aid your father in extricating himself from the perplexities in which he had become involved,—few women have the intellectual ability to do what you have done.—Few can grasp abstruse legal points, and enter into long and complicated business accounts as you have done, disentangling a matter so complicated that nothing but the patience of a devotee, a daughter, and the penetration of a great mind could have unraveled it."

" Such praise from you, dear friend!" said Ida, smiling. " You would have thought the *severe* Mrs. Newton would have been flatterer!"

" Truth is not flattery—but is Ida Norman, after she has herself a woman of sense and judgment, to conceal from her dearest friends, some secret sorrow,—appear capricious, go off to a foreign country by her coldness and reserve, a devoted lover, and then talk mysteriously, of secret sorrows and struggles in her own spirit? Indeed, it is time we understood each other; I have consented to leave my home and trust my duties to others, that I may travel with your adopted and beloved daughter—am I not entitled to your confidence?"

" Indeed I have nothing to confide," said Ida, her face flushed with a deep blush. " You would long since have consulted, had there been any occasion for advice. It is not 't

our sex to make the first declarations, nor to ask for explanations, however mysterious may be the conduct of one who seems to be a lover; we have only to suffer in silence what may seem like cruel mockery of our feelings."

"You have been deeply wronged, my child, if William Landon has not given you an opportunity to accept or reject him as a lover, for he certainly gave you sufficient cause, as I have myself observed, to believe him such. He is one of the very last men whom I could have suspected of the wicked vanity of seeking to gain affection for the sake of conquest; I rejoice that my child has at least proved her self-respect, by concealing from him and the world, if she have felt disappointment."

Mrs. Newton's conversation with Ida soothed and strengthened her spirit, and she felt renewed power to go forward in her path of duty. She might meet Landon in her travels;—he would, of course, be sometimes with Laura, and she could treat him as a friend, for he had, in reality, done nothing to forfeit her friendship. She began to think that as Providence seemed to destine her for a single life, she might in such a condition be most useful, and her thoughts were busy in planning improvements for her orphan-school, and for the better instructing a class of young teachers, to fit them for future duties. Her father owned a large mansion in the suburbs of the city, in a pleasant grove surrounded by flowering shrubs, and with a well cultivated garden attached; she consulted Mrs. Newton about removing her school to this place. One of her former teachers, to whom she was much attached, directed this school, and every year were brought forward as teachers a certain number of pupils, prepared to instruct others. She would make of her little school another "Science Hall," and

though her duty to her father would not permit her to reside there herself, she would visit the school often, and take Mr. Newton there on visits of inspection.

Other ways of spending life usefully, presented themselves to Ida's fervent imagination, as the tone of her mind became invigorated by improved health, and change of scene.

CHAPTER V.

FASHION AND FOLLY.—OLD ACQUAINTANCES UNDER NEW ASPECTS.

We are now to look back upon the career of certain personages who have figured in the early pages of this work, and to mark their progress upwards to the, *so called*, first class in society.

A modern parlor in the Fifth Avenue, in New York, is brilliantly illuminated; carriages from various directions draw up in front of its lofty portico, and light forms of gay ladies decorated with rare flowers, or sparkling with diamonds, ascend the steps leading to the vestibule and spacious entrance hall.

Exquisite statuary from the classic land of Italy, ornaments the stair-case, and carpets of softest texture and richest hues, receive the slightest impress of tiny feet encased in delicate satin. Suites of magnificent dressing-rooms are thrown open, showing luxurious couches covered with Persian damask, beneath drapery of the most exquisite embroidered lace, falling from rich gilt crowns, which surmounted the whole in regal grandeur. The palace of the Tuilleries has furnished models for these couches, as for other furniture of this modern, New-York palace, and the various styles of successive French and English sovereigns has been promiscuously adopted in the costly furnishing of this splendid abode. A knowledge of the fitness of things, and a cultivated and enlightened taste has not guided the purchasers in the selection of these adornments,

but only the desire of eclipsing others by the show of infinite wealth.

"Now, Emma," said a gentleman, as he handed a lady from the dressing-room, "do not keep me too long, dancing away in the ante-rooms; you look well enough for me—don't let yourself too killing to the young beaux."

"Never fear that, Frank," said our school-girl of fifteen years, Emma Van Renselaer, "you know I am a good wife."

"Yes, you are," said our old friend, Frank Selby, who had been, for some years, a settled married man. "I would exchange you even for Ida Norman."

"I suppose not, with the children in the bargain," said Emma, laughing.

Other new arrivals crowded the entrance into the dressing-room, and Mrs. Frank Selby was soon engaged in toilet-wrappings, arranging her tresses, and preparing for the grand entree into the saloons below.

Another pair ascend the stair-case. A gentleman with a black, and apparently of advanced years; upon his arm, his young, and extremely fashionably-attired lady; as they reach the landing-place at the head of the staircase, the gentleman appears somewhat exhausted, and stops to take breath, with evident dissatisfaction of the lady, who exclaims, "Do not press on, Mr. Selby, persons are crowding behind us." A mirthful sign from the person addressed tells that the old Mrs. Williams's sway over her husband did not interfere long.

"You are here before us, Emma," said Mrs. Selby, who entered the dressing-room and saw Mrs. Frank Selby about to pass out. "but we have been dancing out, and Mr. Selby

friends are so dull and prosing, I thought we should never get away, and Monsieur Frizzle disappointed me about coming to dress my hair; I have been in a great fret lest I should not get here at all, and these *parvenues* are so jealous if we fail in our attentions. But who would ever have thought that plebian Maria Crump, would have come to such grandeur as this," surveying, as she spoke, the gorgeous furnishing of the apartment.

Mrs. Frank Selby regarded with no agreeable feelings the exposure of arms, neck and bosom, which appeared when Mrs. Selby's rich opera cloak was thrown aside. The rich diamonds which sparkled on her bust, and looped up her sleeves *à l'enfant*, were, in the opinion of her husband's daughter-in-law, but a poor apology for the covering which should have screened her neck and shoulders.

Mrs. Frank Selby merely said, "How are the children doing with the measles?"

"Indeed, Emma, I have not had time to look after them, but they have a good nurse, and if any thing were going badly with them, I should doubtless hear soon enough."

To Mrs. Selby's request that Emma Selby should wait and enter the saloon with her, the former replied, that as Frank had been sometime waiting in the ante-room she must hasten to join him; and she left the dressing-room disgusted with the heartlessness and folly of her, who by marriage stood to her husband in the relation of mother. As she passed on to the room where the gentlemen and ladies met as they came from their respective dressing-rooms, she was pained to see the look of weariness and even despondency which was evident in the countenance of her father-in-law as he stood leaning against the mantel apparently absorbed in unpleasant thoughts. Frank,

who was looking over some books of prints, and in a merry air, was yet too expectant of his better-half to hear the rustling of her white brocade as she advanced towards him.

Emma Selby motioning her husband to remain where he approached Mr. Selby, and taking his hand affectionately, "And how is our good father to-night?"

"Too old to be here, Emma," said he, "but where is Selby? I hope she will not keep me waiting long. I sweetly my child, as you always do; I approve your dress,—chaste and modest," and Mr. Selby sighed.

"Is Julia with you to-night?" said Mr. Selby.

"Oh, no, she refuses to go to all parties, she is engaged in her literary pursuits, her plans of education, the care of Ida Norman's charity school, during her abode in Europe, and really I cannot but approve her choice. It would consent, I am sure I should much prefer staying at home or seeing company in a more rational way."

"You are a good girl, Emma, to try to please Fraulein Fox; he has really under your management become a dignified business man. Mr. Landon's efforts have been well seconded by your influence."

The Selby party enter the grand reception rooms, ushered into the presence of their hosts. Mr. and Mrs. Verance Fox are seen in bold relief, bowing and smiling graciously. Mr. Fox has somewhat changed since we last saw him as a perjured witness in the case of "Norman vs. Cai." His red hair and whiskers are now of a glossy black; he has a delicate imperial and large moustache of the raven hue.

Mr. Fox has recently returned from France, and is at

most perfect Parisian fashion, gloves, gaiters, neck-tie, chains, diamond bosom-fastenings, and all. Mr. Fox has still a passion for gold chains and diamonds.

Mrs. Fox, resplendent with gold and jewels, acts her part to perfection; she has studied attitudes, and affects foreign manners. Mr. Fox, she says, is often taken for a foreigner; in Italy he was thought to resemble the Portuguese Ambassador Don Pedro Gomez de Sangrado. Successive arrivals are announced. Mr. and Mrs. Mordecai with their son, and the Misses Mordecai, pay their respects to "the observed of all observers"—Mr. and Mrs. Fox. We have seen Israel Mordecai, before,—the "venerable client" of Counselor Van Deusen;—years have rendered his grey locks whiter, but he is still vigorous, and comes to-night to honor the fête of his friend and partner in the banking house of Mordecai & Fox.

Counselor Van Deusen, himself, is here; he has always been the attorney for that distinguished and most successful firm; there seems to be a peculiar sympathy and tie between him and the two partners, Mordecai & Fox.

Passing in with the crowd, we see two gentlemen standing before a magnificent picture hanging in a recess, upon which pours a flood of light from clusters of wax candles, supported by brackets upon each side of the picture.

"What a palace this is," says McDonald, "and how enormous must be the wealth which could purchase all these works of art. Why, that Claude must have cost in Italy, at least, five thousand dollars; and that group of statuary by Canova! Its value is beyond price. Pray, tell me, Crawford, who these Foxes are; they have lately appeared; at least they are new to me, and I, who have known something of the fashionable world of New York for the last ten years, have never heard of

them till lately. It was quite a wonder why I was invited here to-night, for I have no kind of acquaintance with these people."

"Come this way," said the person addressed, leading to the conservatory where the most gorgeous and exquisite flowers diffused their perfume, and lights from numerous chandeliers reflected their rich and beautiful hues.

They entered a miniature Grecian temple covered with climbing plants, where they found a *tête-à-tête* seat, before which stood a small table covered with ices, cakes, fruits and wines.

"What a fairy scene," said the first speaker; "I have seen nothing in this country to compare with it. I am impatient to know more of the princely owner of this palace. Methinks Crawford, you wear a very sinister expression."

"McDonald," said Crawford, "do you remember the day Louis Norman first came to Ashburn's office, when we were students?"

"Yes, as if it were but yesterday."

"Do you remember the story of his watch and diamonds being taken possession of by a fraudulent jeweler to whom he had offered them for sale?"

"Yes, I remember that history; Mr. Ashburn told it to me more than once."

"Do you recollect the name of that rascal?"

"No, but what has that to do with this palace and its owner?"

"Because, this rascal was *Person, not Person*, at least he is the prince whose hospitality we are this night enjoying."

"Is this possible," said McDonald, "and how has he managed to attain this pinnacle of elevation?"

Crawford's lip slightly curled, "And is he, do you suppose, the first villain who has figured among our rich men, and in the so-called first-circles of society? Is it not often the wicked who flourish in great prosperity? while two honest lawyers like you and me, McDonald, are thankful for competency, gained by untiring industry in our profession."

"You know something of Van Deusen,—you remember that case of Norman *vs.* Mordecai which he managed;—well, that very case laid the foundation of the fortune of this Fox. Old Mordecai and Van Deusen were well acquainted before that law-suit; looking about for a witness who would swear as they wished, they, by chance, met with Fox; on examining his qualifications, they were charmed with his cunning, and satisfied with his want of principle, and they continued to make use of his services, until the tool became the worker, and bent to his purpose by superior cunning, those who had regarded him as their humble instrument. But they have all become rich by their speculations and frauds."

"A horrible picture of human life, indeed," said McDonald, "and here we two, *virtuous* men, sit and traduce our entertainer—while we drink his wine. Now, how do you suppose this Fox has managed to get all these people here to-night—some of the greatest exclusives in the city?"

"Well, I can explain this to you.—His wife, a worthy helpmeet of such a partner, made in Europe the acquaintance of Mrs. Dashwell, to whom she proved a convenient toady, and, as is said, even lavished money upon her, the better to secure her services. Fox by pursuing a similar course with some fast young Americans, got himself into high favor, and Mr. and Mrs. Fox are now of '*our circle*.' Mrs. Fox's receptions, dinners, and balls, are, as you see, quite the rage,

and not to know the Foxes would be to prove yourself unknown."

We will take French leave of Mrs. Fox's ball, disgusted with much that is tolerated in the world of fashion; the waltzing and polking were declared by Mrs. Frank Selby to her husband, to be disgraceful; and he agreed that though when in Paris with Mr. Landon, he was very fond of these dances and for a time afterwards, yet as a settled married man, he was prepared to go against all this sort of thing; and Paris dancing did not begin to go to the extreme of New York performances.

Emma Selby as they were going home that night, obtained Frank's approbation to a plan she had formed for social evenings at their own house, where reading should be introduced, the merits of new publications discussed, and a literary taste in their particular circle more cultivated than heretofore. "We can then," she said, "have Julia with us, for she enjoys society in such a way, and when Mrs. Newton and Ida Norman return from Europe, they would, I am sure, encourage our project. We will be very select, you know."

"You forget, Emma, dear, I have been in love with the beautiful Ida Norman."

"No, Frank, I do not forget it. I always thought it a proof of your good taste and judgment. But how strange that Landon and she, have so long lived on in such a way—I do think they have long been attached, and ● is a mystery to me why two such sensible persons should act so foolishly."

"Don't know," said Frank, "I thought Landon was in love with our Julia, when we traveled together."

"Well, it is a mystery," said his wife, with a yawn, for she was very tired and sleepy.

The laboring world was already beginning to rouse from the slumbers of the night, when Mrs. Frank Selby, in her first sleep, was wandering in dreams of those horrid dances, where, in her visions, the ladies' dresses fell entirely off their shoulders, and a strange bacchanalian scene of riot and disorder ensued.

CHAPTER VI.

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.—WATCHFUL NEIGHBORS.

WE have now to go back some few years in order to trace the course of events which had an important bearing on the happiness of our heroine, and others in whom our readers may feel some interest.

For some years after leaving school, Sally Pry and Maria Crump continued to be very intimate. The former officiated as Mrs. Fox's brides-maid, and for some time after her friend's marriage, spent much of her time in the family of Mr. Perseverance Fox and his lady.

During this period the Foxes seemed to be getting up in the world, quite strangely to those who knew the humble beginning of the obscure jeweler. They removed from their contracted abode in the Bowery to a house in the upper part of Broadway, in the neighborhood of Mr. Norman's residence,—and here they first began to set up for style. The cards of Mrs. Fox and Miss Pry, were scattered in profusion about the very respectable, and somewhat aristocratic neighborhood; some families being, like themselves, new-comers, returned the visits, but Miss Norman, whom they had much spoken of as an intimate friend at school, and depended on to help them to an entrée into the higher circle, did not notice the cards which they at various times left at her house. Ida Norman's recollections were very vivid of those two malicious girls, who had exulted in her misfortunes, and who were supposed to be the authors of the forged letters, which gave her brother

and Laura Landon such unhappiness, and well nigh caused the death of the latter. Louis had told her often the story of his first adventure, when Perseverance Fox attempted to rob him of his property, and of the perjury of which he was guilty in the trial of the law-case, for the recovery of his father's property. Ida Norman therefore avoided all intercourse with Mrs. Fox and Miss Pry; when she accidentally met them, her manner was civil but forbade any attempt at familiarity.

There was much talk at the fireside of Mr. Fox about the Normans—every movement of Ida was watched—every carriage which stopped at their door was criticised—every visitor was observed. When Ida Norman and her father went out to dine, the Foxes knew it—when Ida went to an evening party escorted by the merchant prince, Mr. Landon, or rode out with him for morning calls, the Foxes knew it;—they saw beautiful bouquets of flowers, and packages of books brought to Mr. Norman's door, and they discovered that the bearer was Mr. Landon's servant. They knew too that Julia Selby often visited Ida Norman, and that the latter with Mr. Landon were frequent visitors at Mrs. Newton's—they saw what was going on. In Perseverance Fox these two worthies found a congenial spirit, and, as the sequel will show, a cunning assistant. Fox very well knew that the great lawyer, Louis Norman, who was considered as among the first of his profession in the city, was the identical stranger youth whom he had attempted to impose upon; he remembered his perjury at the trial of the law-suit, and felt that dislike of the Normans which bad persons naturally entertain towards those to whom their wickedness has been exposed. He did not care to tell his amiable consort that he knew well the Normans had their reasons for despising him, and Mrs. Fox did not care to tell

Mr. Fox about the forged letters, which, in former years, Mr. and Sally Pry had executed and sent to Louis Norman and Laura Landon, to prevent their engagement. But Mr. and Mrs. Fox had learned to understand each other; each fearing the cunning, and over-reaching talent of the other;—cruel and heartless, each valued the other but as an accessory or partner in the game of life which they were playing—where they won the stakes by cheating and double dealing, shuffling and cutting. But as partners in this game, they became interested in each other's success, and, to speak the truth, lived in more peace and harmony than many couples of finer sensibilities and better principles, for of them it might truly be said that "hand joined in hand" in many an evil work.

CHAPTER VII.

CURIOSITY.—WONDER IF THEY ARE ENGAGED!—WHY THEY WERE
NOT ENGAGED.

"Did you see Mr. Landon's barouche at Mr. Norman's door, as you came home to dinner?" said Mrs. Fox to her husband, as the two, with Miss Pry, were sitting easily together in their genteel parlor, sipping their after-dinner coffee.

"Well, suppose I did," said Fox, "what do you think I care for any of them, that grand old Spanish Don, or the proud Lady Ida, your intimate friend at school! As for that Landon, I owe him a grudge, for the advice he gave a rich young spendthrift whom I had in training, and should soon have relieved of a portion of his surplus funds, if that hypocritical fellow with his pretensions to religion, had not interfered; and after that, the youngster avoided me as he would a reptile. I should like to have a good chance to pay that *pious* Mr. Landon for his officiousness in meddling with my affairs. What business was it of his, what might be my designs respecting a person no ways connected with him. If one in hunting on a common finds game, who has a right to get it out of his hands? I don't call this fair play."

"It is really disgusting," said Miss Pry, "to see what airs some people do put on—there is so much hypocrisy in the world. Now how do you suppose, Mr. Fox, that William Landon got his money?—his mother was poor, and his sister was nothing but a teacher, though she is now Mrs. Louis Norman, the great lawyer's wife."

"There are many ways of getting money," replied Fox; "old Selby is very rich, and this Landon was his clerk, it is very likely he helped himself, for he had a good chance at the old man's money chest."

"I do not know about that, Perseverance," said Maria, "I suppose there is such a thing as honesty in the world, though we don't see much of it in these days." This joke seemed to be well taken by Mr. Fox, who, to say the truth, prided himself on his adroitness, and hoped to maintain his ascendancy in his family by his superior cunning.

"Do you think Landon and Ida Norman are engaged?" said Sally Pry.

"The wonder is, they are not married before this time," replied Mrs. Fox,—"for I have no doubt they have been jilted with each other ever since they were children,—but you know, Sally, old Norman's disgraceful conduct in Europe, and how dreadfully Ida Norman felt when she first heard of it—we were rather scared when we heard her fall as we sat talking the matter over.—Do you remember that scene Sally? and how humble she pretended to be after the thing came out? and now, to be sure, she is so proud that she will not visit us, living in the style, and dressing as fashionably as we do."

"Mrs. Fox," said Perseverance, "why do you care so much about that Miss Norman's not visiting you? she has not you direct, that is certain; though you wanted me to take this house opposite the Norman's, because you and she were at school together, and very intimate. Now I advise you to take no more notice of her, and to be a little more exclusive yourself, for we are bound to get up in the world, let who will try to keep us down."

The latter part of this speech served to mollify the young

temper of Maria, who was by no means pleased with the insinuation conveyed by the introduction—she had not reached that perfection of lying, which leads some to be proud of falsehood.

"We were talking about Ida Norman's being engaged to Landon," said Sally Pry, returning to that point in the conversation most interesting to her prying curiosity. "What do you think, Maria, is the reason they are not married, if they like each other? they are both rich, and I am sure they are old enough. Ida Norman is some years older than I am, for certain."

"You may swear to that Sally; she is, perhaps, old enough to be your mother," said Maria, with a sly glance at Mr. Fox.

"Oh, I don't pretend," said Sally, "that she is a very great deal older; but she is old enough to be married, and so am I for that matter, if the right one should come along, but you know, Maria, it is not every one that would suit my taste."

"I was going to say," said Maria, "that I was told, Ida Norman shut herself up for a long time with her old father, looking into his business, and would scarcely see Landon or any body else till every thing was settled, and all debts paid—and then, you know, there was a great rise in the old man's property, so that he came out mighty rich at last. I guess Julia Selby tried pretty hard for Landon; she was a great coquette in her young days, and I reckon is not much better now. How strange it was that old Selby should have married that Kitty Blossom, after his first wife died. Julia Selby little thought of being driven away from her father's house; well, 'it's an ill wind that blows no good,' for old Mrs. Newton likes her company, and it sounds mighty grand to say, that the literary Miss Selby is one

of her teachers; it does seem so strange to me how the school there can like that old lady, with her stiff ways and hard look for my part, I think she is one of the most disagreeable persons I ever met with. If I had only gone to Madame Rignard's school, instead of wasting six months at that Science Hall, should have been much more accomplished."

"I am sure," said Sally, "I did not learn any thing there and I never have recommended that school to any of my friends."

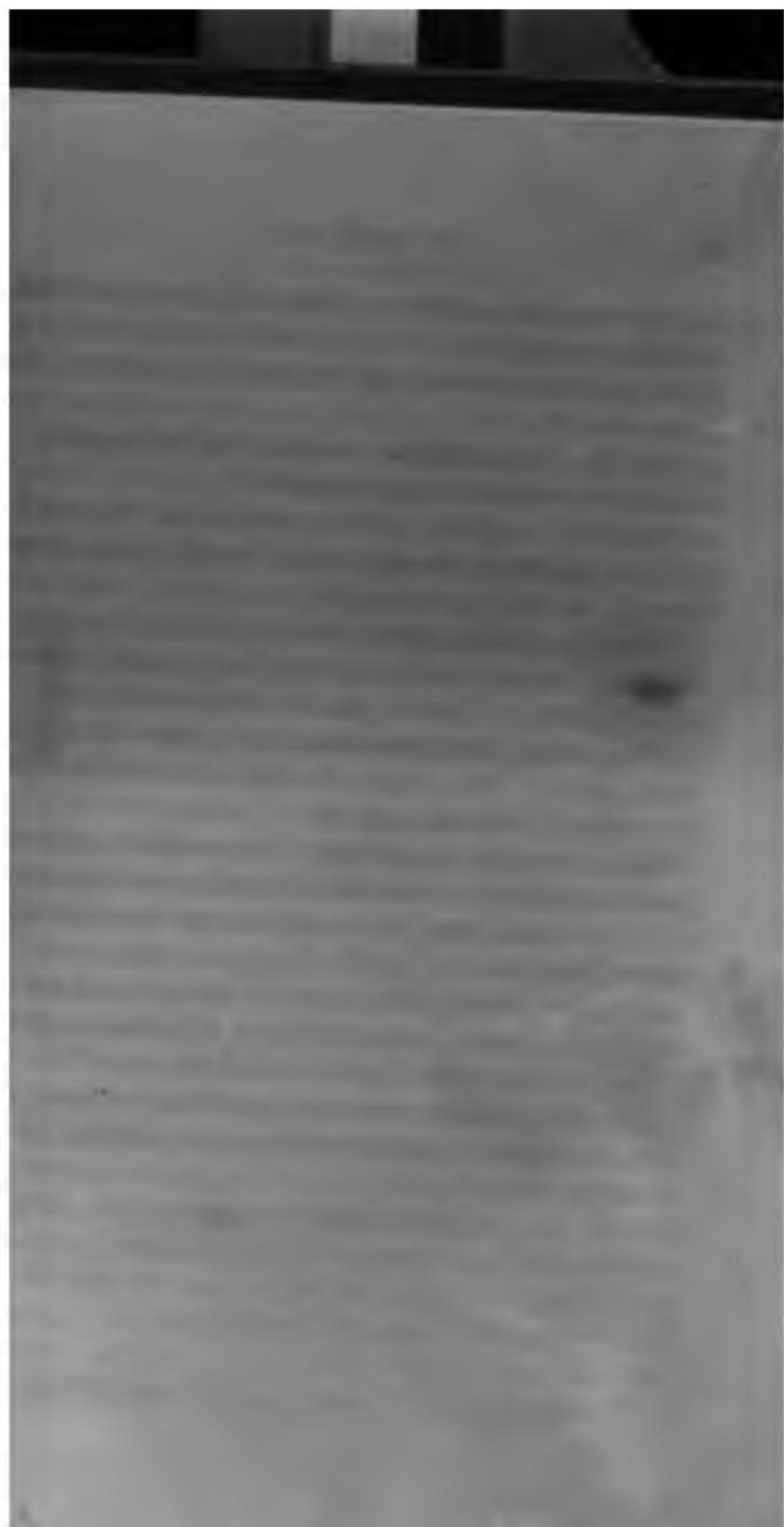
Maria, unperceived by Sally, winked towards her husband and said—"It does seem strange how they have got along with your patronage, and that of your many influential friends."

Sally, choosing not to understand the covert irony of the speech, replied, "Well, I wish we could find out whether Mr. Norman and Landon are engaged."

Maria seemed to be thinking. "Perseverance," said she "do you know that servant of Landon's, who is so often seen at old Mr. Norman's door? I dare say he could give some information if he would."

"I have no doubt I could get out of him all he does know," replied Fox, "and if you want to put your hands into Mr. Norman's dish, I believe I can help you in the matter."

This suggestion met with the approbation of Maria as Sally, who looked forward with much curiosity and anxiety to the developments.



be the person of her choice, but she wished ever to be regarded as a friend, and would be sorry to have him leave his native country on her account. Miss Norman, in conclusion, thanked Mr. Landon for his beautiful Japonica plant, and for all similar favors she had received from him.

Perseverance Fox, quite delighted with the note, took it with him to his bank, where he found the servant of Mr. Landon in waiting for him. Taking the man to his private room he said, "Well, my honest fellow, (he seemed to have a peculiar fancy for the word *honest*) you are here, I see; now I will tell you what you must do—go to your master and say you delivered the flower-pot, and the letter to Miss Norman, and that after opening the letter, she told you to return for an answer in two or three hours. Your master will tell you to go back for the answer, you are to go as far as Mr. Norman's house, and then returning to your master, hand him this note, which is his answer. Now, do just as I tell you, and then come to me when you can get away, and I will give you a little more money—but you have been pretty well paid, don't you think so?"

"It is rather a hard business, anyhow," said the servant, "for my master has always been good to me; but if the young lady doesn't get the flower, I don't suppose she will miss it much, for they have got an elegant green house, full of beautiful flowers of all sorts and colors."

"Never mind, go along and do exactly as I have told you, and I will pay you well."

Thus were Landon and Ida Norman separated, and years of prolonged mental suffering from disappointed hopes allotted to them.

CHAPTER IX.

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF PLANS—NO EXPLANATION GIVEN.

Soon after the events described in the last chapter, the mansion of William Landon with its furniture, was sold to auction, and he announced to his friends his determination to withdraw from his commercial business, and to go abroad for some years. Mr. Frank Selby now became the "*new partner*" of the still flourishing house of "Selby & Co." The fortune of Mr. Landon, rumor said, was very large; but who was known to be liberal in expenditures for works of art, and in his charities and donations for benevolent purposes, than who best knew his private affairs, said he made a point of spending his income, and that he did not desire to accumulate great riches.

There was much surprise among the friends of the Niemanns and Landons, that two persons considered by them as well fitted to render each other happy, as William Landon and Ida Norman, and who were believed to be tentatively attached, should still remain single, free to choose, and with no apparent obstacle to their union. None knew why things should remain thus; and to all friends, the two persons most interested maintained a silent reserve.

Julia Selby triumphing over the promptings of ambition and natural desire of being always the first object of love and admiration, did venture to speak with Landon, as he was about to sail for Europe, on the delicate subject of his relations with Ida Norman, but the cold and dignified manner with which he

repelled her suggestions and inquiries, effectually silenced her. He afterwards asked her to correspond with him as a friend and brother, and promised to communicate to her his impressions of the countries he should visit; and Julia engaged to keep him informed of the state of the literary world at home, leaving to his friend Louis Norman to communicate the political news, and to Laura the sisterly outpourings of her affectionate heart.

To Ida Norman there was mystery and inconsistency in Landon's course, as appears from the extracts we have given from her Diary. She struggled with her feelings before others, but, in secret, sometimes gave way to the bitter grief of hope deferred; the more she tried to exculpate Landon from blame, the more difficult she found the task;—it was for himself, more than for her own sake, that she mourned this seeming insincerity of conduct in respect to herself.

CHAPTER X.

DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS IN PARIS.—WHO CAN THOSE FOXES IN REPULSION.

PERSEVERANCE Fox of the great Wall street banking house of Mordecai & Fox, became very rich, not merely a millionaire it was said, but his wealth was counted by several millions. He and his wife, with his sister-in-law, Miss Dolly Crump, went to Paris, where the grand fêtes of the rich American were duly chronicled in the *sevilletons* of the day, and the reports copied in the New York public prints.

The elegant dresses and costly diamonds of Madame Fox were the admiration of Paris, where it was currently reported that the father of Mons. Fox was a near relative of the great British statesman of that name,—and rumor said they were invited to visit at Holland House, in England, among the noble relatives.

Mr. Landon who chanced to be in Paris about this time, was often inquired of respecting these *distinguished* Americans. He was disgusted with their vulgar ostentation, and knowing something of their real history, he shunned their acquaintance. On one occasion, at a soirée at the house of the American minister, Mrs. Fox desired an introduction to Mr. Landon, whose air and manner, she thought, might give éclat to her own parties. She inquired most kindly after his sister, Mrs. Ida Norman, and Miss Julia Selby, who were, she said, her particular friends at that excellent institution under the direction of a most estimable lady, Mrs. Newton.

Mr. Landon treated Mrs. Fox civilly, for he could not but feel some interest in one who had been the school-companion of his sister, however much he might dislike her appearance, or doubt her pretensions. Becoming still more communicative, Mrs. Fox said with a knowing look, "and Miss Norman, too, was at the same school. I believe you were formerly considered an admirer of hers—I am told she has had many offers—her present *ordealier* is a young foreign Count who is often seen in public with her; he must be much younger than she."

The spiteful woman enjoyed the pain which she inflicted, she felt no remorse at the falsehood she uttered, nor did the altered appearance of Mr. Landon, evidently suffering from depression of spirits, cause in her any compunction for the wicked part she had acted in disuniting hearts so devotedly attached.

Landon made no reply to the remarks respecting Ida;—she was enshrined in his heart as a being of purity, and he wished not that her name should be uttered by this vulgar, vain woman. An instinctive dislike of her, took possession of his mind,—but little did he then know, what cause he had to detest her!

CHAPTER XI.

SLIGHTS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.—REVENGE FOLLOWED BY REPENTANCE.

WE have now reached that period in our story of the grand entertainment at the Fox palace in New York, which we have already mentioned.

On their return from abroad the Foxes had made a grand coup d'état. Not satisfied with moving in the genteel society which they had but recently sought to enter, Mr. Fox rented his Broadway house, and purchased the splendid mansion in Fifth Avenue, where they now aspired to lead the ton, and became necessary to cut all their common and vulgar acquaintances who could possibly be dispensed with.

Sally Pry was among the proscribed; in vain did she call on Mrs. Fox, the orders of that lady to her servants were, that it was not *at home to Miss Pry*. Sally wrote to her dear friend, uncertain that there had been some mistake about her own case, and the undoubted visits to her of her friend Maria, who surely would not, after such a long separation, wait so ceremonious before coming to see her; "but these stupid servants make many blunders."

The notes remained unanswered, and Sally Pry was forced to believe that *the palace* of her friend was forever closed against her.

It was on the day after Mrs. Fox's grand ball, that in the parlor of a common boarding-house in the Bowery, might have been seen two females engaged in earnest discourse.

Sally Pry leans with both elbows on a table, looking full in the face of Angeline Sharp, her snake-like eyes glowing as with the heat of an internal volcano, "And would you believe it, the ungrateful creature has never returned one of my calls, or paid me the least attention since she came back from Europe; and as true as I sit here, I saw Fox a few days ago, stepping out of his grand carriage; I was as near to him as I am to you, but he did not choose to see me, and when I held out my hand to him, the fellow actually turned his head away."

Angeline Sharp (usually called Jelly), remembered well that Sally Pry had slighted her when she was staying with the Foxes in their genteel up-town house, and at heart was very willing she should experience similar mortification.

"Have you seen the papers of to-day," said Jelly, "there is a long account of Mrs. Fox's grand ball. I thought you might like to read it, and so I have brought it to you."

"I don't wish to see it," replied Sally, "they are beneath my notice,—that vulgar Perseverance Fox, and Maria Crump to set up for grand folks!—but I know a few things, and I am determined to expose them; they may despise me, but they might at least dread my enmity."

"Yes," said Jelly Sharp, "you have been a good deal with Maria since she was married, but she never invited me to her house; I s'pose she thought I was not good enough for her company. I heard she toadied a great deal to get notice from fashionable people. Did the Normans visit Maria when she lived in their neighborhood?"

"The Normans! to be sure they did not, though she tried in every way to bring it about; and I have heard her say a thousand times, Miss Ida Norman and Mrs. Louis Norman, were her intimate friends at school." Sally's eyes gleamed with

increased vengeance—she seemed almost choking for silence;—"Jelly," said she, "I will have my revenge on the Foxes, they shall know that if my friendship is to be worth nothing, my revenge may be of some account. What do you suppose, Jelly, is the reason Mr. Landon went to Europe suddenly three or four years ago, and that Ida Norman was unmarried to this time? Why I will tell you, Jelly—that Deverance Fox intercepted Mr. Landon's letter offering himself to Miss Norman, and an answer was forged which sent him away from his country and friends, and has kept him wandering about in foreign countries ever since."

"Why, Sally, is it possible?" said Jelly, "that would be an offence for the penitentiary, if it could be proved upon them."

"I can swear to it, and I will write to old Mr. Norman every day, and tell him he may use this information as he pleases; we shall soon see Mr. Landon home again; I have got the very letter in my possession that he wrote to Ida Norman, and a beautiful letter it is too."

"Why, Sally, how did you manage to get hold of the letter?"

"I came by it, Jelly; they don't know I have got it, they thought it was carefully put away; but I know where Maria kept her papers, and one day when she was out, I found her keys, and took the letter from her drawer."

"Well, I do declare, Sally, these things seem bad; how did one does get of this wicked world sometimes. But won't the folks think you had a hand in this matter, Sally?"

"Who cares about me, anyhow?" was the bitter reply. "When my poor mother was alive she loved me, let me do what I would; I wish I were dead too."

"Oh, Sally, don't talk so. I wish we could be sorry for

what is wrong in our lives, and become better. I know my heart is bad, and I often think I will repent and live a more Christian-like life, but you know when we were at Mrs. Newton's school, there were a few of us who ridiculed religion, and did not believe in any thing."

Sally Pry was thinking. She had begun this work from revenge; but the fires kindled up in her soul had penetrated through a thick crust of malignity, and she began to feel some yearnings for a better life. Though it was from a bad motive that she had revealed this sin in which she was an accomplice, the very act of confessing it, had somewhat subdued her wicked spirit; and her good angel—for even the bad have such—might have felt a gleam of hope as he saw her look of abasement.

Sally Pry's bitter mortification had, at first, stirred up her malignant passions, but in the struggle a gleam of light from the great illuminating source of all moral perfection, fell upon her soul.

Sally was thinking—she heeded not Jelly's words. She would make a clean breast as to this sin, which had often troubled her conscience. Mrs. Fox ought to be humbled, and she would do it. Poor Sally's mind was in a strange chaos; it was clear that as yet she felt no true repentance, but she did feel that bitter are the wages of sin; she did begin to wish that she had in her early life listened to good counsel, and chosen the virtuous for her friends.

Sally was now an orphan, with a very small annuity for her support; no one wanted her society, and she had been compelled to take mean lodgings and live penuriously, to eke out her scanty pittance through the year. Jelly Sharp's mother, who had once seen better days, now kept the boarding-house of which Sally Pry was at this time the inmate.

CHAPTER XII.

STILL UPON THE SEA—MORE CONVERSATIONS UPON HUMAN :
—SHEWING THAT “THE HEART NEVER FORGETS.”

We left Ida Norman and Mrs. Newton successfully pursue their voyage to France.

Time with the two friends had passed rapidly, divers with pleasant intercourse with intelligent fellow-passengers never failing interest of the grand view of the illimitable or blending with the sublime arch of the heavens on the far horizon, and in the uninterrupted enjoyment of the society of each other.

Ida had often wished to hear from Mrs. Newton more of her own early history; to know whether that spirit so apparently tranquil and reasonable, had always been thus; or whether, in her own case, feeling and passion had been subdued by the lessons of adversity. If so, there would be the more hope for herself, that she might one day rise above the clouds and the sphere of earth-born affections, into a clearer atmosphere of heavenly tranquillity.

“Did you ever, my dear Mrs. Newton,” said Ida, in one of their free and confiding conversations, “find it hard to govern your feelings? or were they ever, as now, so under the control of reason and judgment, that it cost you no effort to do right?”

There was a pause. Mrs. Newton’s countenance expressed that her heart was even then affected by strong emotion. “Ida,” she at length said, “you have known me familiarly since your childhood; for many years you were with me ;

daughter; you saw me at all times, at all hours, and under a variety of circumstances, and yet that you have not known me, your question fully implies.

" You have seen me stern or gentle as such qualities were demanded by my office in guarding and directing others; composed, firm, and apparently influenced in my conduct by reason alone. Of my inner life, the struggles with myself of which you have seen but the results, you know little or nothing; so far from being naturally cool, deliberate and cautious, I was the very reverse,—a child of passion and of impulse.

" A pious education under a good mother and a wise father, did much to aid me in controlling my emotions, but during my whole life, I have ever had to contend with a passionate nature, ready to love and confide, and quick in its resentments where confidence has been abused."

Ida had listened with deep attention;—with some embarrassment she said, " May I ask if, in your younger years, you were ever influenced by any attachment which was unfortunate, or did you marry the person of your first, and only love?"

" It may be right, Ida," was the slow and emphatic reply, " that I should answer this question; there can now be no harm in your knowing that I met with an early and almost overwhelming disappointment, from the shock of which my mind was slow in recovering its equilibrium. But the effects of that disappointment were salutary, shewing the world to me as it is to all, a probationary state, and enabling me the better to meet with the many trials which have fallen to my lot."

Ida took Mrs. Newton's hand and pressed it to her lips. " I have often wished," she said, " if I might dare do so, to ask of you an explanation of some remarks made by my mother, about the time I was to be placed under your care. I

fancied she was not pleased with the entire confidence my father expressed in you; and once, in my hearing, he replied to some allusion of this kind with severity." Ida paused and hesitated, not knowing how to proceed.

"It would be profitless, my dear Ida, for me to enter into a history which has long since been consigned to the oblivion of the past. So far as this I may say to you, that there were once two enthusiastic lovers, who were all the world to each other; but they were separated—ask me not in what way—between Livingston Norman and Amelia Walsingham arose an impassable gulf, and thus terminated forever the bright dream of their young lives.

"And now, Ida, let this subject never be alluded to again between us; you may gather from what I have told you that I can well sympathize with those who suffer from wounded affections; let the causes be what they may, they produce the most severe pangs to the heart of which it is susceptible."

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANCE—LOUIS NORMAN DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THE CONDUCT OF HIS SISTER IN RELATION TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW—AN UNEXPECTED ACQUAINTANCE WHO CLAIMS NO GRAND RELATIONS—HE IS ENGAGED.

THE cry of "*Land ho!*" produced great excitement on board the good ship, and the high chalky promontory of Cape la Héve with its light house, indicated that they were approaching the port of Havre. The commanding eminence—D'Ingouville, was pointed out to our travelers, as affording the best view of the city and the harbor.

At Havre our travelers were met by Louis Norman, who, having left Laura at Paris, had come post to be with them on their arrival. Among the passengers in the steamer was an intelligent gentleman in whom the ladies had been particularly interested, and who had seemed disposed to render them every kind assistance on the voyage; they felt under many obligations to this gentleman, and on introducing him to Louis, and mentioning his kind attentions to them, the latter invited him to proceed with the party by the way of Rouen to Paris.

After a few hours of rest and sight-seeing at Havre, the travelers were *en route* by rail-way for Paris.

Louis was in fine spirits, and gave a good account of Laura's improving health; he thanked Mrs. Newton, their first and best friend, for her kindness in coming with his sister; inquired with

anxious solicitude how their father bore the prospect of ration from Ida, asked after Julia Selby, and of the goings of her literary works, translations from which he had seen even in Paris.

Of Landon, Louis at first said nothing, but at length kind of hesitating manner, he said to Ida, "We do not much of William; Laura complains of him, but he is absorbed at present in Italian and German literature, has a mania for pictures and statuary, and, in fact, seems abstracted from this every day, modern world in his study, antiquities, poetry, and the fine arts. Instead of going to Paris, as I expected, he seems bent on going to Egypt, seized with a great desire to explore the catacombs, inspect the pyramids. I almost wish the house of L & Selby had met with some misfortune, that William not have found leaving business quite so easy an affair."

"But Ida," continued Louis, in a low and grave tone, "hold you in a degree accountable for his vagaries. I thought you could be a coquette, but it does appear to me to have not treated William Landon well, or as you would wished, for instance, his sister should have treated me."

Ida's eyes filled with tears, and she said earnestly, "My brother have you not confidence in me, that I am no trifler? that my principles would not permit me to be insincere? not afflict me by such remarks; William Landon could tell which of us has been the trifler,—but let this painful subject be forever dismissed; as an early friend, and as the love of your wife, I would meet Mr. Landon in kindness, desire that hereafter our relations may be definitely understood to be that of friends, nothing more; this will set every thing at rest."

As Ida spake, she felt that in her own heart there was still a wound which could not readily be healed, though for the sake of her friends she would strive to conceal it; it was not so much love for William Landon, as his supposed insincerity which wounded her; the loss of her cherished respect for his character left the painful void in her heart.

During this conversation between Louis Norman and his sister, Mrs. Newton and their traveling companion were enjoying the prospect of the country through which they were rapidly gliding; learning by their Guide Book, the different places on their route, and comparing the scenery, buildings, cultivation of the soil, and appearance of the inhabitants, with the scenes presented in their own country. The viaducts and tunnels between Havre and Rouen, they found to be striking objects of note.

At length, Mr. Norman addressing the stranger who was of their party, said, "I think, sir, your name as announced by my sister, is Goodwin; are you from the city of New York?"

"That," replied the gentleman, "is my birth-place."

"I knew a large mercantile house conducted by two brothers of your name; indeed, the Goodwin family is quite extensive; one of them was a school-mate of mine."

"I cannot," said Mr. Goodwin, "claim kindred with any such. My own origin was very humble; but I am not ashamed to say, my mother was a poor shop-woman, and I began business by selling penny newspapers."

A sudden recollection brought before the mind of Louis the scene in Mrs. Goodwin's ginger-bread shop, when she told him of her son Tom, and that he was then an "*idler* of one of the very papers he used to peddle in the streets." Seizing Mr. Goodwin by the hand, Louis gave him a hearty shake, and

with much emotion, said, "Did your mother ever tell you da
lad to whom she gave a cup of coffee, because he had no money
to pay for it; and who told her he had neither friends or
money?—I was that boy."

It was Mr. Goodwin's turn to be surprised; often had his
mother told him of that "*ere* young gentleman with a ~~new~~
~~rest~~ coat, and a *broidered* *nechercher*, and fine broadcloths, who
daddy got to be a great man, and so his children hadn't nobody
to take care of *em*." Often did the good old woman
wonder "what did come of that young gentleman, and
wish she could know before she died whether he had found
any friends to give him a lift in the world."

To Louis's kind inquiries after his mother, Mr. Goodwin
answered, that she had for some years been living in a small
cottage near Brooklyn, in the enjoyment of a comfortable
income which he had been enabled to settle upon her. "With
she learns of my meeting with you, sir, her strongest wish
will be gratified, for few days have ever passed without some
allusion to that visit of yours to her little shop."

"Are you still connected with the New York press?" asked
Louis with a good natured smile."

"Yes, still a news-boy, and I expect to die such. I have
worked my way up through all grades of the *profession*, rising
from the poor, little ragged vendor of penny papers, to the
proprietor of one of the largest establishments in the city. Perhaps, had these ladies known my humble origin and begin-
ning in life, they would have regarded me as presumptuous,
offering my services on board ship, and in obtruding myself upon
their society."

Mrs. Newton, who had listened with great interest to the
foregoing conversation, answered very quickly,—"No, Mr.

Goodwin, I honor you the more for your efforts, and feel additional pride in my own country, where talents and merit can thus rise in the social scale; what I have now heard but increases the interest and respect I before felt for you."

Ida Norman's feelings were deeply moved at the recollections of the distress in which her brother was, when he received from the ginger-bread woman the charity she so kindly proffered, and of which he had often spoken. Louis had wished to reward this kindness, but could never find Mrs. Goodwin's little shop, the place where it had formerly stood having soon been filled up by large and splendid buildings.

Mr. Goodwin made inquiries of Mr. Norman respecting the best route to Italy;—as the bearer of government dispatches, he must, he said, hasten to go thither. He then said to Ida, "Miss Norman, your father, whom I met the day before we sailed, at the office of the Consul for the Italian states, promised me the honor of an introduction to you, but in the hurry of leave-taking this was neglected; I was, perhaps, on this account, somewhat the more excusable for presuming to offer you attentions. I am also the bearer of a letter from Mr. Norman to a friend of his at Rome, Mr. Landon, and have promised to deliver it into his own hand, as I understand it to be of importance."

Poor Ida! what of *importance* had her father to write to William Landon! She was perplexed to know; he had said nothing to her about writing,—surely her father would not make her the subject of any communication in that quarter. Mrs. Newton and Louis were both somewhat surprised; the latter merely told Mr. Goodwin that he would probably find Mr. Landon at his villa on the Palatine Hill, near the

Farnese Gardens, which direction was duly entered in memorandum-book of the traveler.

To the urgent request of Louis Norman, that their way would stop at his hotel in Paris, Mr. Goodwin answered, he must hasten to Italy, hoping to see something of Paris during his visit to the more southern countries of Europe.

Before their arrival at Paris, Mr. Goodwin had told Miss Norman of his matrimonial engagement with Miss Ida Lansing whose school-girl attachment to Ida has been mentioned in a former part of this history. "From Ross," said Mr. Goodwin, "I have learned much of Miss Norman's character, and for her sake, I have felt that I might have some claim upon her friendship."

Ida who had always loved little Ross very sincerely, was much interested in this piece of information. Knowing the very patrician notions of the Lansings, she was wondering whether Mr. Goodwin had obtained the consent of the family, when, if divining her thoughts he said, "I had it in my power to render essential service to Mr. Lansing on one occasion, he invited me to his Highland residence; there I saw Ross, and learned her quiet and domestic virtues, her cultivated mind and elegant accomplishments; it was not the circumstances of fortune emboldened me to believe Mr. Lansing would not reject my suit, that I asked his permission to address his daughter; our union is only deferred until return home, which you may suppose will not willingly be protracted."

Ida commissioned her new acquaintance to present to Ross in his next letter, her warmest congratulations, and assure him of her pleasure at having formed the acquaintanceship of one whom her early friend had so deep an interest.

"So changing," said Mrs. Newton, after Mr. Goodwin had departed, "are the circumstances of life; that same Mr. Goodwin has as good a chance of becoming President of the United States as any other man in our country. He has surmounted difficulties; trials have had their uses with him; they have developed and strengthened his mind, and enabled his character; true nobility consists in the elevation of the soul."

CHAPTER XIV.

"YOU HAVE A FATHER, A GRACEFUL GENTLEMAN, AGAINST WHOM I HAVE DONE SIN."

IDA NORMAN met her sister and friend at the ~~spine~~ hotel Meurice, where were pleasant accommodations provided for Mrs. Newton and herself, who were agreeably surprised finding Mrs. Louis Norman so much improved in health as to be able to visit with them the various objects and places of interest.

On a dark and rainy morning, as Ida was sitting in her room, disappointed in not being able to visit the Louvre with her friends as had been agreed the day before, a servant informed her that a stranger woman wished to see mademoiselle in private. "Let her come here," was the answer.

A woman of middle age presented herself; her dress scanty and mean; she seemed feeble, and sank exhausted into the nearest seat.

Ida put to her lips a glass of water, and bathed her face with Cologne; after a few minutes she breathed more freely, and the deathly pallor somewhat passed away. The woman then began to weep, and hysterical sobs convulsed her frame. "Can I do anything for you, madame?" said Ida, still speaking in French. "I am Miss Norman, were you ever near her?"

"You have little reason to wish to see me, but I have something which belongs to you," and the stranger presented to the likeness of her mother.

"And who are you?" said Ida, sternly, "who thus presume to intrude upon the daughter of that injured mother, whose features I well recognize? I know but one wretched woman in whose possession I might have expected to find this; tell me, are you the sorceress who betrayed my father, and broke the heart of my mother? Are you Adéle de Villéte?"

"I am now Madame Danton, but I was once Madame Livingston Norman."

Ida felt an oppression at the heart, and respiration was painful. She walked several times across the apartment, pressing her hands closely upon her bosom;—the abject creature before her was that serpent who had insinuated herself into the affections of her father, and brought her mother to a premature grave,—who had deserted her father in his poverty and destitution, robbing him of the last valuables in his possession!

But she was miserable, an object of compassion, and Ida's resentment ceased as she turned, and again looked at her attenuated form and features, where death had already set his seal. Ida seated herself and remained silent.

"I wonder not," said Adéle, "that you thus shrink from me; I was your father's evil genius;—but tell him I am punished in this world for my crimes, and bid him pardon me, as he hopes to be himself forgiven by his Maker.

"Are you willing, Ida Norman, to hear my story? Oh! how familiar sounds that name, so often repeated by your father, especially in that sickness, when having robbed him of all that was left of his possessions, I deserted him for ever."

"Speak no more of that," said Ida, sternly, "or I cannot listen to you. Nothing but your weakness and misery could, for one moment, detain me in your presence; do not, in mercy, allude to the degradation of my father in his connection with

one so unprincipled as to steal the affections of a husband from the feeble wife whom he had taken to a foreign country. The robbery of gold may not be compared to that of the love which belongs to another—and that other, a wife! I pity you to dwell not upon your unblessed union with my poor father, until by a miracle of mercy was restored to his children."

"And who was made the agent in this restoration, Ida Norman, and how has he been rewarded?" said madame, in a soft, choral tone, and fixing her eyes steadily upon her whom she was addressed.

Ida started and turned pale,—what did this woman know of Landon, what of the secrets of her heart?

"With me or my fortunes," said Ida, proudly, "you can have nothing to do—I know not what you mean by such words. The person who restored to us our father, has ever had the warmest gratitude of my brother and myself."

"Gratitude is but a cold substitute for that devotion of heart which a lover craves; but," continued Adèle, "I see you not Ida but in kindness to you, in humility as regards your father,—and with the desire to return to him the portrait you, this miniature. Tell your father I have found my way—

that in my turn I was deceived and betrayed. But, I was marrying a man of rank and fortune, I became the slave of the brutal Danton, allied by birth to the bloody revolutionist of that name; and well does he sustain the character which belongs to it.

"I will not shock you by relating the indignities and cruelties I have suffered from him—true, I deceived him too—he thought I was rich, and depended on the wealth which I possessed; but I would have fled from him, but he has subjugated my spirit, he has made me abject, taken from me the power of

to will my freedom; and death, which I feel to be fast approaching, alone can liberate me from the oppression under which I live. Poverty is nothing; but to live associated with base creatures, to be made the minister of vice, and to behold the remorse which is sometimes exhibited among the vicious, ah! this is to begin a state of torment even in this life. My husband keeps a gambling house, and obliges me to eatice and entertain his victims. You shudder and turn pale, and well you may, for it is the life of a demon!"

Ida, struck with horror, groaned aloud;—she tried to speak, but her tongue seemed paralyzed;—at length she cried—"Oh! flee from such a place, from such a monster, I entreat you;—I will give you money to assist you in your escape"—

"Heaven bless you for that kind offer; I would that I might go to die in peace among the virtuous. Had I the power to get away, I might find an asylum among the nuns of the Convent of the Holy Cross, but I am too feeble in mind to will anything."

The miserable woman sank back in her chair and wept; Ida ordered some refreshment, and induced her to partake; after this, Madame Danton appeared more calm.

"Let me," said Ida, perceiving this change, "ask you to what you referred when you spoke of him to whom we owe the restoration of our father; do you know him? where could you have met with him?"

"I was living wretchedly," said Adèle, "as the wife of Danton, in Florence, at the time your father came there to see that person before he departed for America. I had no wish to be known to one whom I had so deeply wronged, but I was interested in his movements, and learned from a secret source how he had been discovered at a hermitage at

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"Surely it is, for bad as I have been, I could never have wished evil to a being like yourself; I questioned *him* of your looks and character, and his manner betrayed to me his secret. I have studied the human heart, and few have ever been able to hide from me their secret thoughts. Your friend made no confidant of me, but I learned (without perhaps his knowing he had revealed it) that he had left his country unhappy, and that you were the cause of this; and I now see that you do not understand each other."

As Madame Danton rose to depart, Ida said with much feeling, "Do not go back to that wicked man, here is a purse of gold, it will enable you to live apart from him, and without sin."

"I have children," replied the other, "I cannot leave them, and *he* will not permit me to take them. No, I must bide my time, which will be but short. I have already rescued a little money from the grasp of the wicked man with whom I must live, and may save more; sometimes, I feel myself strong to resist, and then my will seems wholly dependent on that of my tyrant."

"Take the money," said Ida, "and deposit it in some place of safety, for yourself and children, and let me know where to send you more; twice a year, while I live, and have the means, you may expect supplies from me."

"My time does not count by years; but for my children I will thankfully accept your generosity—send the money to the Mother Superior of the Convent of the Holy Cross. She has been my friend, and though you may not believe in our faith, you would love the Mother St. Genevieve for her charity and benevolence."

Ida felt too wish to urge upon Madame Danton the precepts

of a pure evangelical faith; taking her French bible from the centre-table, and handing it to her, she said, " May you find comfort in the perusal of this volume, and learn from its pages that God is ever by His Holy Spirit in our hearts, and that He is ready to hear and to answer our prayers. He is willing to receive the penitent, and to forgive for the sake of His Son. We need no human intercessor."

" And now," continued Ida, " we part for ever. This interview has removed from my mind that accusing spirit which I have cherished towards you. I can now pray for you without doing violence to my feelings. From my father's old age will be lifted the burden of resentment for past injuries; it will be enough for him to know that you are penitent; gentle pity will take the place of harsher feelings, such as the Christian does not willingly cherish. May the God of peace be with us a life, and at death."

Madame Danton, in silence wrung the hand of Ida Norman; she pressed her bible to her lips, and weeping, left the apartment. Even the wicked and hard-hearted Adèle, under the pressure of cruel treatment and in scenes of vice and wantonness, had found the uses of adversity, and at the eleventh hour her heart was broken by a subdued and repentant spirit.

CHAPTER XV.

"THE SETTING SUN, AND MUSIC AT THE CLOSE IS SWEETEST LAST."

IDA leaning back in her chair contemplated the faded but perfect likeness of her mother, painted by an Italian artist, a few days before the death of Mrs. Norman; she had wished it for her children. The artist had made the picture true to the life; reclining in her arm-chair, supported by pillows, pale and sorrowful appeared the semblance of the once brilliant Mrs. Norman; but never did Ida's mother look to the admiring gaze of her daughter so beautiful as she then appeared, for it seemed to Ida that through suffering she had been prepared for a better world; there was a new expression of sweetness and resignation that spoke to Ida of successful struggles and triumphant faith. Often had she longed to know respecting the last days of her mother, but inquiries seemed so much to distress her father, but too sensible of his own neglect, that Ida ceased to ask. She had merely learned that a Protestant clergyman visited her mother before her death, and officiated at her burial. The picture represented a thin white hand clasping a book, examining curiously. Ida reads the words "Holy Bible," upon its cover, and her heart rejoiced in this unexpected proof that the blessed promises of the gospel had been her mother's comfort in sorrow and sickness, and her stay and support in passing through the valley of the shadow of death.

The clouds had disappeared, the sun was shining, and Mrs. Newton sought Ida to remind her of their engagement to go to the Environs; she knocked gently, and then opened the door without

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spiritual life.

Ida did not speak . . .

[REDACTED]

IDA NORMAN.

In a long letter to her father, Ida communicated the circumstances which had transpired, softening the language of Adèle as regarded her own present sufferings, but informing him of the facts that she was now a wife and the mother of children, living unhappily, repenting of her sins in respect to him, and asking his pity and forgiveness; she forbore to name the picture, for she knew her father reflected with bitter remorse upon his neglect of her mother in her last illness, and that his own thoughts were his accusers. She felt assured he would be glad to learn that she had rendered pecuniary assistance to the unfortunate woman, and had promised to send farther supplies to her and her children.

CHAPTER XVI.

"MY SOUL DISPUTES WELL WITH MY SENSE, THAT THIS W.
ERROR."

THE day following the events recorded in the chapter, was welcomed as the Holy Sabbath by Ida that her spirit needed its repose and renovating. With her friends she repaired for worship to the church in the Faubourg St. Honore. An English officiated. His discourse was founded on these words of Scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth;"—pathos he dwelt upon the trials which await all in tears; the blessedness of affliction in purifying and sanctifying the soul, and fitting it for companionship with angelic spirits of the just made perfect in Heaven.

There entered the chapel at the commencement of the service a gentleman who took his seat at a little distance from that occupied by Louis Norman and his party. William Landon observed himself, the stranger saw Ida Norman,—in a reverent attitude, with rapt attention to the words of the eloquent speaker; at times a pearly tear glided down her cheek, or moistened the handkerchief which often found its way to her eyes.

William Landon now knew that she whom he had loved, had been wounded by the thoughts of his own baseness; but he saw in her deep devotion, how she thought of her thoughts to Heaven, and almost felt that it was well to think of her as a mortal woman, or to wish that she were other than an angel.

The service ended our party left the chapel, but Landon wished not then to be seen; he was himself too much agitated to appear before his friends, he would not that they should see his meeting with Ida.

A note was handed to Louis on that evening which called him away for a short time; he returned with a lighter step than he went, and surprised the party who were taking their coffee, by saying that William Landon had arrived, and "He desires, before speaking with any other of his dear friends, to have an interview with our sister Ida ;—something in that communication of our father's to him, of which our friend Tom Goodwin was the bearer, has brought him here ; he does not tell me what you have done, Ida, but seems much excited, for one usually so calm. I hope he does not make this invasion with any hostile intentions."

Ida became very pale; thoughts flitted through her brain—her father written to Landon to implore his pity for her weakness, or to ask him what were his intentions respecting her. This thought almost overpowered her, but commanding herself she rose to go to their private parlor, nor waited to hear Louisa's remarks about her brother's sudden appearance, when they supposed him about visiting Egypt and Palestine.

Landon was rapidly pacing the apartment in which he had been ordered to await Ida's coming,—she was now cleared of all shadow of blame in respect to him, she had never received his letter, nor declared his love,—she did not write the cold and unfeeling note which he supposed was in answer to his warm and affectionate epistle. He might yet hope, for Mr. Norman in sending him the letter of Sally Pry, accusing the Foxes, and confessing her own share in the guilt, had assured him that he believed

his daughter entertained for him a high regard,—certain it is that she had rejected all suitors for her hand.

No pen can do justice to scenes where loving hearts are veiled from each other are mutually revealed—in reference such moments, in after life it may be said,

"Let come what will, we have been blessed."

Such moments ever live in the soul, they go with it through life; they must abide with it in a future state,

"For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Ida read with trembling heart, almost doubting her own happiness, the epistle in which years before Landon had urged her to accept his love; he reviewed this suit, and she was no scoundler,—she acknowledged her past unhappiness in believing him to have sought her affections for the gratification of vanity, and how difficult it had been for her at times to control her own feelings, in the effort to devote herself to the happiness of others.

Time flew on rapid wing, and the half was not said, when Louis Norman entered the apartment.—"I come," said he, "unpowered by the high authority of Mrs. Newton the god of my Laura, the gentle, to inquire the cause of this strange silence. My brother-in-law here comes in great haste, do not even speak to his sister, nor pay his respects to the housekeeper, who we all call mother, to say nothing of his very abrupt interview with Louis Norman, barrister, &c., &c., I do not know what to say to him." Ida Norman spoke sternly, but with a smile, "I have no time for the society of lawmen, or their friends, or the relatives and parties of their party, or especially of those who call themselves gentlemen, or

participation in the important news which it appears the aforesaid William Landon hath been in such haste to communicate to Ida Norman."

"Two hours!" Landon, exclaimed, "you mean minutes. Come, Ida, we must appear to answer before this august tribunal, for the causes of forgetfulness of others," and they passed together into the adjoining apartment.

Landon leading Ida to Mrs. Newton, said, "To you, my dear madam, as the one chiefly instrumental in forming the character of her whom I now claim to be my betrothed wife, I would first offer my thanks for the perfection of your work, and I have also to thank you for the kind opinion you have ever, as Ida says, expressed to her respecting myself, though appearances have been against me."

Laura embracing Ida most tenderly, said, "We are now three-fold sisters, in heart, and by double ties of relationship." Mrs. Newton deeply affected, yet seemed the most self-possessed of any of the party, and begged to be informed why, after so many years they should all be so happy, just then, when they might have been so years ago, for any cause she saw to prevent. "Your mutual attachment," she said to Landon and Ida, "has been no secret to any others but yourselves, from the time you were children."

The two most interested in the unexpected events which had thus removed them from the false positions they had so long painfully occupied in respect to each other, were too deeply affected to express their emotion by words. In musing silence, they heard, scarcely conscious, the warm congratulations of their friends. A new era has dawned upon their life, more bright and beautiful for the dark clouds that had ushered in this perfect day of happiness.

LANS took an early mutual friends, to bring himself, accompanying Scepted letter. Louis was After stating the circumst from the hand of Miss Pry Norman proceeded, "If, cherish the same affection you penned the declaration v hands, and which I now re you have my full consent to y stances of the case, I should at an early day, not deeming i your return to New York, or want you with us again, dear I among us by enlightened phil experience of life, and observ enable you to take . . .

am glad to see him disposed to retire from the position it has given him, that he may the better devote himself to the profession he has chosen—a profession noble in itself, and intended to guard the dearest rights of man, but too often degraded by the practices of men of mean and selfish minds.

" For yourself, my dear Landon, whatever may be the result of the disclosures which this communication will make to you of a wicked conspiracy to separate you and my daughter, and cause mutual distrust between you, thus producing mutual unhappiness, it adds to my regard and interest in you to know that you have wished an alliance with my family. To you I owe my own restoration to society; we may well be grateful for your perseverance in seeking the lost father, and in persuading him to return to his duties, and meet, as best he could, the censure of the world, and the faces of those dear children whom he had deserted. To see you all made happy by drawing closer the ties of affection, and in the indulgence of the holiest and sweetest sympathies of our nature, will render me as happy as my life can be, or as I wish it to be; for my thoughts are, and should be, chiefly turned to the future existence which is before me. You who are yet young, and have this life to provide for, should look for the companionship and sympathy which human life demands.

" I again repeat, dear Landon, that whatever may be your present feelings in relation to the subject on which you addressed my daughter in the letter which I now return to you, my own regard for you can never change. It has, indeed, from my first acquaintance with you, when I readily penetrated the state of your affections respecting that daughter whom I had seen but as a child, been with me a cherished hope that you might become my son. On meeting with my daughter, she avoided the subject when I alluded to your feelings for her;

there appeared to be some secret cause for this sensitiveness—her part, for which, knowing your own high sense of honor & propriety, I was never able to account; nor do I, now, know what may be the nature of her sentiments in respect to you. She has ever sacrificed herself to others; she has with heroic firmness borne trials, and with Christian humility and resignation meekly submitted to all the dispensations of Divine Providence. To me she is a treasure of inestimable value—if I were capable of such selfishness as to wish her to live devoted wholly to my caprices and humors of declining age, I should fear her loss; but my first earthly wish is to see my Ida happy, and inasmuch as I may not long live to be her protector, I would willingly resign her to one worthy of her affection; as such, dear Landor, I regard you.

"Should your feelings and wishes in the course of time have changed, or should a new attachment have been formed since Ida's supposed rejection, let this communication be destroyed, and forgotten, except as a token of my high regard and grateful recollection of obligations to you; and, in such event, if either of my children knew that I have communicated with you on this subject, which I feel to be one of great delicacy—especially as so long a time has elapsed since the writing of this intervening letter. Human life and human feelings are changeable, depending on varying circumstances; we are not to presume, in respect to others, that the wish of the last year, is the desire of the present—the position of objects changes in regard to our vision, and we see things under different aspects; the feelings of the heart are affected by these alterations, and they too . . .

"In conclusion, my dear Landor, I have only to repeat, you are changed in heart, let this communication remain secret, if not, you have my consent to go at once to Ida, and

all candor, explain the unfortunate cause of your having seemed to her alluding, trifling and insincere, since it appears from your letter, what had previously passed between you, that you were aware she expected a more explicit declaration. I can now understand what, in her conduct, with respect to yourself, seemed at variance with her usual candor and consistency; the only fault, indeed, which my parental partiality has ever discovered in my lovely daughter."

Often in the reading of this epistle did the manly voice of the son falter from the influence of powerful emotions;—deeply attached to his father, and even the more tenderly for his former faults and misfortunes,—his words and sentiments had always power to move his feelings. And now that all mystery was at an end, the past explained, and the future defined, Ida could listen to her father's letter with no painful emotion,—her former morbid sensitiveness to any allusion to Landon and herself, was gone for ever, though tears and blushes attested the depth of her emotions.

In progress of time, a confidence, there were c. be explained between Ida ing some little embarrass. expressing his admiration o to inquire if it were possible Miss Selby's friend,—Ida fra often been her impressions:— ture and the fine arts, their could appreciate each other.— miration of Miss Selby on his was a visitor at Mr. Selby's, i that occasion.

"Is it possible you, Ida, coule ness. While I was talking to you, was looking at you, when I e ut you—but you ..

intended as condescension on her part; I received them as such, and was duly grateful. I did think, too," said he, "that as you and Miss Selby were intimate friends, these attentions would not have been paid me, had she not perceived my attachment to you, and believed that it was not returned; it seemed, partly, from pity that she thus honored me;—and would you believe it, Ida, I sometimes fancied you would accept of Frank Selby's devotion, which I knew was as ardent as his nature would permit."

"How ridiculous," said Ida, smiling. "Did you think us congenial spirits? But Frank Selby has really become, under the genial influences of his lovely wife, quite a 'model man.' As for his love for me, he speaks of it occasionally, and I suppose his passion is as deep now as it ever was—what is thus freely talked of, is never very intense."

Landon spoke of the great change in the character of Julia Selby within the last few years,—he believed her now almost free from that vanity and love of admiration, which had formerly been her fault, and predicted that she would yet be known among the first literary women of her age. "She is not," he said, "formed for domestic life,—with her, the intellectual absorbs the emotional. Miss Selby commands my esteem and admiration; that is all, Ida, I have had to bestow upon her—my love has ever been constant to the one object of my early and first attachment."

CHAPTER XIX.

LETTERS HOME.

In due time, letters were written to Mr. Norman by his children containing the important announcement that the marriage of Ida with William Landon, which he had sanctioned in his communication to the latter, would take place in Paris; after which event the travelers would proceed to visit such parts of Europe as they were most desirous of seeing, but would hasten their return home, that they might be with, and cheer their father.

Landon's letter no one saw, but Ida who sat by him when he was writing it, observed at times, his moistened eye, and expression of deep feeling. When finished, Landon said, "I will not show this letter to you, for even Ida Norman should not become too familiar with the language of praise;—to your father I need not fear to say what I feel, he will not call me an enthusiast, for he knows the treasure he has bestowed upon me,—he will not condemn me that I am very grateful to him, and above all to the Giver of every "*good and perfect gift*."
"Yes, *good and perfect*," continued Landon, as if thinking aloud, "if humanity may be thus termed."

Ida looked almost reprovingly; "Willie," said she, (for she had of late renewed the former familiar appellation,) "what do you just say about the language of praise;—will you turn flatterer, and tempt me to become vain, and proud of my goodness? If I have virtues, they were developed and matured by trials; I know not how I may be affected by my present happiness and prosperity—we are all safest in the valley of *humility*."

Landon confessed his fault, and received a sweet smile of forgiveness ; he knew Ida spoke the words of wisdom, that there was indeed no such thing as human perfection.

Louis, in his letter to his father, wrote that having learned Judge Ashburn and his lady were then in London, and proposed being soon in Paris, he had specially urged that the marriage of his sister might be deferred so that his good friend and benefactor could be with them on the occasion. They all expressed deep regret at the absence of Mr. Norman. Ida said she had, at first, strongly insisted that the important event should be delayed until their return home, that she might be given away in the solemn ceremony of marriage by her father, but Landon had appealed to her father's letter advising, that as the parties had been so strangely separated for so long a time, the marriage should not be deferred.

A short and kind letter of congratulation from Mrs. Newton accompanied the package sent to Mr. Norman. Ida knew well that the thought that Mrs. Newton was with her at this important era of her life, performing the part of a mother, would be to her father a source of great satisfaction, and at her particular request Mrs. Newton's letter was written. ●

A joint epistle to Julia Selby was also written by the now betrothed parties, in which their united claim to her friendship was duly urged, and the hopes expressed that their future home might often be favored with her presence. Mrs. Louis Norman who never forgot the warmth and disinterestedness of Julia's early friendship, wrote her a long letter giving in detail, as is common with ladies on similar occasions, all the circumstances which had transpired in relation to Ida and her brother.

"I always knew," she said, "of the love which in their hearts they felt for each other ; but they had a way of being so re-

served, that no one could approach either of them on the subject, and so at last I gave up troubling myself about the affairs. But we all felt a kind of constraint imposed upon us, and we are all so glad now to be free to appear as we feel we are indeed very happy : Mrs. Newton is so much delighted to be, at times, almost gay. Louis has never appeared entirely free from all sad and anxious thoughts as at present ; he has always been devoted to his sister, and was much trouble on her account while she was so long confined with her father in his office, helping him to settle his business : you know a young lady who was of an age to enjoy society, beauty, and accomplishments as Ida, this was no small sacrifice. It seemed to me almost beyond the ability of a woman to do what she did. My father-in-law was inclined to be melancholy and desponding ; he blamed himself much for his neglect of private affairs, and but for Ida's courage and determination, he would never have succeeded in clearing up his difficulties. Such masses of papers as they had to look over ! at a time when two whole winters they were immured at Washington, looking up and examining documents from the Treasury, which would elucidate our father's accounts with the government. I could not induce Ida to go into society, she would receive visitors, and during this time she saw little of W., she appeared determined to think only of the settling of these accounts, and obtaining her father's discharge from the government for services which he had reluctantly rendered at the proper time. Such an undertaking, requiring so much mental labor, and such long hours of study, too much for Ida's constitution, and yet she was invariably, always sweet and cheerful. Our father may be a miser for his guardia angel, as he often calls her, to

that I had been permitted to do more for my own dear mother, but it was not to be that she should long live to enjoy the prosperity of the children for whom she had felt so great anxiety. The mortal remains of my mother and my infant rest side by side in their narrow beds; yet I would not think of them as there, but in a state of happiness in the world of spirits. I have been weak in body, and depressed in mind, but as my health improves, I become cheerful. The coming of dear Mrs. Newton and Ida has given me new life, and then this changed aspect of things in respect to two persons dear to me, as Willie and Ida, makes me very happy.

"And how do you think they deport themselves towards each other? why just as if they had been engaged all their lives; such smiles and blushes, and kind looks, such long talks, visiting *galeries* and driving to Versailles, to Fontainbleau, and other favorite resorts, sometimes alone, sometimes permitting one or two of us to go, but always attracted to each other; and they are such a fine looking couple, too, that every one would say they were born for each other.

The great event is to take place soon. Mrs. Newton and I are attending to the bride's *trousseau*. My brother has wisely directed me to make some purchases which Ida may be a little extravagant -- for you know she is more liberal in every thing else than for her own private expenditures; so when they go out alone, Mrs. Newton and I, under Louis's direction, visit the beautiful *boutiques* of this unrivaled Paris, and get things rich and rare for our lovely sister. Yet we intend to be reasonable in our purchases; but if any one ever deserved rich and beautiful things, that one is, surely, dear Ida.

"We shall leave Paris for the South of Europe soon after the celebration of the marriage. Judge and Mrs. Ashburn,

that they say he is poor.
He told Ida that on his
Lansing; how strange it is
to think of being married
we were at Science Hall to
since.

*"You were very kind to
the talk we had together
when some of the girls expro-
and I told them my mother
Norman. But how sad it is,
committed by Mrs. Fox and s
Willie's letter to Ida, and the
been for the remorse of Sally
remained in that unhappy s
returned to his country again.
plans for charity and doing goo
now; she concealed her feelings,
lives under perpetual ...*

sies that this grandeur will all come to an end soon, for he does not believe their wealth has any solid foundation."

"We all wish so much, dear Julia, you were here, but it seems you are full of literary projects, and destined to be a distinguished American *author*, (Mrs. Newton objects to *authoress*, *poetess*, etc., says we might as well say *Christianess*—that what is merely intellectual or spiritual, should not be distinguished by gender.) We are all on the *que vive* for your forthcoming work. Mr. Goodwin spoke to Mrs. Newton and Ida of having seen some part of it in manuscript; he says the publisher is highly delighted with it, and that every thing you write is very popular. Why is it that some have superior talents, and others are born only to mediocrity? but we all have our sphere of duty; mine in domestic life is rendered very happy by the affection of my best of husbands. Well, I hear his footsteps and must go to meet him. We all speak of you much, dear Julia, and are proud that we can claim the great Miss Selby as our own dear friend."

CHAPTER XX.

NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT—BY THE EDITOR IN TATE

A short time after Mr. Norman and Julia Selly had received their Paris letters, the following article appeared in one of the leading journals of New York, under the head of "Foreign Editorial Correspondence":

"*Romance in Real Life.*—We have been, among a favoritism, invited to attend the marriage of one of the merchant princes of our city, to a lady well known in our highest circles, and distinguished for her excellence of character. Attached to each other almost from childhood, circumstances had separated them, but their affections became deeper and stronger as time passed on, and they became partially aware that the affection was mutual, but a letter containing an avowal of love was most wickedly intercepted, and such an answer forged as to induce the gentleman to leave his country for Europe, where he has spent some years in self-banishment. The perpetrators of that wicked act are a certain Mr. and Mrs. ——, now among the leaders of fashion in our city. Sandry other acts of dishonesty, forgery and perjury have been proved upon these exclusives among upper bound. It is presumed their real characters will soon be known, and they will receive from the public the contempt and detestation they so richly merit.

"The bridal party, accompanied a short distance on their way, by several distinguished Americans and other persons of high station and literary distinction, left Paris immediately after the ceremony, for Italy, by the way of Marseilles and the

Rhone. In observing the happiness created by this event, not only as respects the principal parties, but their interesting circle of friends, and in considering how the malice of the wicked is often defeated, we are constrained to feel that there is a special Providence which watches over man, and that in this world vice is often punished, and virtue rewarded."

CHAPTER XXI.

NEWS FROM MR. NORMAN.

LETTERS of congratulation were received in due time at Rome by Mr. and Mrs. Landon, from Mr. Norman, Julia Selby, and other friends.

Mr. Norman, though anxious for their return, desired that Ida should remain in Europe long enough to visit those countries which she most wished to see. He was happy in thinking his children were so, "For no children," said he, "have ever done more for a parent than mine have done for me, neglectful as for so long a time, I was of them." The sad fate of poor Adèle, Mr. Norman briefly alluded to, expressing gratitude to Ida for the pecuniary aid she had bestowed upon the miserable woman, and the assurance she had given her of farther supplies. "You will all be interested to know," said Mr. Norman, "that I have succeeded in redeeming the old Tudor mansion-house and estate on the East river, and am now repairing the buildings,

and improving the grounds. As the ancestral home of your mother, my dear Ida, you will feel great interest in this place, and it is, you will remember, near the residence of Mrs. Newell. I have fitted up a retreat for myself at the foot of the steps in the garden. A ledge of rocks surrounded by pines and fir trees suggested to me the cliff of Valambrosa, and I have here chosen a 'Hermitage' for myself—a rustic grotto, where I may sometimes retire for devotion and private meditation. At the cliff of Valambrosa I found in religion true peace of mind. I would have my renewed intercourse with the world, often retire from its varied scenes, and question with myself what progress I am making in the divine life, and gather new strength and resolution to go forward in my Christian course."

CHAPTER XXII.

JULIA SELBY'S VIEWS OF MARRIAGE AND OF LITERARY CELEBRITY.—HER WAY OF TEACHING THE YOUNG.—THE FOXES IN TROUBLE.—"POOR SALLY PRY."—HONORABLE MENTION OF THOMAS GOODWIN, ESQ., EDITOR, ETC.

JULIA SELBY, in her letter to Ida, said, "Domestic life is for you and Laura—you are both fitted to be happy in it;—for myself, I love my freedom, am devoted to study, and find no room in my heart for any absorbing affection. I confess that when I was in my teens, I indulged in an inordinate love of admiration; it was my ruling passion;—my feelings were not then under the influence of religious principles. My desire, however, to be admired, was mostly confined to a certain few; and when I saw two persons devoted to each other, as were your brother Louis and our dear Laura, I felt a secret wish to usurp the place given to another. In my days of girlish folly, I sought to gain the attention of Louis, and was much piqued when I saw myself foiled; yet in analyzing my feelings, I perceive how much I was influenced by vanity. And I ought, dear Ida, to make a confession to you, at this late day, for I must acknowledge I was willing to render you jealous of me. I did try to be very agreeable to Mr. Landon, that is certain. I would have been glad to have had him at my feet, not because I loved him, but as a proof of my power over his heart. I have of late, in learning your romantic story, and how long you have secretly nourished an attachment for him, thought that, possibly, my foolish vanity may have had its effect, and

contributed to keep you and your husband safe, or justly punished by the sorrow and mortification of the recollection of the faults of my early character. Regarding the correspondence which of late has passed between Mr. Landon and myself, it has been all of a literary nature, improving to me, and I hope, useful to him. I believe, my dear Ida, you understand well that no folly of mine in late years has placed me upon your way.

"Had my own thoughts been less pre-occupied, I might even into the state of your feelings, and perhaps have done something as a mutual friend, in bringing about the reconciliation which was so long delayed by the machinations of those wicked persons.

"Now, my dear Ida, we all understand each other, and I trust, give me credit for sincerely regretting my past conduct. I have that with all my affectionate regards,

"As to the literary taste, talents, and virtues, I am not qualified to judge of your brother's, and I trust, even you yourself, in respect of future happiness, will not be ignorant of two or three congenital sympathies, and a few natural gifts.

"I hope it is not a proof that I am too much given over to the study of novels, that you say I have written them in the sympathetic, sentimental style. You know that I write as I feel, and that is not always the best style for the serious scenes I pass through in life, but I suppose you will say I do not write them in the best style. I do not care for that, but I do care for the truth, and I hope that my style of writing is good enough for the purpose of telling the truth, and that the reader will like it.

rest of mankind; they are never ungrateful. The play of thought, the rainbow hues of the imagination delight me, and I am satisfied with such companionship. You see that I am married,—if not to ‘immortal verse,’—to my own spirit, and with this I hold communion which is to me the best part of my life.

“As to literary celebrity, what is it? A foreign writer whose own name is perhaps unknown to fame, visits this country, and writes a work on America, abusing all indiscriminately who have any pretension to celebrity as authors, while he sets up some one writer as infinitely superior to all others in the country, influenced in his choice by some caprice, or perhaps by the devoted attentions paid him for this very purpose. And then the books describing American authors, the ‘celebrated Lady writers,’ and the ‘celebrated Gentleman writers,’ which are published—are these criteria of literary merit? Is *one* individual who assumes to adjust the scales, and decide the comparative standing of authors, thus to give, at his own will and pleasure, immortality to a name?

“I am not moved by such aspirations in my literary efforts—and as for money, you well know that though my father’s house is not for me a happy home, his liberality and wealth would give me perfect independence, even without the fortune left me by my mother.—I write because I have a mind that must work; because I *think*, and with pen in hand, new thoughts enter into my mind, and they ask to be expressed in words. The approbation of a certain few who are capable of judging, I value far above the applause of the many; to satisfy my own conscience while writing to benefit others, is my first thought, and next comes the wish to please and satisfy the few friends who care for me, and for what I do.”

" You have both tempted me into this egotism by your inquiries as to my pursuits. You know, too, my love of helping others; I have found in this a stimulus for study. Often when attempting to explain what might seem obscure, clear to myself, new light has broken in upon me. In trying to teach others, I have taught myself. The students, pupils now admitted to Science Hall, are to me as fit companions—they serve to render our home more peaceful, cheerful. As respects care, arrangements, &c., I have given to others, whose experience and tastes fit them for it better, but I love to assemble the girls around me, who talk freely and with them. The whole circle of nature and art lies before us, and I love to lead their young minds away from the beaten track of scholastic teaching, and explore unknown regions. I love to watch the dawning intellects of the girls. What a volume for study, is that of the mind! How it increases in interest as page after page unfolds its secrets. Yet, I like you and Landon, perhaps partly your friend, I wish you could find some congenial sport, at which she could settle down to honest keeping, and be happy. Your doubtless a good man of heart, wish all your friends well, and I hope you will let me beg you to believe I am satisfied with my present mode of teaching life. I am to leave New Haven in about three weeks, so that I can go to W. H. Allen's, and then to the University of Michigan, where I expect to remain for a year or two. I am to go to the University of Michigan because the school there is the best, and the professors the best in the world. They were all experts,

might have bestowed my fortune and my hand upon one of them, and become the slave of his humor and caprice, sacrificed my own tastes and independence, and future improvement; and the world would have thought it all well—^{*} Julia Selby was married, she was no longer exposed to be called an *old maid!*^{*} I might have lived in a large house with marble front, and had elegant parlors, with card-baskets of silver or Dresden china, filled with cards and invitations from my hundred and one particular friends; and my time might have passed in a round of vapid calls or tiresome parties, where the intellect is abased, and the external appearance alone considered. Thus might my life have passed;—or, robbed of property and peace of mind, I might have shrunk back into obscurity, a broken-hearted wife!

"Yes, I might have married;—I might have been Mrs. Dick Snobbs, or Mrs. Mortimer de Courtney;—the '*shadow of a name*' might have rescued Julia Selby from the opprobrium of old maidism; but though no advocate for the '*rights of women*', according to ridiculous modern pretensions, I assert the right of every woman to marry, or not to marry; and if she decides on the latter, I protest against her being considered as a victim to be commiserated;—would that it were not too often the case that the pity is needed by the suffering ill-treated wife, who, in her servitude, loses all power to feel, much less to assert that she has any rights. Let those who are expending their sympathies upon southern slaves, think of the households where an unhappy wife is concealing in her heart's core wrongs known only to her Maker, and to him who inflicts them. Let the pretended philanthropist who would benefit his country by throwing into her midst the torch of disunion, step aside from the log cabins of the negro, where resound the sounds of merriment coming from light hearts that feel no cares; let this philan-

pist learn the secrets of domestic unhappiness in many a home, and then decide that the institution of marriage ought not to exist because it is abused by bad husbands, and we must realize too, by wives neglectful of their duties, or by their vice rendering home accursed.

"Ida Norman, I see your look of surprise, and your husband who is looking over your shoulder; you wonder why I should write in such a strain, at such a time. It is because the subject is one upon which I have of late much reflected, and I have met with much, in my experience, to prove that domestic evils exist in a far greater degree than I had ever imagined. Excuse me, my dear friends, for this expression of my feelings; if suggested by your own marriage it is from the principle of contrast, not of resemblance—you are worthy to enter into the holy relation, sanctioned by God, and your own hearts.

* * * * *

"I must finish this long epistle with some items of news, the sublimated as you both are at this time, you are yet mortal and feel an interest in mortal affairs. I will first mention the fall of those vile FOXES. A great crash in Wall street, a few weeks since, announced the failure of the banking house of Mordescal & Fox; soon after this, disclosures were made of swindling operations, and wholesale forgery; I learn that Fox is now in jail awaiting his trial, and it is supposed he will be sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of years. His wife, it is said, attempted to escape, with as much plunder from the Fifth Avenue house as she could carry off, but was arrested and compelled to give up to the officers of the law what had been so dishonestly acquired. Where the miserable woman may go to hide her disgrace I know not; she had neglected her own family, and the friends of her early youth, and will not probably

attempt to return to them. But there may be hope even for her—she may be led to see her guilt, and humbly to seek forgiveness of her Heavely Father.

"Poor Sally Pry! I have been several times to see her. She sent to me that she was sick; I found her in the garret of an indifferent kind of boarding-house, kept by the mother of Angeline Sharp, (or Jelly, as we used to call her at school.) Such a poor wasted skeleton as Sally is, and so humbled, too, by her misfortunes! She begs you and your husband to write her a few lines, to assure her of your forgiveness, and also that your brother and sister will do the same; for she acknowledges that she and Maria Crump forged those letters to Laura and Louis, which in their young days gave them so much unhappiness; you know Mrs. Newton believed at the time that those girls were guilty. Sally Pry seems desirous of religious consolations, and we may hope her sufferings in this life will be an expiation for sins. Her decay is gradual, allowing opportunity for repentance. God is good to her in this, and the poor thing seems much to feel the mercy. Jelly Sharp appears improved in character. She is kind to Sally, and begged me on leaving them to send her such religious books as would be a comfort and support to her.

"I have no more bad persons to mention, except that the servant of Mr. Landon, who sold Fox the letter and Japonica, (Sally told me all the particulars,) soon after the transaction, was taken into the service of Fox, and about the time of his failure ran off with a quantity of silver and other valuables, stolen from his master.

"Your father may not have told you, Ida, that he is making great preparations in anticipation of your return; the servants, I hear, are all very busy, and Mrs. Timmons is preparing

preserves, and rubbing up things so that all will wear a polish when you come. Your father is pleased that you and your husband are willing still to remain in the old mansion in Broadway, rather than to seek a more modern residence. Indeed it is in much better taste to have things about one look as if all was not just new, as if a shower of gold had given me wealth all of a sudden.

"Judge and Mrs. Ashburn have told me many particulars of the wedding—how beautifully you looked, how happy your husband was, and what a dignified cortège attended you.

"I had almost forgotten to tell you that little Rosa Lansing was married, the week after Mr. Goodwin's return. The Lassings are justly proud of him, as an intellectual and rising man; I heard Judge Ashburn say to Gen. Lansing the evening of the wedding, that Mr. Goodwin was as likely to go to the United States Senate in a few years, as any man he knew.

"Mr. Goodwin has taken Rosa to see his mother; she lives in a neat pretty cottage surrounded by a garden and shrubberies; she took her in her lap and stroked back her soft blonde hair, and asked if it were possible that she was her daughter; and then she wept, and Rosa laid her face down to hers and cried too. Tom Goodwin is amazingly proud of his little wife, and Rosa thinks Mr. Goodwin, without doubt, is wiser than Solomon ever was. And, indeed, if I were to begin to envy any one their husband, I think Ross might be the envied one. I hope, Ida, your husband and Louis will not be general at that expression.

"All your many friends are anxiously desiring your return home; for myself, dear Ida, I almost count the days, for besides my wish to see you, I long for Mrs. Newell to be in her old place; Sciences Hall without her, is no longer itself—

the chief ornament is wanting—it is a body without the soul."

Thus ended Julia Selby's letter; she had omitted to mention, (for it was to her a painful subject,) that her father's declining years were rendered more and more unhappy by the folly and frivolity of his young and giddy wife. But she might have added to her list of blessings, her excellent and judicious sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Selby, in whom she always found a friend and sister, and who by her gentle influence had done much towards rendering her husband a respectable man; happy he always had been with a lovely and loving wife, whose study it was to render home pleasant, and to banish from it, as much as possible, all disagreeable circumstances.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW SERENA SUMMERS MADE FOR HERSELF FRIENDS.—HER INFLUENCE IN THE SPHERE SHE MOVED THE RESULT OF GOOD TEMPER, GOOD CONDUCT, AND GOOD PRINCIPLES.

AMONG those who were interested at the prospect of Ida Norman's return to New York as a bride, our old friend Serena Summers was not the least delighted. We have seen her assisting Mrs. Landon in her law estate, alternately performing the duties of friendship, and the offices of a domestic. As the Landons became prosperous, Serena was not overlooked. She was consulted on important occasions; she had her place at the family board; and at the family altar was never willingly absent. She had watched over Mrs. Landon in her decline, and mourned her death as if she had lost a sister or mother. The children, as Serena always called William and Laura, became still more attached to good Serena, when she alone was left to talk to them of their infancy and childhood, of the lamented death of their father and the poverty and distress which followed.

Serena's grief for the death of Mrs. Landon had been soothed by the kind attention of the children, and their increasing prosperity. Laura's marriage had been to her an event of great importance, and she had continued in her household to exercise the care and authority which had been her duty and privilege in the family of her mother.

When Laura thought of going abroad, her first care was of Serena; she even proposed that she should accompany her, and

as a servant, for she was to take her own maid, but as a friend; to this, however, Serena herself objected. "Indeed," said she, "Miss Laura, what kind of a figure should I make among the grand folks, with my plain stiff caps, and quaker colored de laines? Or think of me in a velvet dress and diamonds, with plumes in my grey hair! No, Serena Summers is quite respectable in her own way, and that is a very plain way. It is quite enough for her to be made so much of by gentle-folks at home, sitting at table instead of waiting upon it as she might be doing in any other family."

"But," said Laura, smiling at the ridiculous picture Serena had drawn of herself, "you might travel with me, and see new places, and curious things without going into society. Have you no desire, dear Serena, to see Europe, the land of our forefathers, and visit places about which we read and hear so much as Paris and London and Rome?"

"There is enough at home for me to look after, Miss Laura, I have not seen all of our own city or state, and when I have nothing to do but run after curiosities, I can begin by going to the Museum, and the Croton Water-works, or Niagara Falls. No, my dear Miss Laura, you must go without me; there is that idle Lisette, your French maid, who ought by this time to know how to take care of your things; but you must look well after her. She ought to be obliged to attend more to your clothes and Mr. Norman's—you know he would never think whether his shirt had a button on it, he is so taken up with his books and hard thinking. I am sure he ought to be a great man, for many a time he sits up the whole night when he has a hard case to study. At the time of your sickness, when you urged him to retire and try to get rest instead of staying by your bedside to watch, that after he went to his room, he

did not go to bed, but sat writing and studying and thinking, and sometimes going to your door to listen if all in your room was quiet, for the poor baby was then very ill, and you however in a low state;—in the morning he would come to you looking bright as if he had been sleeping the whole night, and you would be so glad he had not been disturbed."

Serena's influence wherever she was, served to make them around her more closely in the bonds of affection. Laura did not, indeed, need to be told of her husband's self-sacrificing affection for her, but she realized it more fully when Serena informed her of these things.

As Ida Norman had long regarded good Serena Somers with affection, she had begged as a great favor that Serena might remain with her, during the absence abroad of her brother's family. This arrangement was equally pleasing to Serena herself, who ever after the dinner at Mrs. Landlow, which Ida assisted her in preparing, had regarded her with admiration and love. Why Mr. Willie and Miss Ida did not marry was to Serena a great mystery. "I am sure," she would often say, "it is not for want of a liking for each other, and if *your* a match was made in heaven, theirs, I am sure, must have been." But when Mr. Willie was about to go away to foreign countries, and not married, Serena was much grieved, and could not refrain from remonstrating; but on this subject, "Mr. Willie," as she said, "would never give her any satisfaction, and so she could do nothing but be resigned to things as they were."—When Laura was leaving home for Europe, Serena told her to say to Mr. Willie, that it was a sin and a shame for him to stay away so long, and Miss Ida Norman not married.

With Ida, Serena was equally unsuccessful in obtaining any satisfactory explanation, as to the non-fulfilment of her prophe-

cies and wishes; on every other subject, Ida was free and communicative with good Serena. Still she would listen to her praises of Mr. Willie, and loved Serena the better for her attachment to him.

With Serena in the house, Ida had felt her own cares as mistress of the establishment greatly relieved; for in her quiet way Serena would glide about, seeing what was going on, and regulating things, displeasing no one with ill-judged interference, and giving advice in domestic concerns without offending any. Her meekness and humility, while actually directing affairs, disarmed the jealousy that otherwise might have been felt by those in the household who stood upon *prerogative*.

When the question was agitated of Ida's going to join her brother and his wife in Paris, Serena was a strong advocate for the measure. She was too wise to give all *her* reasons, but she thought it might result in the return of "Mr. Willie," and the ultimate fulfillment of her predictions. She had the tact to know that any suggestion of this kind might tend to prevent Ida's going; she was therefore more careful than usual not to mention Mr. Willie's name, but promising to take excellent care of Mr. Norman, and to see to everything about the house and gardens to the best of her ability, she in reality greatly influenced Ida in her decision to obey her brother's summons.

Mrs. Newton, too, who was familiar with Serena Summers' good and useful qualities, had begged of her to spend a day or two occasionally at Science Hall in her absence, that she might observe whether the domicil were wisely managed. Thus, ~~Seren~~ hands were quite full, with all her cares and responsible duties

CHAPTER XXIV.

SERENA'S LETTER, IN WHICH THERE IS MORE CONCERN ABOUT THE ROMANCE.

SERENA's letter, on learning that Ida was to return a little, was not the least interesting of the communications received by her on that occasion.

" You must excuse me, dear Miss Ida, for all the mistakes I may make," said Serena Sommers in her letter, " I had none, as you know book-learning. Mrs. London often wished to teach me, but it seemed like spending my time for nothing, to be reading and writing. I have often wished I could express my feelings in writing as beautifully as you and Miss Laura can; but I ought to be thankful that I can write so that my meaning is plain.

" Before I say anything about the preserves and pickles, or the conservatory, or any of the other concerns of the house or gardens, which I try to have attended to as you would wish, I must tell you that when I heard what had happened, I was like a little child, I could not keep still; sometimes I laughed, then I cried to think Mr. Willie's mother was not here to rejoice in the fulfilment of what she had so greatly desired. For to me she often spoke about Mr. Willie and yourself, and it was her great hope that you might one day be her daughter; she liked Miss Selby, but did not love her as she loved you.

" You cannot imagine what a great change this will have made in Mr. Norman! I was, you know, when I first came here, foolishly afraid of him, he was so dignified, and I felt as

little in his presence—what was Serena Summers, that she should sit down at table with such a grand looking gentleman! and I did not get over my *timidness* for some time after you left. But one evening, as I was going out of the parlor, just as soon as I had finished giving him his tea, Mr. Norman called me back, and asked me to sit down. He said he knew I loved his children, and had been their friend, (just as if I could ever have done anything for you or Mr. Louis,) that he cared once for *grand* folks, but now he only liked *good* people, that he respected me as much as if I were a great lady, ‘and now, Serena,’ said he, ‘I have some news that I think will please you. But first of all tell me, what do you most wish for in this world?’ I was a good deal struck by this, but spoke out boldly, and said, ‘to see Mr. Willie Landon bring home Miss Ida as his bride.’ Mr. Norman smiled as I had never before seen him, and said, ‘my good Serena, this is what he is about to do, and we must have the house prepared for their reception, for I hope they will be coming before many months.’

“Mr. Norman after this seemed so affable that I was never afraid to talk with him. He asked me many questions about Mr. Willie, and if I had known his Louis and Ida when they were children. I then told him all about Mr. Louis’s coming to our house to stay over Sunday, when that French master, the same as turned him out of doors; I saw the tears roll down Mr. Norman’s cheeks as I told it, and he said in a low tone, ‘Oh, my God, I thank Thee for Thy care of those forsaken children.’ I found he took that much to heart, so I told him about your coming to spend a day with us when Miss ~~Landon~~ was sick, on account of some difficulty between her and Mr. ~~Landon~~, and how you helped me get the dinner, and how you talked with me about your father’s coming home and living with

you, and said you did not expect ever to be married; but to *me* to take care of him.

"So you see that my tongue is not obliged to be idle, but that even Mr. Norman encourages me to talk of past times—and he askes after my own relatives so kindly; I told him that my parents died when I was very young, and I did not belong to any body but to his family and the children I had helped to bring up. He said they all owed me a great deal, and all wished me to feel that I have a claim upon them. This made me cry like a child, and I saw Mr. Norman wipe his eyes; who would ever think him a hard-hearted man?

"We have always family prayers in the parlor, as when you were here. Some of the servants incline to stay away, but I have made it my business to look them up and tell them of your wishes. Mr. Norman speaks so beautifully on religious subjects, I wonder any would willingly be absent. Mrs. Timmons is doing very well, and seems pleased to have my advice about her housekeeping; she is calculating already about the bride-cake to be made, and the dinners which will be given when you come back.

"Mrs. Newton will be glad to learn about her affairs at the Hall, but I cannot think of writing a letter to a lady of her great learning. I wish you would tell her, dear Miss Lisa, that I send my humble respects to her, and that all things are going on well. A week ago I was at the Hall, and contrived to go all over the house, so that I saw, myself, that *everything* is kept in nice order. Miss Selby, of course, does not think much of such things—she is always writing, and sits up very late, because she says she can write better at night, when no one disturbed her; but this, I think, is wrong. How some folks can think of enough to make books out of, I can't tell; I have been over

a week in writing this letter to you, poor as it is; but we are all made for some use, and though I have been but an unprofitable servant, I hope I have done according to my ability, and God will, I trust, accept my small service.

"Please tell Mrs. Newton that her coachman has accidentally lame^d one of her carriage horses, but he says it is now getting well; and also tell her that I advised the housekeeper to have her private rooms painted and papered while she is away.

"I had like to have forgotton to tell you that Miss Selby goes often to look after your charity school, and I ought to inform Mrs. Newton that when I was at the Hall, Miss Selby had the family all collected for prayers, the same as Mrs. Newton herself used to do.

"A few days ago we had a dinner party, or rather, I should say, Mr. Norman had. Old Mr. Selby and his foolish young wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Selby, Miss Julia Selby, and Col. Lansing, with his sweet little daughter, who is a bride, having lately married a Mr. Goodwin, quite a literary character—all these were of the party, besides Governor Somebody, a General, and a Lord from Canada, and some other great folks.

"The French cook, who came for that occasion with his set of waiters drilled like any soldiers, left little or nothing for Mrs. Timmons and me to do, but to look on. So many queer names they had for the different dishes, and then nothing on the table but flowers and fruit when the dinner began; everything carried about by the waiters, and folks only taking on their plates the smallest quantity of each kind, and for every change of plate. I sat in the small room near the dining hall, where I could see pretty much all that was going on. Mr. Norman at first had asked me to be of the party, and

when I said I was too humble to appear among us kindly said he was not one to be ashamed of his bet but I know my place better, though, to be sure, I'm in my experience that the nobler people are, the less they are to those in humble circumstances. I have seen that Mrs. Selby, whose father, old Blossom, cheated his out of their just debts, would have been the very last to look down upon Scraps Summers, if she had shown the company. But I put on my best black silk & new plain tulle cap; my grey hair was combed & smoothed, and I think I made a respectable appearance. I wanted to see how the dinner went on, for I suppose when Miss Laura get home, we shall have to entertain a deal of company, and you will like me to know he should be done in this fashionable way; now to my more genteel not to have these strange waiters at table; so I told Thomas and Peter, and told them to the new ways of managing, for I supposed you would be accustomed to the French ways of doing things, would prefer them. Mr. Norman said afterwards that it was a relief to have no care at table but to entertain him and on this account he always liked the foreign style according to my old-fashioned notions, a question appears better than when presiding at his own table making himself at home".

"I have copied the names of the different courses at that dinner, from the paper which the head cook who had, for they went by rule in everything. The French, of course, I do not understand, but could write them in copy, and I suppose you will know their meaning.

"Before the company left, (which was not very late)

they did not rise from the table till after ten o'clock,) Mr. Frank Selby's wife came to my room, and we had a long talk about you and Miss Laura. She says, her husband is quite delighted at Mr. Willie's good fortune, and since you would not have him, he would rather you would marry Mr. Landon than any one else, so that you will still belong to the firm; for he thinks Mr. Willie will take up business again when he comes back, and I hope so too. I am sure he has spent time enough in traveling about, and looking after pictures and graven images. I have really feared, sometimes, he did break the second commandment in his worship for graven statues of marble and bronze.

"But now he will have something else to think of; he will have a family to look after, and there will be a thousand things to see to, that neither of you now have any idea of. It is a pity for people to be living too much with their own thoughts; if they have real cares, they will be the less likely to grieve over their foolish fancies. Now, I have never learned much from books; I have always been very busy; at home, when I was quite young, my mother depended on me to take care of the house, for she was a feeble woman and very nervous, so I was obliged to exert myself, and take the best care I could of what we had, and this was not much, for my father died young, and left very little property for us. When my poor mother died, I was barely able from what remained, to pay funeral charges. Mr. Willie's father, who was our clergyman, had been very kind to visit my mother in her sickness, and the day she died he brought Mrs. Landon to see me. After the funeral, the dear [redacted] me to her house, as the seamstress and nurse for her [redacted]. To have a home thus provided in a pious family, where I would be certain of protection and kindness, was such

servant, it did me good, for her sake, to do the
to make the very most of the little we had to live on.
wages, I would never take any; I could make out
of Mrs. Landon's for myself, (for you know I am
and manage to get along quite decently with ~~so~~
anything for my own wants. If I had any pride
benefactress, for I wanted her to have things
like what she was—a lady. I wonder what
travagant Mrs. Selby would say if she knew
Landon's clothes cost her in the days of her beauty.
she and I used to sit up late nights to sew. You
Ida, we used to work for your mother. I had
Landon to embroider and do other fancy work.
housework was light, I found a great deal of time
my needle; and the time went fast when Ida
and I sat together talking over past scenes.
privilege for me to be allowed such company would
not been very dull. I might have learned a good
conversation; she often urged me to study books
taste for that sort of learning, nor time to use.

for this I am thankful. Dear me! how I have wandered from my subject. I was telling you about our great dinner. Let me see; I was where Mr. Frank Selby's wife was in my room talking about Mr. Willie's being a partner in the old firm with her husband; and I said, I hoped he would, for it seemed to me better that people should keep themselves busy. I do not suppose he will care to sit down and look at *you* all day, though I presume he thinks now it would be very pleasant; but this kind of life would 'nt answer very long, and you would soon get tired of having him hang about, or of hearing him read poetry, or singing songs with you, or turning over your music, or driving out with you, or even traveling about with you from place to place. But all things will come right by-and-by; it is no matter to say what will happen; but it will please me well to see you both with enough to do, and *others* to think of besides yourselves. I shall have to divide my time between the two houses, and 'Aunt Serena,' will have her hands full among them *all*.

"Mrs. Frank Selby's children have had the measles and **scarlet fever**; it is strange the two diseases always have to go together.

"Your father has bought the country-seat of your grandfather Tudor, and goes often to see about the repairs which he has ordered there. I am thinking you will find it quite as pleasant there in summer, as to be worrying about from place to place to find the comfort which home alone can give.

"This is a long letter for me to write, and I fear will tire your patience to read, but it takes a great many words for me to say little.

There is just one more thing which comes to my mind, and you know. Willie may consider me bold to say it; but I often think you have both been very foolish to suffer so much unhap-

piness, because you did not speak out plainly, and other your feelings. Now you can see how much would have been if Mr. Willie had told you he love for you; and if he did write one letter, and no answer which was discouraging, I think he ought to be right to you, and talked it over and had the matter rather than start off as he did, and leave his friend country, thus nourishing in his heart his unhappy feelings in your case, Miss Ida, I would not have let the thing this way, but just have asked Willie Landor, whether you or not; and if he did not love you, why he had years been following you about, like your shadow, (for did so, I can be witness;) and if he did love you, who so and finish the business? Then you know, my dear I he would have been surprised and spoken about the letter to you, and of the answer which that Mrs. Fox accomplice wrote, and you would have blushed, and had received no such letter, and had not written its refusal, and so the whole matter would have been settled once. A little common sense is a good thing; I do not have any other sense; but simple as I am, I am sure have managed better than either of you did. But I nothing, for when I began to speak to Mr. Willie a going away and leaving you, he put me off in such a way I had not courage to say any more; and you too, Miss much the same when I mentioned him to you. Now if Sally Pry had not become angry with Mrs. Fox, (for it was more through revenge than repentance that she confessed,) and had not told about those letters, so likely you two might never have known about the affections, and so the good design of Providence was

been defeated. This might read well in a romance, but in real life it seems to me very foolish. But how do I know that I have not a mate wandering about the world, who has been afraid to confess his love for me, or else that his love-letter was stolen, so that I never received it?"

Good Serena laughing at this idea, completed and sent off her letter, well knowing the immunity she enjoyed of speaking her mind to the Normans and Landons, among whom her past services and devoted attachment, her good sense, tact, and pleasant humor, rendered her a favorite.

We have no space for Serena's letter to Mrs. Louis Norman which arrived by a steamer following that to Ida, as she was obliged to devote one or two weeks to the execution of these epistles; but Serena even in her advancing age, became more literary in her tastes, and sometimes was known to say that she did not think it impossible she should write a book. She "thought she might write much better receipts for cookery than most of those she had seen, because she had experience, which the literary ladies had not, and she had seen enough in the world, if she could write it all down, to make many books."

It has been hinted that Serena has even commenced a volume to be entitled, "*Summer's First Flowers*," but from the length of time required to compose her letters, it is not likely the volume will soon, if ever, be completed. Yet if the employment serve to amuse good Serena Summers, let her be encouraged to go on. There is in every mind, however humble, a treasure of valuable thought and experience worth more than the labored nothings of fancied genius, where words not thoughts furnish

when I said I was too humble to appear among such people, he kindly said he was not one to be ashamed of his friends; but I know my place better, though, to be sure. I have seen in my experience that the nobler people are the more generous they are to those in humble circumstances. I have heard that Mrs. Selby, whose father, old Blossom, cheated us all out of their just debts, would have been the very first to look down upon Serena Summers, if she had shown up at the company. But I put on my best black silk dress and new plain tulle cap; my grey hair was combed and smoothed, and I think I made a respectable appearance. I wanted to see how the dinner went on, for I suppose when Mr. and Miss Laura get home, we shall have to entertain a great deal of company, and you will like me to know how things should be done in this fashionable way; now the French are more genteel not to have these strange waiters at the table; so I told Thomas and Peter, and I told them about the new ways of managing, for I supposed you were not so accustomed to the French ways of doing things as we who practice them. Mr. Norman said afterward that it was well to have no care at table left to entertainers, and on this account he always liked the English waiters better than the French. He added, "I think I notice a great difference between the English and French waiters."

I was surprised to hear of the difference, and asked him to tell me what it was.

"The English waiters are more considerate of their guests," he said, "and the French waiters are more considerate of themselves. I have noticed that the English waiters are more considerate of their guests, and the French waiters are more considerate of themselves."

they did not rise from the table till after ten o'clock,) Mr. Frank Selby's wife came to my room, and we had a long talk about you and Miss Laura. She says, her husband is quite delighted at Mr. Willie's good fortune, and since you would not have him, he would rather you would marry Mr. Landon than any one else, so that you will still belong to the firm; for he thinks Mr. Willie will take up business again when he comes back, and I hope so too. I am sure he has spent time enough in traveling about, and looking after pictures and graven images. I have really feared, sometimes, he did break the second commandment in his worship for graven statues of marble and bronze.

" But now he will have something else to think of; he will have a family to look after, and there will be a thousand things to see to, that neither of you now have any idea of. It is a pity for people to be living too much with their own thoughts; if they have real cares, they will be the less likely to grieve over their foolish fancies. Now, I have never learned much from books; I have always been very busy; at home, when I was quite young, my mother depended on me to take care of the house, for she was a feeble woman and very nervous, so I was obliged to exert myself, and take the best care I could of what we had, and this was not much, for my father died young, and left very little property for us. When my poor mother died, I was barely able from what remained, to pay funeral charges. Mr. Willie's father, who was our clergyman, had been very kind to visit my mother in her sickness, and the day she died he [redacted] Mrs. Landon to see me. After the funeral, the dear [redacted] invited me to her house, as the seamstress and nurse for her [redacted]. To have a home thus provided in a pious family, where I would be certain of protection and kindness, was such

a mark of God's providence in regard to a poor, homeless, lone being, that my heart was filled with thanksgiving. Many a severe trial did I afterwards share with my kind benefactress. When after the death of her husband she was unable to hire a servant, it did me good, for her sake, to do the housework, so as to make the very most of the little we had to live upon. As to wages, I would never take any; I could make over a plain dress of Mrs. Landon's for myself, (for you know I am a little body,) and manage to get along quite decently with spending scarcely anything for my own wants. If I had any pride, it was for my benefactress, for I wanted her to have things nice, and look like what she was—a lady. I wonder what that proud, extravagant Mrs. Selby would say if she knew how little Mrs. Landon's clothes cost her in the days of her low estate, when she and I used to sit up late nights to sew. You know, Miss Ida, we used to work for your mother. I had learned of Mrs. Landon to embroider and do other fancy work, and as our housework was light, I found a great deal of time to work with my needle; and the time went fast when dear Mrs. Landon and I sat together talking over past scenes. It was a great privilege for me to be allowed such companionship, and if I had not been very dull I might have learned a great deal by her conversation; she often urged me to study books, but I had no taste for that sort of learning, nor time to spend in that way. Mrs. Landon said, I had a great deal of observation and was always learning from the great book of human nature; she had a way of consulting me about things, and said that if she knew more than I about books, I had a stronger and better judgement; this, though, was only because she was partial to me, for I know my mind as well as my books—made after a small pattern; but then I have a large heart, and



piness, because you did not speak out plainly, and tell other your feelings. Now you can see how much better would have been if Mr. Willie had told you plain love for you; and if he did write one letter, and recent answer which was discouraging, I think he ought to have right to you, and talked it over and had the matter settled rather than start off as he did, and leave his friend country, thus nourishing in his heart his unhappy feelings in your case, Miss Ida, I would not have let the thing go this way, but just have asked Willie Landou whether he loved you or not; and if he did not love you, why he had so years been following you about, like your shadow, for if I did so, I can be witness;) and if he did love you, why not so and finish the business? Then you know, my dear Miss Ida, he would have been surprised and spoken about that letter to you, and of the answer which that Mrs. Fox's accomplice wrote, and you would have blushed, and as I had received no such letter, and had not written to him in refusal, and so the whole matter would have been settled once. A little common sense is a good thing: I do not pretend to have any other sense; but simple as I am, I am sure I have managed better than either of you did. But I say nothing, for when I began to speak to Mr. Willie about going away and leaving you, he put me off in such a way I had not courage to say any more; and you too, Miss Ida, much the same when I mentioned him to you. Now suppose Sally Pry had not become angry with Mrs. Fox, for I think it was more through revenge than repentance that she passed, and had not told about those letters, who knows but likely you two might never have known about the secret affections, and so the good designs of Providence might



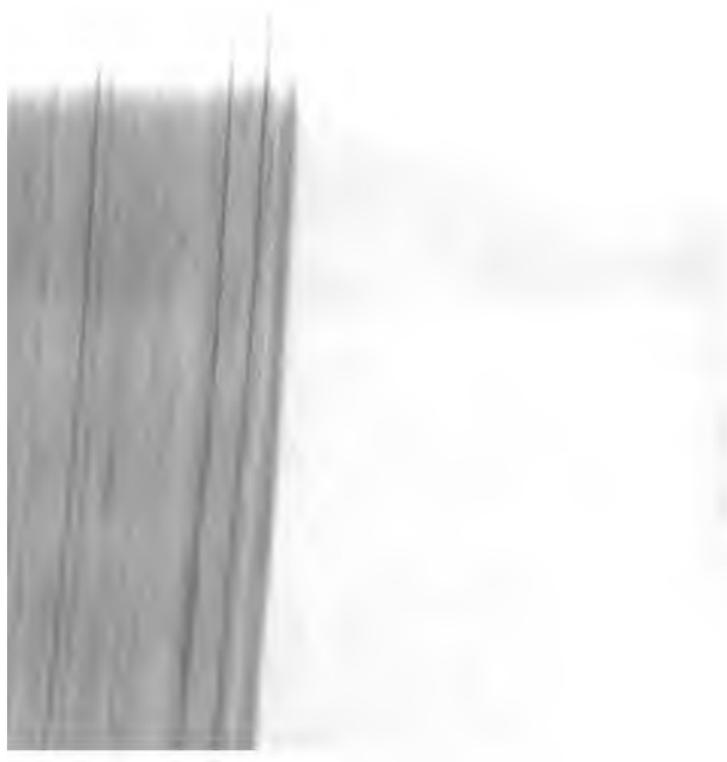
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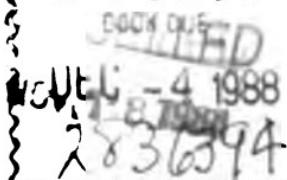


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